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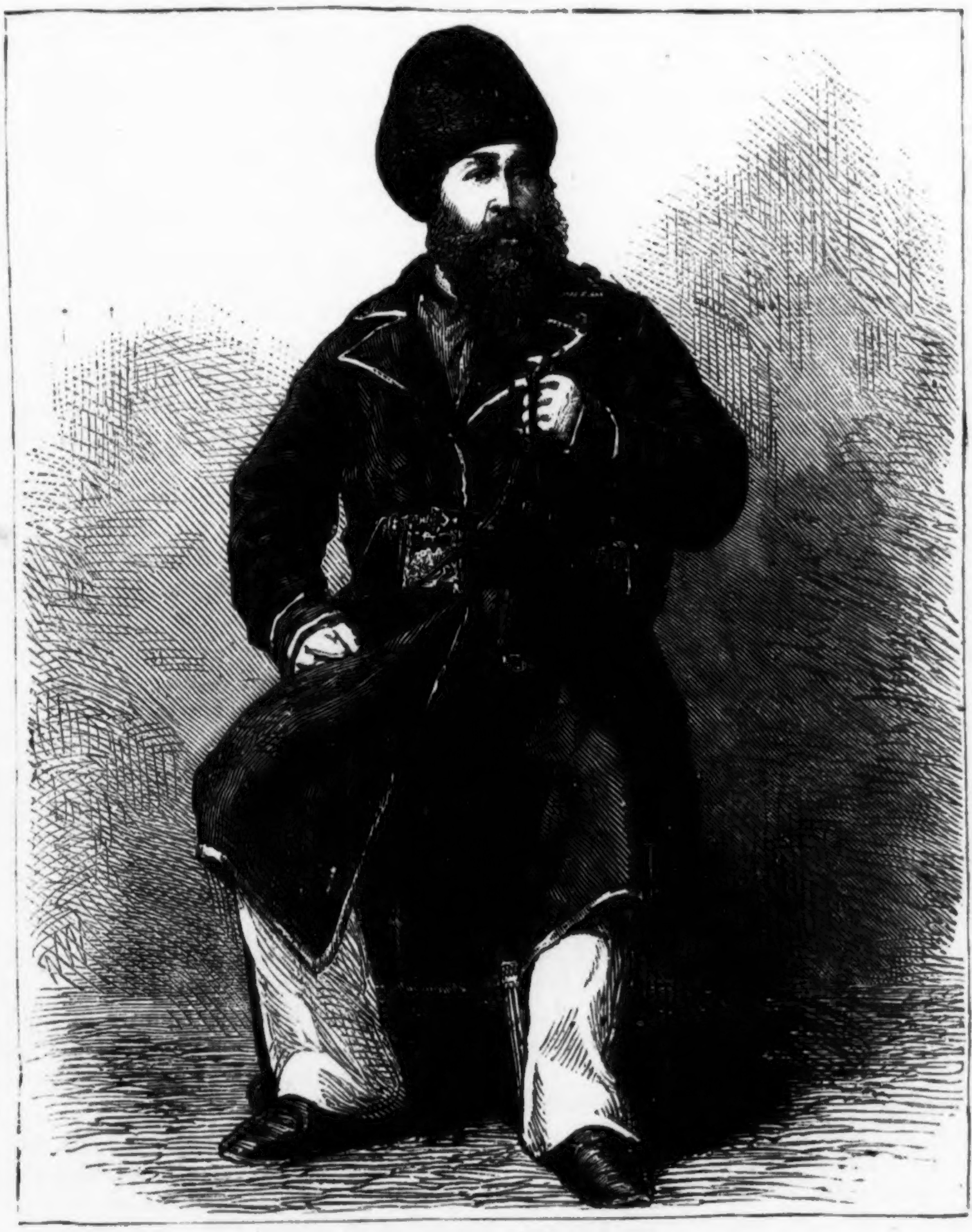
AFGHANISTAN, ENGLAND'S NEW ANTAGONIST.



SHERE ALI, THE AMEER OF CABUL.

Afghanistan is the Persian name applied to the country in Central Asia now attracting all eyes on account of the struggle of Russia and England to obtain supremacy over it, as a barrier between their respective empires in the East. Afghans, under that or some other appellation, have for centuries figured conspicuously in Asiatic history. But the Persian name of their country—which they themselves call Vilayet—is not much older than the short-lived empire founded in the middle of the last century by Ahmed Khan.

The Afghans, like the Chinese, have always been averse to admitting foreigners within their country, which is, therefore, imperfectly known; even the most recent maps of it being but roughly accurate.

Afghanistan is between latitude 28° 30′ and 36° N., and longitude 60° and 71° 30′ E. It is bounded on the north by Turkestan, on the east by British India, on the south by Beluchistan, and on the west by Persia. It lies both beyond and within the Hindu Kush, which is an offshoot of the Himalayas, that broken chain of highlands stretching across the continent of the Old World, from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean.

The portion of Afghanistan

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which just now particularly interests England and Russia includes the valleys of Cabul and Kandahar to the south of the Hindu Kush, and within the basin of the Indus. In the latter part of 1872 a correspondence between the Governments of Russia and England had resulted in a declaration by the former that Afghanistan was beyond the field of Russian influence. Ever since that time, the river Oxus, from its source in Lake Sarikol to the western limit of Balkh, has been recognized as the northern frontier of the Afghan dominions. These dominions, reaching from Turkestan or Independent Tartary on the north to Beluchistan on the south, and from Persia on the east to the Punjaub country on the west, cover an area of about 297,157 square miles. Their average extent north and south is 500 miles, and east and west, 580 miles. Their population is variously estimated from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000.

The Ameer of Cabul reigns over Afghanistan and Afghan Turkestan, and Batakshar is tributary to him. On maps the eastern frontier of Afghanistan is made to coincide with the northwestern frontier of India; but in reality all the border tribes both claim and maintain their independence of any central authority, and seldom obey even their own chiefs, except when it suits them so to do. The only authority revered, during recent years, by the tribes on either side of the northwest frontier of India has been that of the late Ahkund of Swat, whose ascendency over them was accidentally won by his reputed saintliness.

Almost the whole of Afghanistan is a mass of mountains interspersed with valleys, some of the latter so large as to spread out into plains. The surface of this great quadrilateral plateau, the lowest tracts of which are considerably above the sea-level, rises at some points in the range of the Hindu Kush, the northern limit of the Cabul basin, to the height of 20,000 to 21,000 feet. The loftiest peaks are above the line of perpetual snow. The Kushan Pass is estimated by Lord at 15,000 feet. The chain in which it rises traverses Afghanistan across the centre, from east to west. The Hindu Kush ends northwest of the city of Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, and not far from it is the huge Koh-i-Baba, the loftiest peak of which is 18,000 feet high, and always white with snow. Thence run two parallel chains, the Safed Koh and the Siah Koh. The former ends near Herat, and the latter, at a point just south of that city, trends off to the southwest. These mountains are not high. Another chain of mountains runs in a southwest direction from Cabul, past Kandahar, to Girishk. The main watersheds of the country are the crests of the two chains that run, the one from east to west, and the other diagonally from northeast to southwest.

The natural divisions of Afghanistan are: 1st, the Cabul basin; 2d, the high central part of the table-land on which stand Ghuzni and Kala't-i-Ghilzai, embracing the upper valleys of ancient Arachosia; 3d, the upper Helmund basin; 4th, the lower Helmund basin, embracing Girishk, Kandahar, and the Afghan portion of Seistan; 5th, the basin of the Herat River; and 6th, the eastern part of the table-land draining by streams, chiefly occasional torrents, toward the Indus.

One of the most extensive of the well-watered and fertile valleys or plains of Afghanistan is Cabul; and there is an exceedingly fertile tract in the vicinity of Herat. A great part of Seistan, in the west, is a mere desert, as is likewise a large portion of the south and southwest.

In the Cabul basin, near Gandamak, above Jalalabad, there is a sudden descent from a minimum elevation of 5,000 feet to one of only 2,000. Of this the Emperor Baber, the illustrious conqueror of Kandahar in 1522, wrote: "The moment you descend, you see quite another world. The timber is different; its grains are of another sort; its animals are of a different species; and the manners and customs of its inhabitants are of a different kind." Burnes, on his first journey, left the wheat harvest in progress at Jalalabad, and found the crop at Gandamak, only twenty-five miles distant, but three inches above ground. It has been well said of the Cabul basin that "Here nature has planted the gates of India."

The valleys of the upper basin, though still, in the height of Summer, affected by a sun of fierce power, recall the climate and products of the finest part of temperate Europe; the region below is a chain of narrow, low and hot plains, with climate and vegetation of an Indian character.

Travelers give the most contradictory accounts of Cabul. Some seem to remember only ruggedness and desolation, awful defiles and bare, black crags; others speak eloquently of abounding orchards, greensward, charming dells and purling streams. But both aspects are true and characteristic. "The higher spurs, both of Hindu Kush and Safed Koh, are often clad with grand forests of pine, oak, and other Alpine trees, and resemble the wooded ranges of Himalayas. But the lower hills, generally, are utterly woodless, and almost entirely naked. In the bottoms, often watered by clear and copious streams, we have those beauties of verdure and fertility on which some writers dwell, and which derive new charms from contrast with the excessive sterility of the hills that frame them."

In general, the other natural divisions, which the Afghans include under the vague term of Khorasan, exhibit neither the savage sublimity of the defiles of the Cabul regions, the alpine forests of its higher ranges, nor its nests of rich vegetation in the valleys, except in the northeast part, adjoining Safed Kah, and in exceptional localities like the richly cultivated valley of Herat.

The chief rivers of Afghanistan are the Cabul, the Helmund—which probably exceeds the Cabul in volume, as it certainly does in length—the Heri-Rud, the Murghab, the Balkh and the Lora. Practically, none of them are navigable. The Lora, the most southerly river, is said to end in a lake on the verge of the sandy desert, but nothing is yet known of this lake, and the only other one is the dreary and shallow Ab-i-Istuda, 44 miles in circuit, on the Ghilzai plateau.

The climate of Afghanistan, depending more on elevation than on latitude, often varies within a very short distance, from extreme heat to extreme cold. For instance, Sultan Baber records of Cabul, that at one day's journey from it you may find a place where snow never falls, and at two hours' journey, a place where snow almost never melts!

The differences of Winter and of Summer temperature, and of day and night temperature are remarkable. At Cabul, and over all the northern part of the country to the desert of Gandomad, Winter is very rigorous. The snow lies for two or three months at Cabul; the people seldom leave their houses, and sleep close to stoves. At Ghuzni the thermometer sinks to 10° and 15° below zero; and tradition tells that the population has been more than once entirely destroyed.

The Summer heat is great everywhere, but especially in the districts bordering on the Indus. It is intense all over the province of Kandahar, and sometimes is accompanied, there as well as at Jalalabad, by the fatal Indian simum. At Kandahar, snow seldom falls on the plains or lowlands; when it does, it instantly melts.

At Cabul, the Summer sun has much of its Indian fierceness, though the heat is occasionally tempered by breezes from the Hindu Kush, and the nights are often so cool that, according to Baber, "one cannot sleep without a sheepskin." At Herat the Summer heats are more moderate than at Kandahar, and three Winters out of four it does not freeze hard enough to allow the people to store ice. Yet it is not far from Herat, and at a level not much higher, that Ahmed Shah's army, retreating in 1750 from Persia, is said to have lost 18,000 men from cold in a single night!

Speaking generally, the Afghanistan climate is a bright and dry one. "The sun shines with splendor for three-fourths of the year, and the nights are even more beautiful than the day." Nevertheless, the people do not enjoy such an immunity from disease as their climate and their fine personal appearance might lead one to expect.

The country is believed to be rich in minerals, although few have been worked. There are many signs that it may be found to abound in gold, silver, rich copper, excellent iron; in coal, plumbago, lead, silicate of zinc, sulphur, gypsum, antimony, saltpetre, alum and salt.

Agriculture is carried on, as in India, by the clumsiest and most primitive methods and implements. Open canals are frequent in the Cabul Valley, and throughout Eastern Afghanistan; but in the western provinces much use is made of the *karez*, a subterraneous aqueduct uniting the waters of several springs and conducting their combined volume to the surface at a lower level. Some of these conduits are thirty-six miles long. The land is always irrigated before being plowed, and the plowing is deeper than in India. All seeds are sown broadcast, in true Oriental style. In most parts of the country there are two harvests. One harvest is sown in Autumn and is reaped in Summer, consisting of wheat, barley, peas and beans. The other, consisting of rice, Indian corn and maush, is sown toward the end of Spring, and reaped in Autumn.

Besides these crops, there is another, comprising melons, pumpkins, gourds, etc., which is regarded as a distinct harvest. Ginger, turmeric, sugar-cane, cotton, madder, etc., are also raised. Tobacco is very generally grown, two crops of leaves being taken. The ruwash (rhubarb) and the assafœtida plant, as well as the castor-oil plant, are everywhere common.

But Afghanistan specially excels in the production of fruits. All European and most Indian varieties are produced in profusion, and of the best quality. Fresh or preserved, they form a principal food for the inhabitants, and the dry fruit is largely exported. Date palms grow on the oases of sandy wastes. In the cool valleys of Cabul, mulberries are dried and packed in skins for Winter use. This mulberry cake is often reduced to flour, and, used as such, forms a main article of food for the people. The produce of grapes is enormous, particularly in the vineyards near Kandahar. The rose, jessamine, poppy, narcissus, hyacinth, etc., are plentiful in gardens, and some of them grow wild.

The chief domestic animals are the camel, the horse, cows of the humped variety, but with the hump evanescent; two varieties of sheep, both with the flat tail; a degenerate variety of the shawl-goat, and dogs, the climate being very favorable for dog-breeding.

Wild animals are neither numerous in species nor formidable. A small species of lion is found in the hilly country about Cabul, and a degenerate tiger is found in the eastern districts. Hyenas, wolves, jackals and foxes are everywhere, and bears in the wooded mountains. Other wild animals are the gorkhar, or white ass, the hog, the porcupine, various kinds of deer and goats, the dog, the ferret and the hare. Elephants and rhinoceroses, once numerous, are not now found in a wild state.

Among the birds are partridges, quails, herons, storks, cranes, cuckoos and magpies (unknown in India), and several kinds of eagles and hawks. The only reptiles worth notice are snakes and scorpions. Turtles and tortoises are common. Of the insects, locusts have frequently laid whole districts bare and caused famines, and mosquitoes are formidable pests in the hot plains.

The chief wealth of the country is in flocks and herds. The industrial products are comparatively unimportant. Silk is produced in Cabul, Jalalabad, Kandahar and Herat, but is mostly consumed in domestic manufactures, although the best qualities are carried to the Punjaub and Bombay. Excellent carpets are made at Herat; they are so soft, brilliant and durable in color as to be sold usually in India as Persian; felts, and a variety of woven goods from the wool of the sheep, goat and Bactrian camel. Another considerable manufacture is that of the postin, or sheepskin pelisse. Rosaries are made at Kandahar from a soft crystalized silicate of magnesia, and largely exported to Mecca. Foreign trade is less valuable than the internal trade, although of late years Burnes's predictions of a large and increasing traffic in wool from the regions west of the Indus have been verified. In 1871–72, 2,000,000 pounds were shipped from Karachi. Nearly all the trade from southern Afghanistan is managed by Hindus. That between Mesh'hed, Herat and Kandahar is carried on by Persia. The horse trade is mainly carried on by the Syads of Pishin, Kakan, Bakhtiyaris and Beluchis. The Syads also dabble, but less than formerly, in slave-dealing; the Hazâras furnishing most of the victims.

Inasmuch as there are virtually no navigable rivers, and no wheeled vehicles in Afghanistan, goods are borne on beasts of burden, chiefly camels, along rugged roads, through close and craggy defiles and narrow, stony valleys among bare mountains, or over waste plains. Much of the carrying trade is in the hands of the Sohanis, a pastoral tribe occupying the region eastward from Ghaazni to the Indus.

A relic of the old times of Asiatic trade has come down to the present day, in the habits of a class of Sohani Afghan traders who spend their lives in carrying on traffic between India, Khorasan and Bokhara, by means of their strings of camels and ponies, banded in large armed caravans. In Autumn they leave their families and camels in the Punjaub plains, and take their goods by rail to all the Gangetic cities, or by boat and steamer to Karachi and Bombay. Even in Afghan, or in distant Rangoon, the Povindah is to be seen, pre-eminent by stature and by lofty air, not less than by rough locks and filthy clothes. In March they rejoin their families and retrace their steps homeward, returning in time to accompany the tribe down the passes in the Fall. The Povindah trade now reaches £1,500,000, or $7,500,000, in annual value.

The inhabitants of Afghanistan may be divided into Afghan and non-Afghan, the former predominating in numbers, power and character. Of the Afghans proper, there are about a dozen great clans, with many subdivisions. The most important of the great clans are the Durrânis (pronounced Dooraunees), originally called Abdalis, whose country may be regarded as the whole of the south and southwest of the Afghan plateau; the Ghilzais, the strongest and perhaps the bravest of the class. They were supreme in Afghanistan in the beginning of the last century, and for a time they possessed the throne of Ispahan; the Yuaufzais, noted even among Afghans for their turbuence; and the Kakars, who still retain to a great degree their independence, and who occupy a wide extent of elevated country in the southeast, among the spurs of the Toba and Sulimani mountains.

In the vicinity of the Sulimani mountains and their offshoots toward the east, dwell certain large tribes who are excluded by the Afghans themselves from a right to wear

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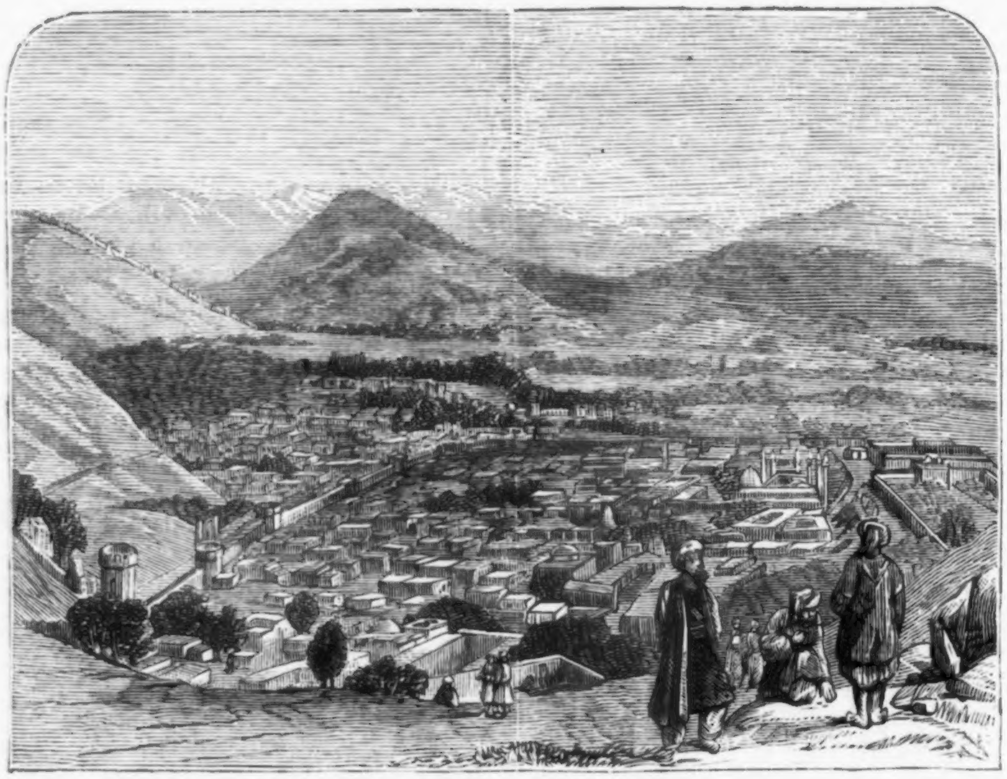
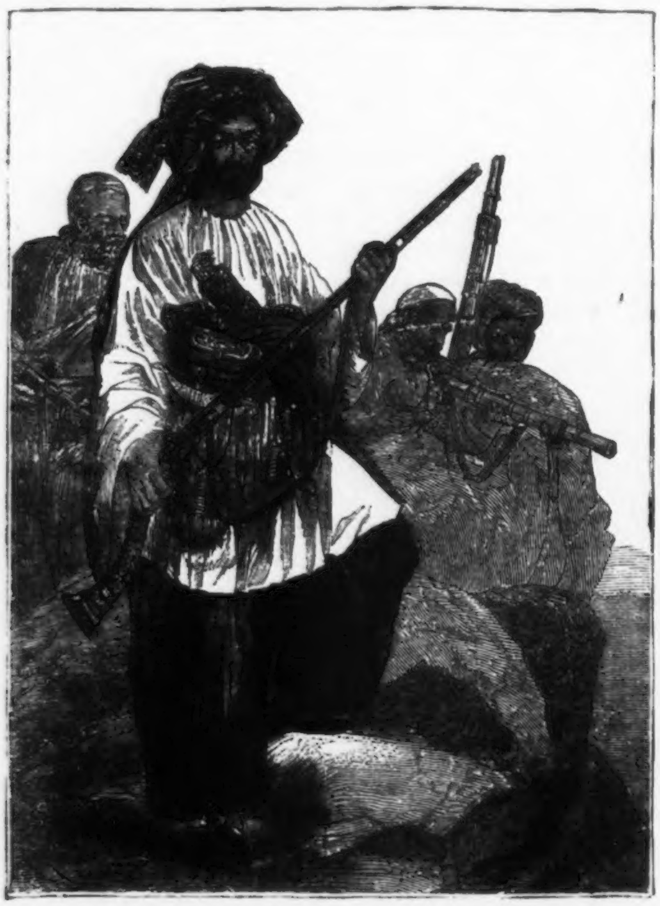


THE BALA HASSAR AND VIEW OF CABUL.

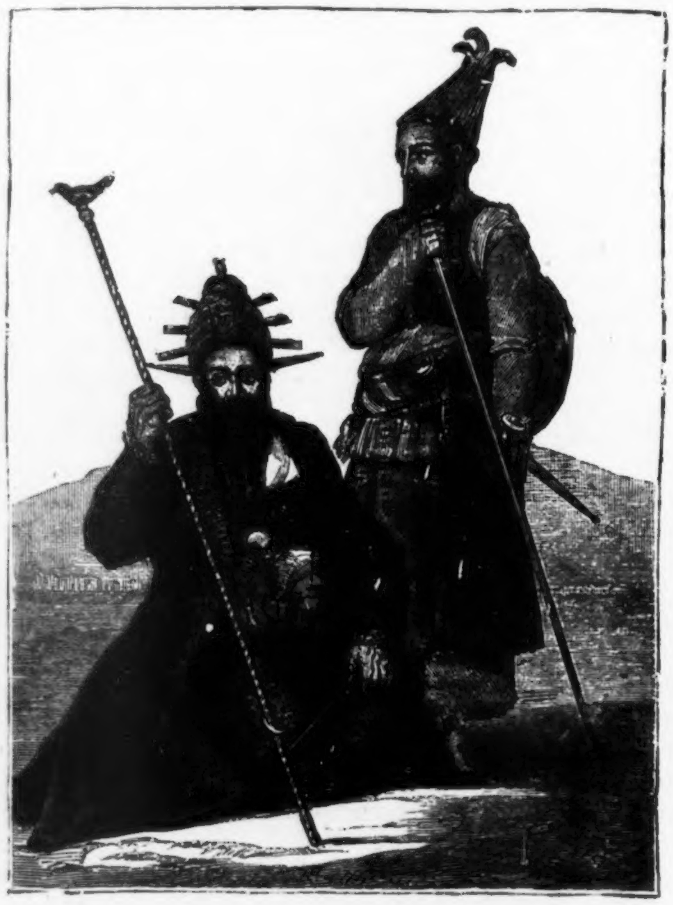
the same name, although they seem, nevertheless, to be essentially of the same stock; speaking the same language, observing the same customs, and possessing the same moral and physical characteristics. These are recognized as Pathâns, not as Afghans.

An interesting sketch of "Life in Afghanistan" appeared in the New York *World* on the 20th of October, including, together with characteristic anecdotes of the Pathâns, the following description of these people: "The Pathâns have strongly marked features of the type generally accredited to the family of Judah. They are usually fair as Europeans, tall, well-built, and standing six feet high; active, enduring, and good horsemen. Their ordinary dress is a thin coat, with long sleeves, and lined with fur; loose, baggy trowsers, with a long cloth girdle or waistband, into which are stuck many weapons, and a *yataghan*, or curved sword. A matchlock is invariably slung across the back. Their head dress consists of a skull-cap of parti-colored cloth, coming up to a peak at the top, encircled by a colored turban, the color and manner of tying which designates their tribe. For foot protection the hill-tribes wear plaited grass sandals, the townspeople the regular Arab slipper."

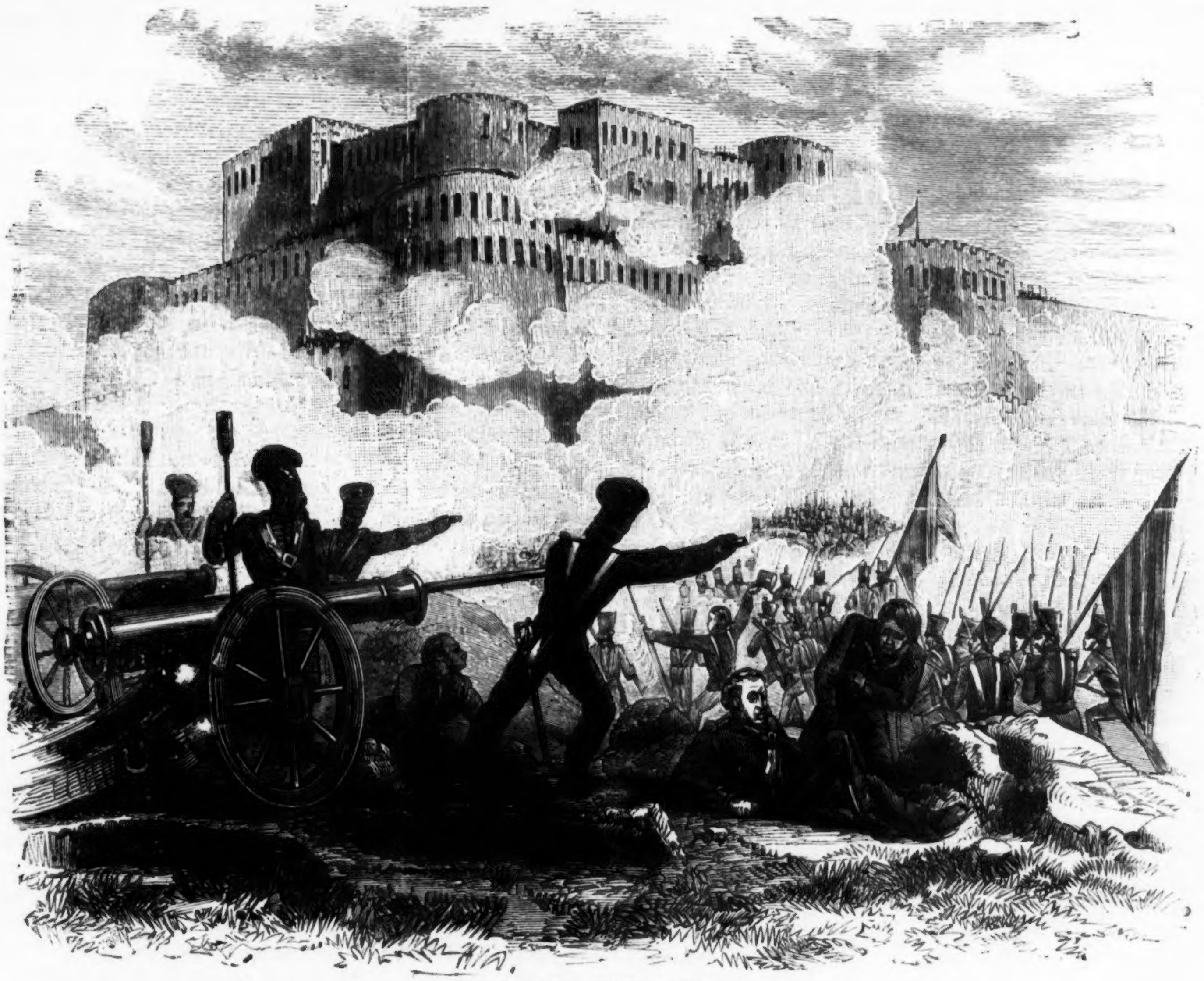
Of the non-Afghan population associated with the Afghans, the Tajiks are intermingled with them all over the country, though their chief localities are in the west. They are deemed descendants of the original occupants of that section, who belonged to the old Iranian race. They call themselves Farsiwan, and speak a Persian dialect. They are a fine, athletic people, generally fair in complexion, and assimilate in aspect, in dress, and much in manners, to the Afghans. but they are never nomadic. They are mostly agriculturists, while those in towns follow mechanical trades and the



KOHISTAN FOOT SOLDIER IN SUMMER COSTUME.

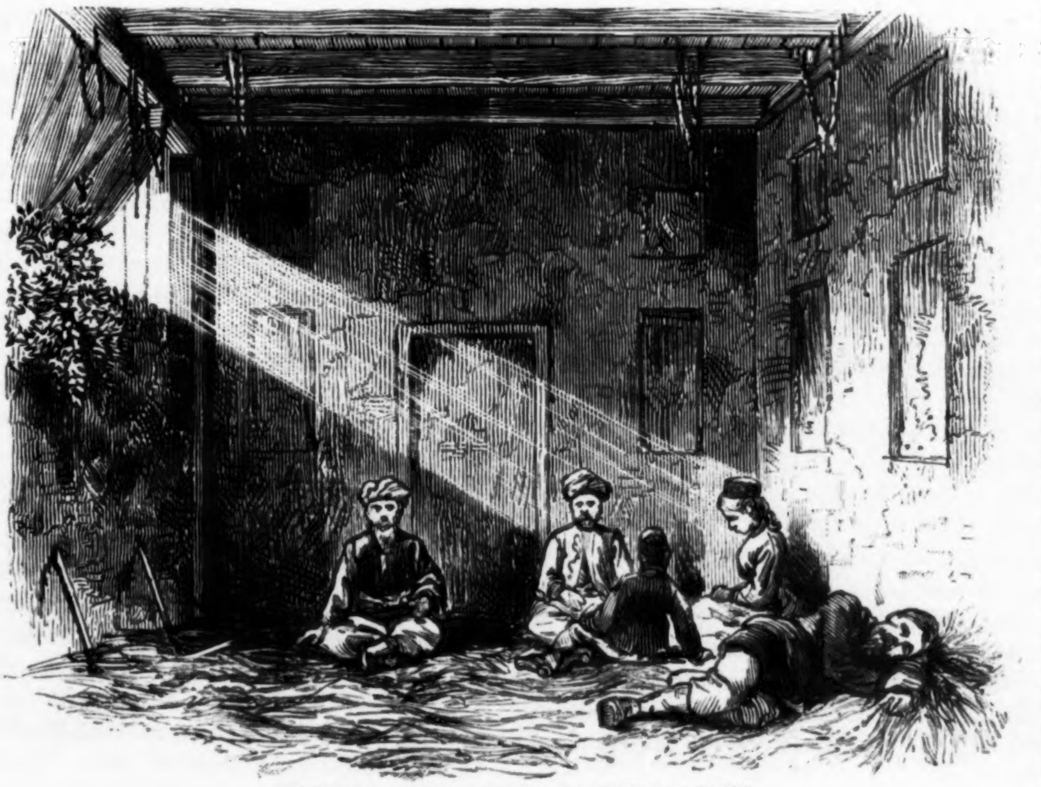


AFGHAN EXECUTIONER AND ASSISTANT.



THE ENGLISH ATTACK ON GHUZNI.

like, which the Afghans are always above doing. They are generally devoid of the turbulence of the Afghans, whom they are content to regard as masters or superiors. They lead a frugal, industrious life, without aspiring to share in the government.



THE PRISON OF THE ENGLISH CAPTIVES AT CABUL.

The Kizilbâshes may be considered modern Persians, or, more strictly, Persianized Turks. Like the present royal race and predominant class in Persia, they speak pure Persian. Their immigration dates only from 1737, in the reign of Nadir Shah. They are chiefly to be met with in towns, as merchants, physicians, scribes, petty traders, etc., and are justly looked upon as the most highly educated class of the population. At Cabul they form the bulk of the Ameer's cavalry and infantry.

Although it is to the industry of the Parsimâns and Kizilbâshes that the country is mainly indebted for whatever wealth it has, few of them ever rise beyond a position which is not somewhat subservient to the Afghan.

The Hazâras have their stronghold and home in the wild, mountainous region on the northwest of Afghanistan proper. Their habitations range generally from a height of 5,000

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to 10,000 feet above the sea. The Hazâras have features of Mongol type, and are doubtless in part descended from fragments of Mongol tribes who came from the east with the armies of Genghiz Khan and his family. Though they pay tribute to the Afghan chiefs, they do it only when payment is enforced by arms. Their country extends over an area of about 30,000 miles. The Hazâras are accused of very loose domestic morals. They are often sold as slaves, and as such are prized. In the Khanate of Siripul, in Afghan Turkestan, a third of the inhabitants are Hazâras; from them a tribute of slaves is, or used to be, exacted, and Hazâra widows, it is said, were claimed as Government property, and sold by auction.

Some of the Eimaks, as certain nomadic and semi-nomadic tribes west of the Hazâras of the main range of Hindu Kush, and immediately north of Herat, are called, are subject to Persia. The name of Hindkis is given to people of Hindu descent scattered over Afghanistan. They are said to be of the military caste, but they are here occupied in trade, being found in most of the large villages, and forming in towns an important class, as they do all the banking business of the country, and hold its chief trade in their hands. They are subjected to a poll tax, and are denied many privileges; but, nevertheless, they thrive.

The Jats of Afghanistan undoubtedly belong to the same vast race as the Juts and Jâts who form so large a part of the population of the territories now governed from Lahore and Karachi, and whose origin is so obscure. They are an athletic, dark, handsome race, considerable in numbers, but poor, and usually gaining a livelihood as farm-servants, barbers, sweepers and musicians. The experiences of both the Indian and Afghan Jats would add a long and curious chapter to the unwritten history of humble labor.

Many of the Biluchis squat among the abandoned tracts on the lower Helmund. They are a fierce and savage people, professing Islamism, but not observing its precepts. Grossly superstitious, *rendetta* is their most stringent law. Superior to the Afghans in bearing and address, as well as insensibility to privation, a camel-like capacity to do without drink, and a singular endurance of heat and fatigue, they often make bold robber-raids into the very heart of Persia.

The Afghans themselves, in government and general manners, resemble other Mohammedan nations; but they are distinguished by many peculiarities. "Besides their division into clans and tribes, the whole Afghan people may be divided into dwellers in tents and dwellers in houses; and this division is apparently not coincident with tribal divisions, for of several of the great clans, at least, a part is nomad and a part is settled. This is the case, for example, with the Durranis, and with the Ghilzai." There are nomad Afghans in the Cabul basin; but their proper field is that part of their territory which the Afghans include in Khorasan, with its wide plains. These people subsist on the produce of their flocks, and rarely till the soil. They may pay something to the Cabul Government through their chiefs, and they contribute soldiers to the regular army, and, moreover, form the bulk of the militia; but they have little to do with the Government, and they seldom enter towns, unless to sell their produce. They submit to a certain indefinite control by their chiefs, to whom their serious disputes are referred. Civil disputes are determined according to the statutes of Mohammed. Petty matters are settled by the elders of the community, guided by the Afghan traditional code, which is based on retaliation. Many of the nomad tribes are professed and incorrigible thieves.

The Afghans are naturally disinclined to all kinds of productive labor. "Soldierlike, haughty and vain, they look upon mercantile pursuits as beneath them. Field sports and fighting are more congenial to them. Those who engage in the tillage of the soil do so armed, with their matchlocks lighted, ready at the first call to leave the plow to wield the sword." In a double sense they are a feudal people: both keeping up with their chiefs relations similar to those which characterized the feudal system in medieval Europe, and perpetuating tribal and family feuds for generations. They pride themselves on the strict observance of the rites and duties of hospitality so long as a stranger is within their tents or houses; but no sooner is he beyond the limits of the camp or the shelter of the house than they are ready to rob, and perhaps murder. Proudly averse as they are to trading, the Afghan mountaineers, in the hot Indian season, bring down on mules from their snow-clad heights frozen snow and grapes for sale. In the Winter they bring firewood. "It is during these visits that they inform themselves of the whereabout of horses and other booty, which they afterward try to carry off."

It is a true testimony to the real character of the Afghans which avers that the European, especially if he comes from India, is charmed with their apparently frank, open-hearted, hospitable and manly manners; but the charm is not of long duration, and he finds that under this frank demeanor there is craft as inveterate, if not as accomplished, as in any Hindu. Even Elphinstone, who describes them as fond of liberty, faithful to their friends, kind to their dependants, hospitable, brave, hardy, frugal, laborious and prudent, and less disposed than the nations in their neighborhood to falsehood, intrigue and deceit, was constrained to enumerate among their vices revenge, envy, avarice, rapacity and obstinacy. And their character has been still more tersely summed up in the declaration of another witness that "the Afghan is by breed and nature a bird of prey."

Sir H. Edwards, who had intimate dealings with the Afghans for many years, testifies that "nothing is finer than their physique or worse than their morals."

As a race, the Afghans are said to be very handsome and athletic, often with fair complexion and flowing beard, generally black or brown, sometimes, though rarely, red; the features highly aquiline; the hair is shaved off from the forehead to the top of the head, the remainder at the side being allowed to fall in large curls over the shoulders. Their step is full of resolution; their bearing proud and apt to be rough. The women have handsome features of Jewish cast (the last trait often true also of the men); fair complexions, sometimes rosy, though usually pale, sallow; hair braided and plaited behind in two long tresses terminating in silken tassels. They are rigidly secluded, but intrigue is frequent. In some parts of the country the engaged lover is admitted to visits of courtship, analogous to old Welsh customs.

From an illustrated work on Afghanistan, by the late James Rattray, Esq., Lieutenant in the Second Grenadiers, Bengal Army, we reproduce a portrait and description of a type of the ladies of Cabul. The lady, Shukr Lub (sugar lips), the seated figure in the sketch, was the favorite wife of a former Governor of Banmiana, and a niece by marriage of Dost Mohammed, father of the present Ameer. She was a Kuzzilbaushe belle of the first water, and a description of her dress will indicate that of her countrywomen generally. Her long black hair, allowed to enshroud her whole figure, was divided into a hundred strings of gilded plaits. The back of her head was covered with a golden skullcap, adorned with coins of the same metal, while splendid jewels, set in peculiar workmanship, hung from her nose and ears. Her eyes were dyed with "soormah" (antimony), which, put on with a bodkin drawn between the closed eyelids, gives to the organ that almond shape so much admired. Her brows, by artificial means, assumed a crescent shape, the dye extending down either side of the nose, and a shawl-pattern was painted between the arches. Her neck and cheeks were also dotted with moles and rouge, and henna stained her hands, her feet, fingers, nails and toes a deep brown color.

These women amuse themselves indoors with their pipes, embroidery and conversation. They are fond of gossip, but their toilet is the chief object of their existence. A few read, but writing is considered highly improper, as conducing to mischief and intrigue. Their habiliments are a loose shirt of crimson, or some other bright-colored silk or satin, braided with gold lace, open at the bosom, and fastened at the throat by a brooch or jewel; a chintz jacket, resembling a hussar's, adorned with loops and buttons, with wide sleeves pointed at the cuffs, and caught by a stud at the wrist, to display the flowing shirt beneath, and trowsers of rich velvet or kimbob, edged with a massive band of gold, the joining of which is fringed out into a tassel. When out of doors, they don an immense white sheet, reaching from the top of the skullcap to the feet; a large, square vail, attached to the back of the head by a jeweled clasp, conceals the face, across which is an opening of network to admit light and air. Long, loose boots of white calico, fastened above the knee with silken garters embroidered with texts from the Koran, and other inscriptions, complete their outfit. They sit astride on horseback, generally behind their husbands, but when alone, the animal is led.

Though the ladies of Afghanistan are strictly under the *purdah* (curtain), they enjoy life more, and exercise greater influence over their husbands than is the case in most Eastern countries. They may often be seen riding on horseback, tripping along the crowded bazars, or listening to the story of some Persian story-teller. On such occasions they keep closely vailed; but they also make frequent excursions to sequestered spots, and then they throw off their disguise and restraint together. "I have occasionally come suddenly upon a group of them," says Lieutenant Rattray, "before they had time to vail themselves, or scud away like startled antelopes, and found the young girls strikingly handsome; though, to a European taste, their regular features were somewhat disfigured by rouge, white paint and beauty-spots."

Another writer says that the Afghan women of some of the frontier tribes go unvailed. When they meet a man coming along the road, the more elderly modestly cast down their eyes and pass on, but the younger women turn their backs to him, and stand still until he has gone by. This coy demeanor has proved fatal to the peace of many a young English subaltern, who has found it impossible to pass the enchanting apparition in his path.

The marriage customs in Afghanistan are like those of most Mohammedan countries. Wives are purchased, and regarded as property. A man marries the wife of his deceased brother, and it is a mortal affront for any other man to take her to wife. Sometimes the bridegroom earns his wife as Jacob did Rachel. Polygamy is permitted, but not largely practiced; the poor contenting themselves with one wife, and the middle class with two, and perhaps as many concubines. The wives of the rich live in luxury and indolence, but those of the poor toil both in the house and the field.

Education is conducted much as it is in coterminous countries. The children of the poor are taught by a *mullah*, who unites the functions of priest and schoolmaster, to read the Koran and say their prayers. The rich employ private tutors, while students intended for the learned professions are sent to college.

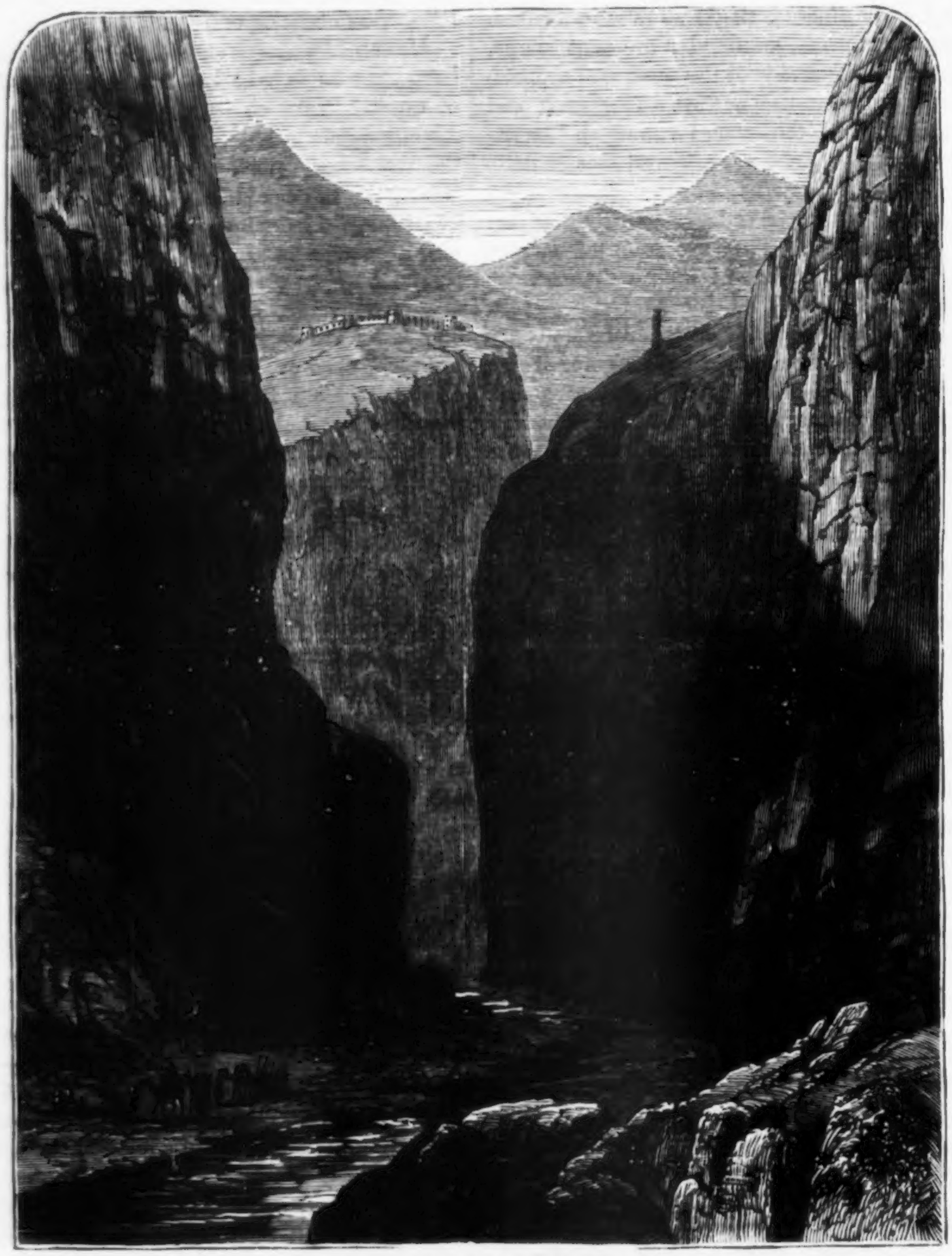
Afghan literature amounts to more in quantity than might have been expected; but it can boast of but little in point of quality, save in its poetry, and especially its ballads. Abdarshamân, who flourished in the fifteenth century, is the best known poet. Another very popular poet is Kushâb Khan, the warlike chief of the Khattaks in the time of Surangrib. Ahmed Shah, the founder of the monarchy, was also a poet.

The Afghans are Mohammedans of the Sunni, or orthodox, persuasion, excepting a few tribes, who are Shiahs. The latter are more detested than any other sect by them, although they are so tolerant, generally, as to allow many Shiahs to hold important offices. Christians are neither persecuted nor reproached; they are called "people of the book," as deriving their tenets from a written source which the Afghans themselves respect, instead of pagans, like the Hindus, who have to pay a slight tax. Sufeeism, or free-thinking, is gaining ground, although denounced by the *mullahs*, who are for the most part bigoted, avaricious, hypocritical and arrogant. These priests wield great influence, especially for evil. Their devotees are very superstitious in regard to charms, omens, astrology, etc., and greatly addicted to the worship of local saints, whose shrines are to be found on every hill-top. In the immediate environs of Ghuzni there are no less than one hundred and ninety-seven of these shrines.

Marked features of the Afghan character are their passionate fondness for field sports—particularly hawking—their conviviality, and their eagerness to listen to the marvelous fairy-tales of professional story-tellers and to love-songs accompanied by guitars, fiddles and hautboys. They smoke a great deal, and take much snuff, of a finely powdered kind. They are in the habit of training cocks, quails, rams, dogs, and even camels, to engage in combat; and they work themselves into furious excitement with a wild dance called *âtan*, which is sometimes danced by both sexes together among certain Kakar tribes.

Afghan foot-soldiers in Winter are represented in another illustration, from the work of Lieutenant Rattray, who says that the Summer dress of the Afghan infantry soldier consists of a blue, red or white loose shirt, worn outside the full trowsers; a *kummerbund* (waist-belt) of muslin; and a plaid scarf of silk and cotton mixture, from which hangs the *kummurkusa*, or ammunition-pouch, of embroidered Russia-leather, with a variety of useful articles, including a small hammer, a gun-pick, a knife, a rosary, amulets, relics, and little bags full of texts and prayers, which they believe will preserve them from danger or death. The headgear is either a close-fitting skull-cap or a high, flowing turban. In Winter, in addition to the *cameez*, or shirt, they wear the *neemcha*, a kind of half-jacket of tanned sheepskin, with the wool inside, the outside being tastefully embroidered with silk; and in place of the full trowsers, thick black cloth ones are substituted, fastened with rope round the waist, and bound with the same material from the ankle to the knee. Their arms are short iron spears; shields of buffalo or rhinoceros hide; *choras*, straight knives twenty-five to thirty-five inches in length; blunderbusses—called *sheribuchas* (lion whelps); *tofungs*, matchlocks with barrels forty-six inches long, and stocks inlaid with ivory, brass or silver; curved swords, and *pizzails*. These last are large, heavy rifles, resembling a wall-piece in size, and fixed in an iron-forked rest when fired; but which, notwithstanding their calibre, they fling across their shoulders, and handle with great dexterity, while they spring from rock to rock, or swarm, hand over hand, the hanging precipice

XUM

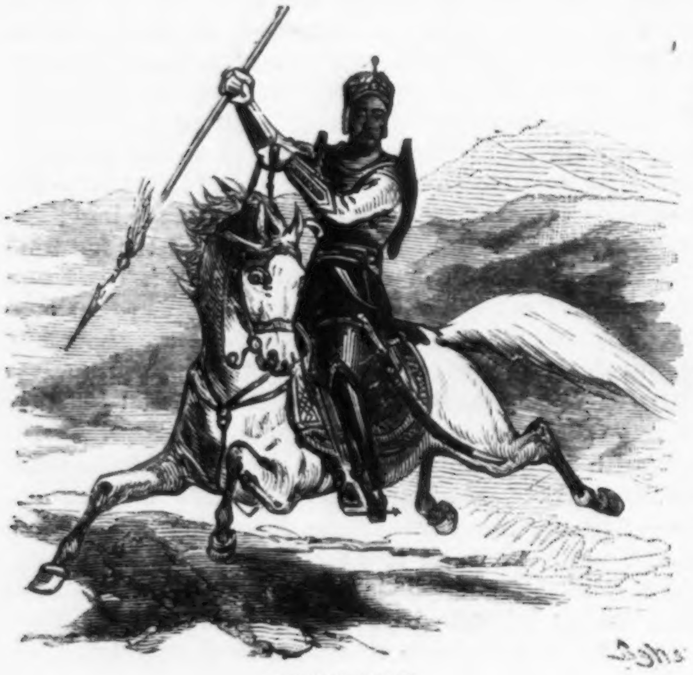


FORT OF ALI MUSJID, KHYBER PASS.

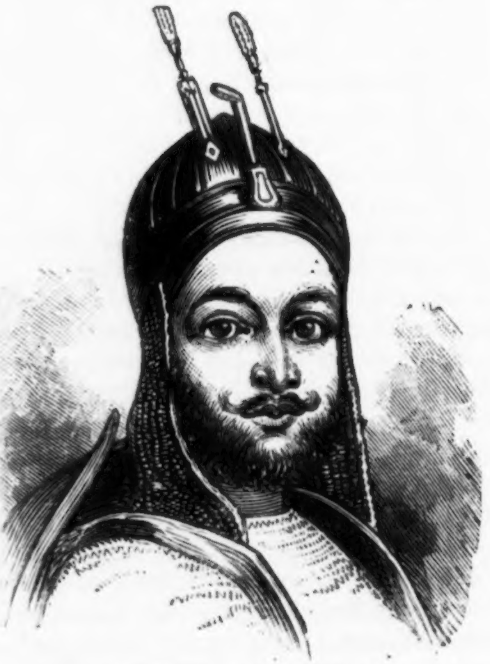
In the picture of the Shah Shujan's palace at Cabul, Lieutenant Rattray represents the Wurzen of the little Prince Shanpoor as sitting on the Herat throne itself. This throne is said to be very ancient. It is composed of an octagonal block of white marble, raised on legs of the same material. The arches and pillars of the windows are of wood, carved and painted. The sides of the room are full of niches, which are embossed in various patterns on the glittering plaster. The ceiling is richly painted in flowers and scrolls.

The portraits of Mohammed Shah, a Ghiljye of Zoormut, and Gowpur, a Populjye of Kandahar, give but an indistinct notion of the truly grotesque and demoniacal appearance of the King's *hassankchibanshis*, or executioners. To judge of them correctly, they should be viewed in a body of some hundreds, dressed in crimson jackets, and wearing on their heads fantastic caps of every conceivable semblance. Some are ornamented with huge ears, like asses', or spikes like those of porcupines; while others take the form of goat or buffalo horns, and many are conical, spiral or bell-shaped—all being more or less decorated with rude figures and devices, and some bearing a spear-head, as an emblem of superior rank.

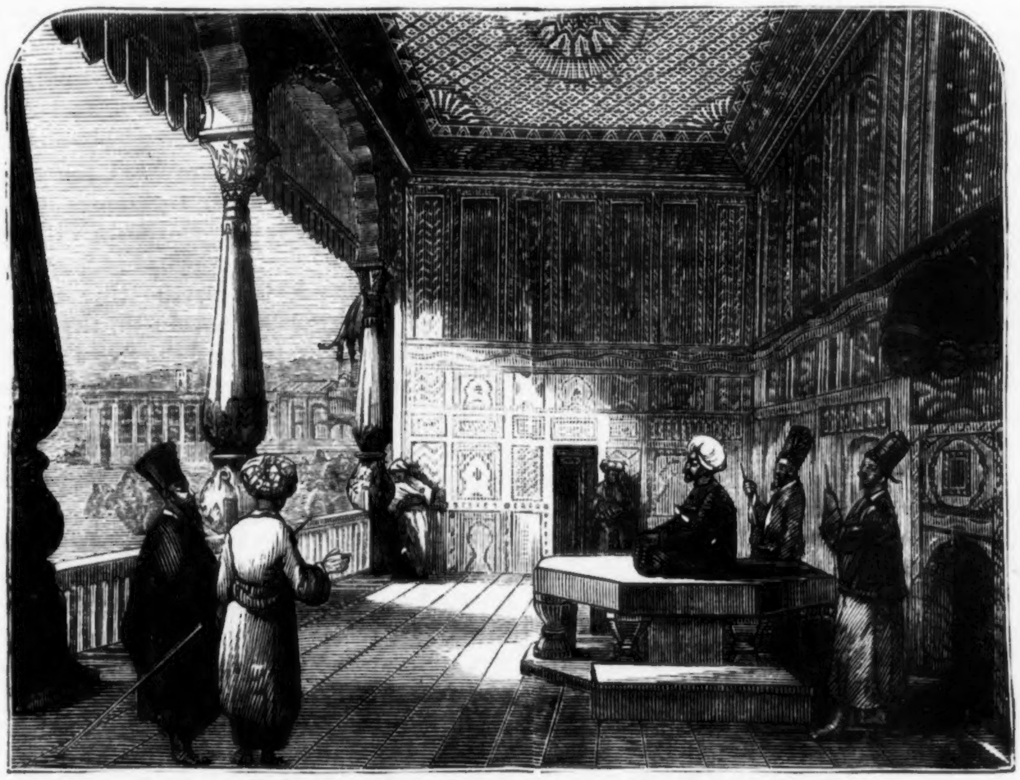
The sealed executioner was a gentleman by birth, who rode before the sovereign. In his hand is the painted wand, surmounted by a bird, indicative of his being the head of a family. This fashion of dress is of very remote



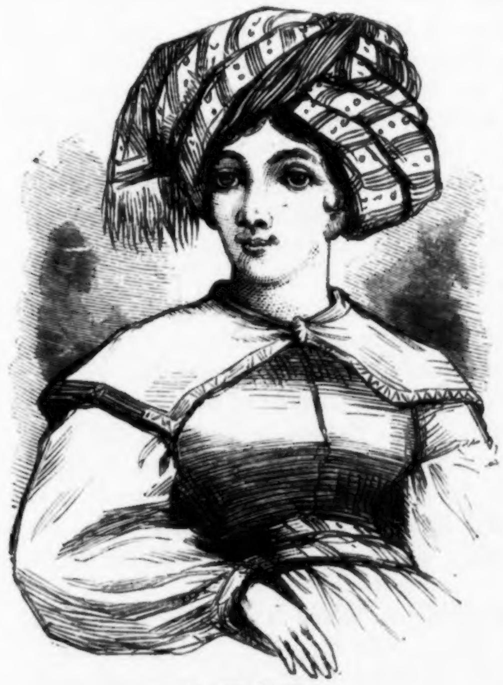
AKHBAR KHAN.



MOHAMMED AKBAR KHAN.

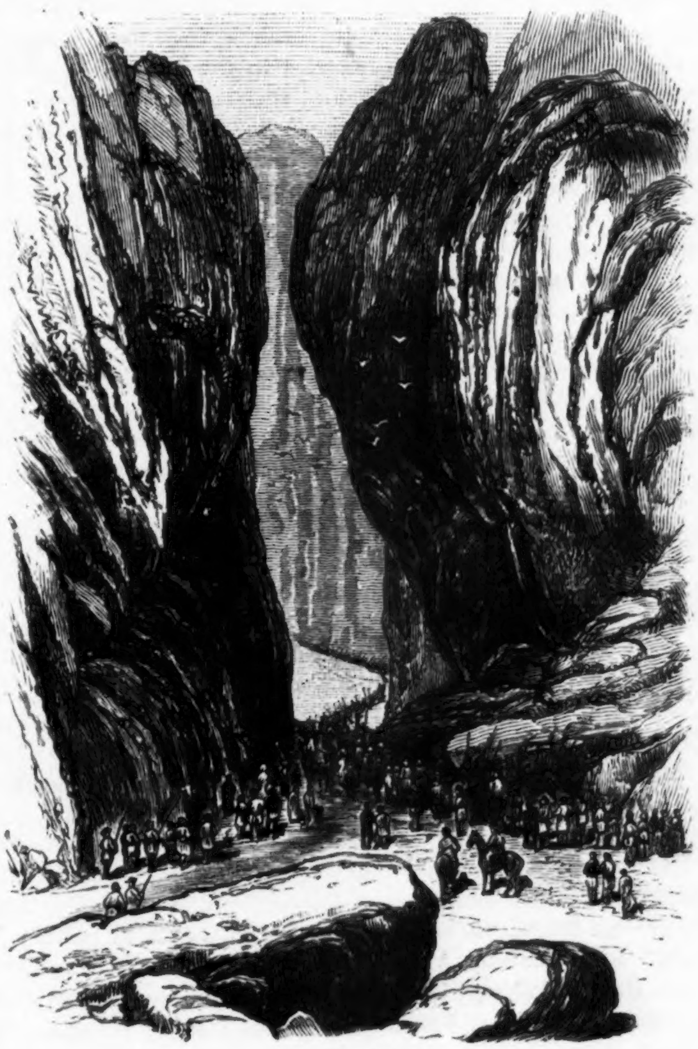

INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF SHAH SHUJAN-OOL-MOOLK, AT CABUL.

origin, and is said to have been derived from a practice observed in the times of the ancient Roman emperors, whose courtiers assumed this extravagant costume. These executioners seldom kill outright, but rip up, hack and saw their unhappy victims, and leave their bodies to public exposure. At the first capture of Ghuznee, seventy Afghan prisoners were summoned before the Shah, who upbraided them as rebels. One of them, more exasperated than the rest, stabbed a *peishkhidmul* in open court. The whole of the seventy were immediately doomed to death. They were taken outside the camp, pinioned back to back, and huddled together, some sitting, some standing, some lying prostrate. Then, jumping from one to another, brandishing their long, strong knives, the blood-stained ministers of vengeance hacked at their heads and necks at random, resting themselves between times, until the seventy were all butchered.


LADY SALE.

On entering the celebrated Khyber Pass, the progress of the traveler, says Lieutenant Mettray, is impeded by all those terrific obstacles common to the wild mountain scenery of Afghanistan. The road lies up the stony bed of a river, inclosed on either side by perpendicular cliffs, from 100 to 200 feet in height. The ravine varies in width from fifteen yards to a quarter of a mile, and the narrow path to the heights above winds and twists like a spiral staircase, turning sharp angles and zigzags until it reaches the fortress itself, Ali Musjid (Temple of Ali), which completely commands the line of road called Kaffir Thunghee (Infidel's Pass).

The chief political divisions of Afghnistan in recent times, are Cabul, Jalalabad, Ghuzni, Kandahar, Herat and Afghan Turkestan, to which are sometimes added the command of the Ghilzais and of the Hazaras. There are but few places in Afghanistan besides Cabul, Ghuzni, Kandahar, that can be called towns. Jalalabad lies, at a height of 1,946 feet, in a plain on the south of the Cabul River. It is, by road, 100 miles from Cabul and 91 from Peshawer. Istalif is a singularly picturesque and beautiful town in the Koh Daman, 20 miles N. N. W. of Cabul. Charikar lies about 20 miles north of Istalif, at the north end of Koh


THE BOLAN PASS.

Daman, near where the Triodon, or meeting of the three roads from Bactria, spoken of by Strabo and Livy, must have been.

Farrah belongs to the Seistna Basin, and is a place of great antiquity. According to Ferrier, the city on the present site within the great rampart was sacked by the armies of Genghiz Khan, and the survivors transported to another position, one hour further north, where there are now many ruins and bricks of immense size (a yard square), with cuneiform letters, showing that site again to be vastly older than Genghiz. The population came back to the southern site after the destruction of the medieval city by Shah Abbas, and the city prospered again till its bloody siege by Nadir Shah. Since then, under constant attacks, it declined, and in 1837 the remaining population, amounting to 6,000, was carried off to Kandahar. Such are the vicissitudes of a city on this unhappy frontier.

Zarni is a town in the famous but little known country of Khur, to the east of Herat, the cradle of a monarchy (the Gharis dynasty) which supplanted the Ghaznerides, and ruled over an extensive dominion, including all Afghanistan, for several generations.

Cabul, a fortified city, and the capital of Northern Afghanistan, is situated on the Cabul River, at a height of 6,396 feet above the sea-level. The Afghans assert that Cabul is 6,000 years old, and that Satan fell there when driven out of heaven. The present city was built by the celebrated Sultan Mahmoud, and before the visit of the avenging British army in 1842, it was a handsome and busy city, full of bazars.

Ghuzni, a famous fortified city 80 miles south of Cabul, is built on the west extremity of a hill range, 1,726 feet above the sea-level, and 280 feet above the adjacent plain. Old Ghuzni, destroyed in the twelfth century, lies about three miles southeast; at the beginning of the eleventh century it was the capital of an empire reaching from the Ganges to the Tigris, and from the Jaxartes to the Indian Ocean. Its ruins cover a wide surface, and with a damaged reservoir, two lofty minarets of unequal height, but exquisite beauty of design and sculpture, the tomb of Mahmoud and a single fortress, point out the ancient site of what was once a superb city of palaces.

Kandahar, the capital of Central Afghanistan, is believed by the Afghans to have been built by Alexander the Great, one of whose alleged lineal descendants was living a few years ago, and may still be living, in Afghanistan. Since the days of Alexander, two more recent cities have been destroyed by earthquakes here or abandoned for new cities. The ruins of one of these ancient cities lie under a hill called Chihel, northwest of the present (the fourth) city, which was built by Ahmed Shah, the "Faultless King." The city is divided into a number of walled divisions, where each peculiar family or clan takes up its abode. "Viewed from without, there is little to catch the eye, as nothing is visible except Ahmed Shah's tomb, the summits of a few minarets and the upper parapets of the citadel. But the interior, as seen from the battlements, cannot fail to delight."

Herat, the capital of Northwestern Afghanistan, situated on the Heri-Rut, 360 miles west of Cabul, is a post of immense military and commercial importance, as both Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, and Alexander, Czar of Russia, well understand.

Without tracing the history of the Afghans so far back as to their own traditional origin as descendants of King Saul, through his grandson, Afghâna, and the lost ten tribes of Israel—they call themselves Bani-Israel (children of Israel)—it may be briefly noted that Afghanistan dates as a nation from a period a little before the Norman conquest of England. Not much is known about it previous to 997 A.D. when Monsoor, a Tartar chief, held sway to the northwest of what is now the frontier of British India. "On his death, one of his officers, Sebek-Tagee, seized the opportunity to carve for himself, out of Tartar territory, an independent State, of which Ghuzni became the capital."

In 1713, Nadir Shah conquered the country. Since his murder by the Persians, the dominant power has been exercised by the tribe of Durrânis, which was founded by Ahmed Shah, who was crowned successor of Nadir Shah in 1747 at Kandahar, taking the title of Durri Duran, the Pearl of the Age. At his death, the monarchy passed to his slothful son Timur, and the five sons of the latter, when he died, engaged in civil war for the possession of the throne. Zemaum Shah secured it for a while, but had to yield to his elder brother, by whom he was imprisoned and deprived of sight, a cruelty which he had himself practiced upon another brother, Humayan.

Mahmoud had soon to give place to another brother, Shujau Shah, who put him into prison, but did not put his eyes out—a clemency which he requited, on regaining his liberty, by reappearing in arms against him. The result was disastrous to Shujau, who fled to Lahore, where he was plundered and confined by Runjeet Singh; but at length he escaped, and took refuge in British territory.

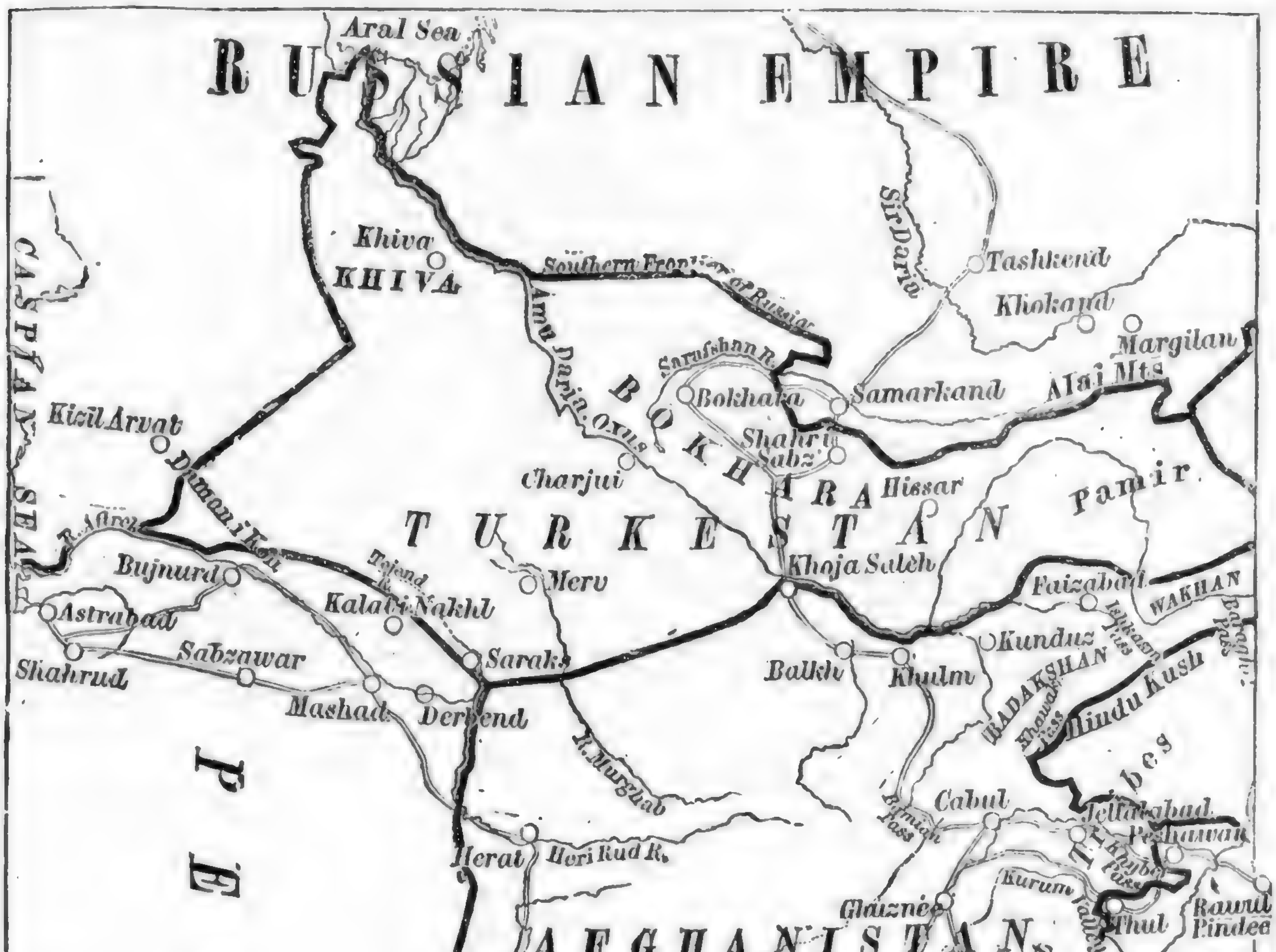
Mahmoud owed his success to the talents of his Vizier, Futteh Khan; but Kamran, Mahmoud's son, persuaded his father to imprison him and destroy his eyesight, and the minister was eventually murdered. The twenty brothers of the Vizier, alarmed at this piece of cruelty, fled to their strongholds and raised a rebellion throughout the kingdom. Mahmoud fled to Herat, where he died, his son Kamran succeeding to such authority as he had been able to retain, and the rest of the country passing into the hands of various chiefs, the most able and active of whom was Dost Mohammed Khan. His sway gradually spread over the districts of Cabul, Ghuzni and Kandahar. He also held, for a short time, the Peshawer valley.

Meanwhile, Runjeet Singh and his large Sikh army, trained by European officers, were aggrandizing themselves out of the remnants of the old Durrâni monarchy. In 1823, Runjeet Singh had overrun the Peshawer valley; but so obstinate were the hill-men in their resistance that he deemed it best to rule their strip of country through Yar Mahomed, one of Dost Mohammed's brothers. In 1829 this vassal of the Sikhs was slain during an inroad of the Yusufzai clan, headed by a fanatical Mussulman. His place was taken by a Sikh general, Ventura, one of Napoleon's officers.

In 1836, Dost Mohammed felt strong enough to put himself at the head of a Mohammedan coalition against the Sikhs. But an American adventurer, named Harlan, was sent by Runjeet Singh to sow the seeds of dissension in the ranks of the Afghan army. Harlan successfully did this, accomplishing as much by bribery and promises as could have been achieved by a great victory. One brother of Dost Mohammed withdrew with no fewer than ten thousand troops, and other chieftains less closely allied to the Ameer.

It would be interesting to know what became of the adventurer Harlan, from New Orleans. At all events, thanks to him, Sikh supremacy remained unquestioned, when the British Government of India resolved to espouse the cause of the exiled Shujan Shah.

What led to this rash resolution was simply the fact that when, in 1837, the conduct of Russian agents in the countries lying to the westward of India induced the British Government to seek an alliance with Dost Mohammed Khan, their overtures were rejected. The consequence


Aral Sea
RUSSIAN EMPIRE
CASPIAN SEA
Khiva
KHIVA
Southern Frontier of Russia
Sir Daria
Tashkend
Khokand
Margilan
Amu Daria Oxus
Sarafshan R.
Bokhara
Samarkand
Alai Mts
Shahri Sabz
BOKHARA
Kizil Arvat
Damani Koh
Charjui
Hissar
Pamir
R. Atrek
TURKESTAN
Bujnurd
Tejend R.
Merv
Khoja Saleh
Faizabad
WAKHAN
Astrabad
Kalat i Nakhl
Sabzawar
Shahrud
Saraks
Kunduz
Balkh
Khulm
BADAKSHAN
Hindu Kush
Mashad
Derbend
R. Murghab
Bamian Pass
Cabul
Jellalabad
Peshawar
Herat
Heri Rud R.
Kurum
Ghaznee
Thul
Rawul Pindee
PERSIA
AFGHANISTAN
Kalat i Ghilzi
Gumal Pass
Yazd
Girishk
Kandahar
Independent
Suliman Mts
R. Indus
R. Jhelum
SEISTAN
Nasirabad
R. Helmund
Karman
Quetta
Sakhi Sarwar Pass
Western Frontier of India
Mooltan
Bolan Pass
Kelat
Jacobabad
BELUCHISTAN
Sukkur
INDIA
Bandar Abbas
PERSIAN GULF
Hyderabad
Gwadar
Kurrachee
INDIAN OCEAN
50 0 50 100 150 Engl. Miles

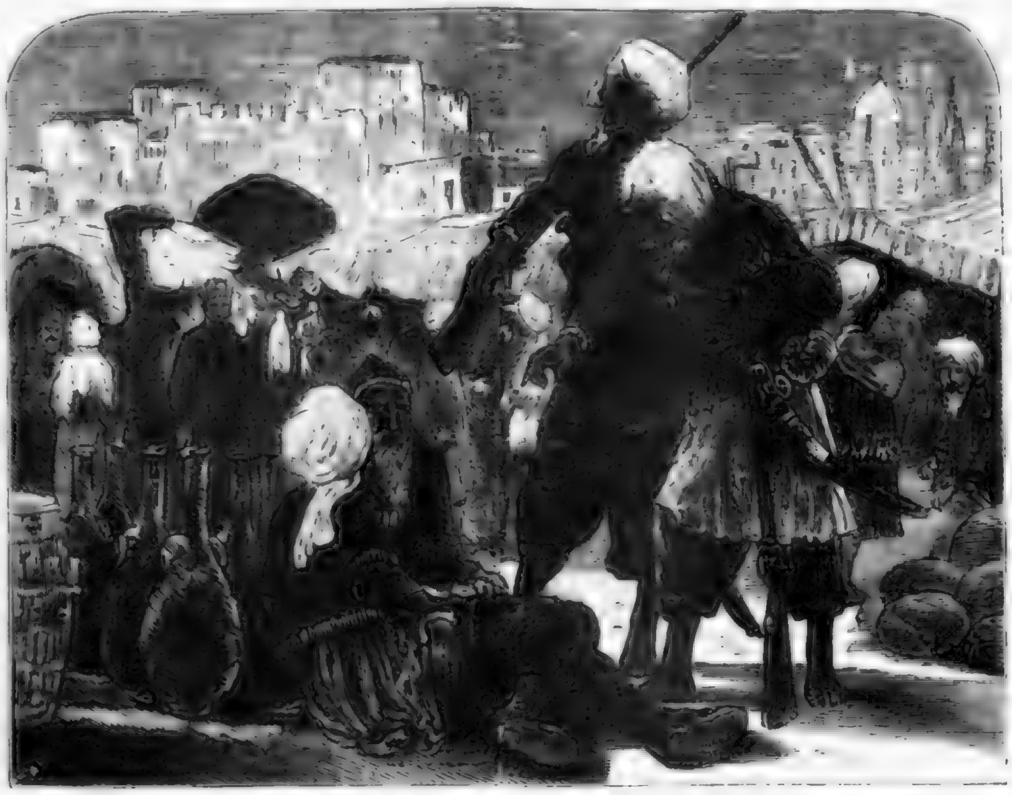
The double lines indicate caravan or trade routes.

AFGHANISTAN AND ITS SURROUNDINGS, SHOWING THE RUSSIAN AND BRITISH TERRITORY ADJACENT.

was that the British Government took Shujan Shah under its protection, and organized a military expedition for the purpose of restoring him to the throne from which he had been expelled.

A force of 28,000 men, under the command of Sir John Keans, invaded, and successfully advanced to Kandahar, where Shujan Shah was solemnly enthroned in May, 1839. On the 23d of the same month Ghuzni was taken by storm, and on the 7th of August the victors entered Cabul, from which Dost Mohammed had fled, and the war was thought to be over.

This illusion was horribly dispelled by a rising in Cabul, on the 2d of November, when Sir Alexander Barnes and his brother were killed. The Anglo-Indian troops occupying

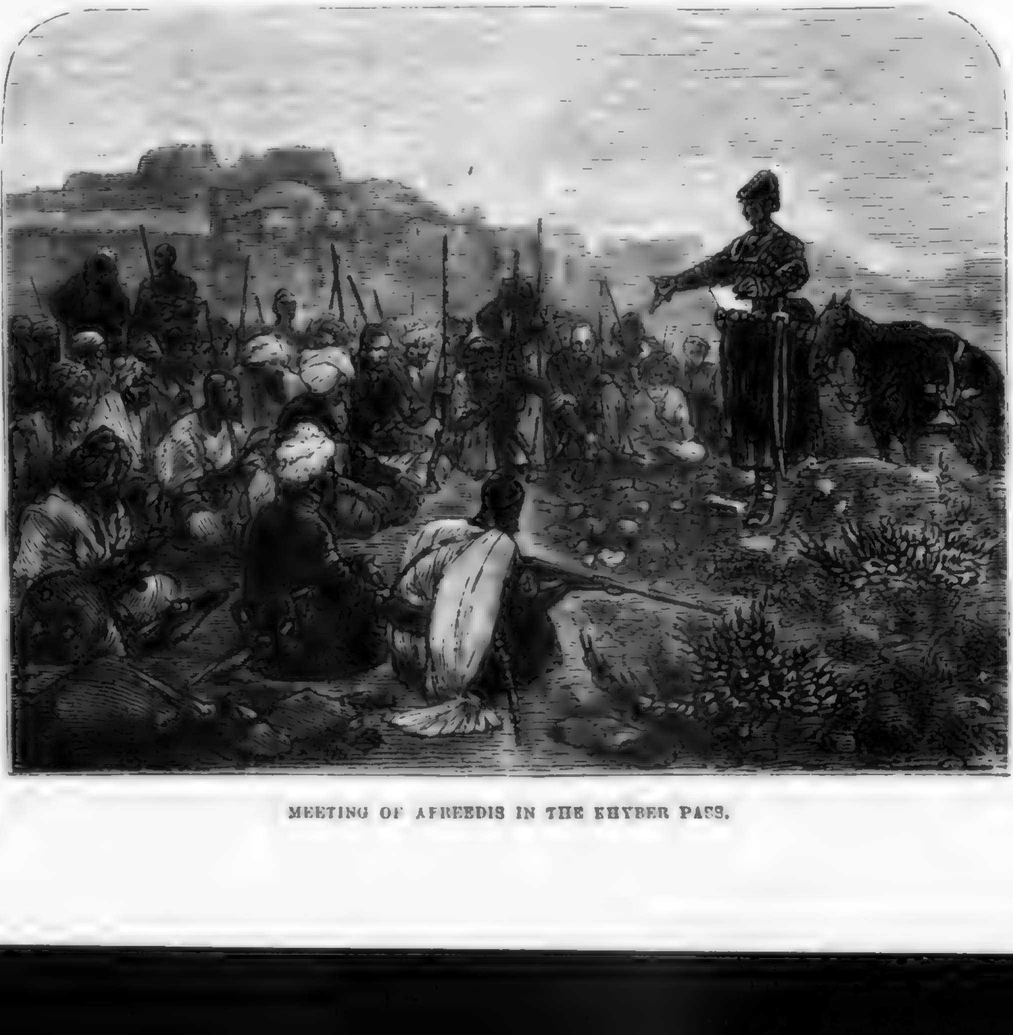


TYPES OF MOUNTAINEERS IN THE DOORANEE.

Cabul numbered 16,000, including camp-followers. General Elphinstone withdrew his whole force into the cantonment, leaving the commissariat fort, containing all the supplies, to be guarded by a few troops, who speedily abandoned their post.

Every day now brought the soldiers nearer to starvation. After a month of spiritless defense, negotiations were undertaken. Sir William Macnaghten, unaccompanied by an escort, went to meet the leader of the revolt, Akbar Khan, who treacherously shot him in the head, and then exposed his corpse in the principal bazar of the city. Subsequently a convention was agreed to, under which the British were to leave Afghanistan, and have safe conduct to the frontier. On the 6th of January, 1841, General Elphinstone marched out, with upward of 4,000 fighting men and 12,000 camp-followers.

The scenes which followed have no parallel in military history. Almost immediately the massacre began. The rear guard was attacked, the guns were captured, and every mile traversed by the army had to be won with the sword. Want of food and excessive cold paralyzed the native troops, so that they were cut down without any attempt at resistance. The soldiers of the Forty-fourth Regiment were destroyed almost to a man. General Elphinstone surrendered to Akbar Khan, and eight ladies, including Lady Sale and Lady Macnaghten, put themselves under his protection. At Jagdulluck, only thirty-five miles from Cabul, there were, with the exception of a few prisoners, 300 survivors out of the 16,500; and of these only one, a regimental surgeon, Dr. Brydon, who lately died, was left, seven days after quitting the capital.

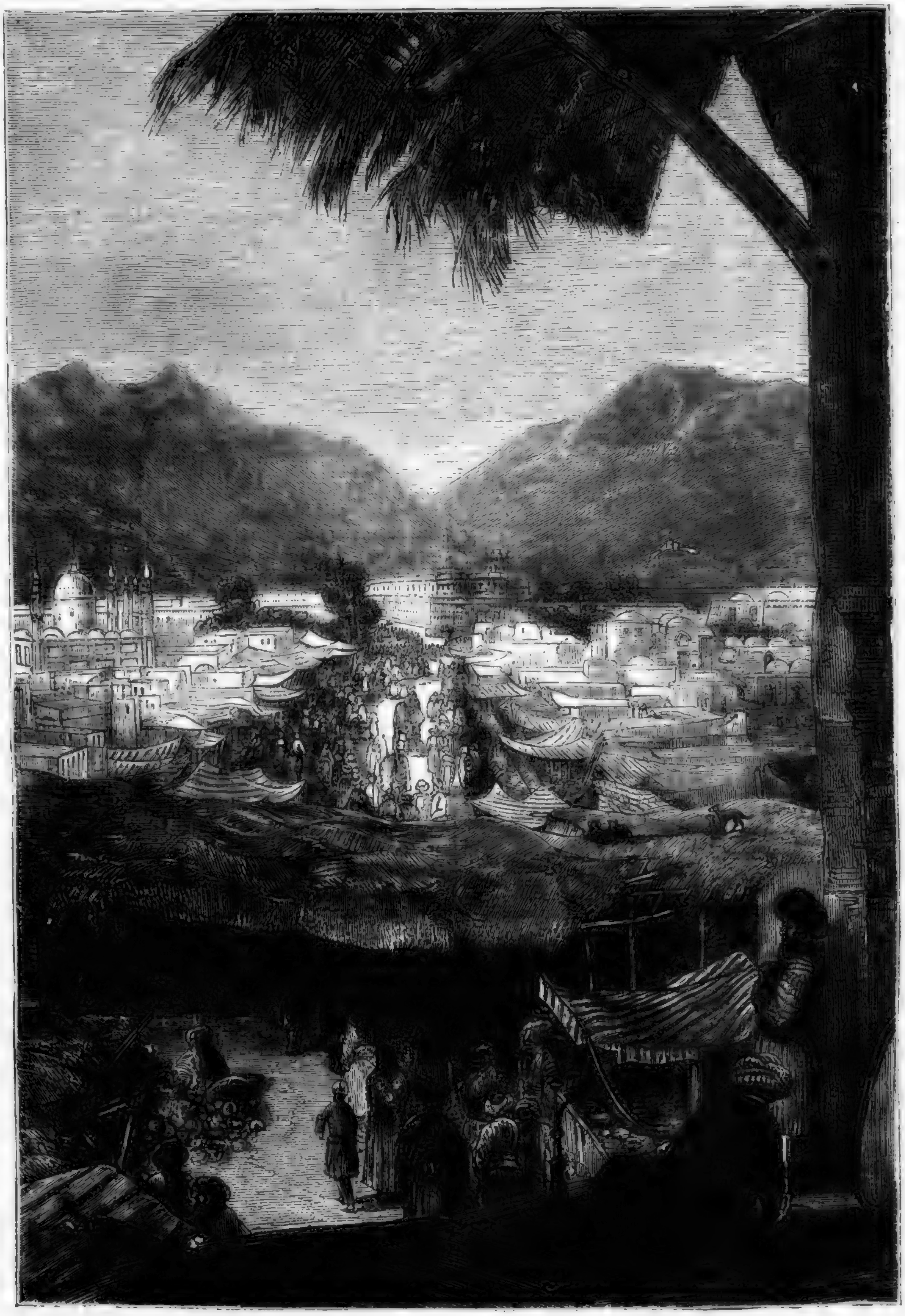


MEETING OF AFREEDIS IN THE KHYBER PASS.

Shujah Shah was assassinated. As soon as the dreadful news reached the Indian Government, a force of 12,000 men, under General Pollock, was sent to avenge British honor and punish Afghan treachery. The heroic defense of Kandahar by General Nott, and of Jelalabad by Sir Robert Sale, did indeed retrieve the lost prestige of England; and Cabul was again occupied in the ensuing Autumn; but with the tragedy of the Khoord-Cabul Pass ended, for a long time, all thought of conquering Afghanistan.

Nevertheless, the gradual approach of the Russians toward the frontier of the British Empire in India continued to be, as it has long been, a source of anxiety to the British Government. At the beginning of the last century the advanced posts of the Russians were 2,500 miles distant from those of the English. Toward the close of the century, the distance was lessened to 2,000 miles, and early in the present century was further reduced to 1,000. Since the Crimean war they have crept up to within 400 miles.

The reason assigned by the British Government for taking possession of Cyprus and assuming a protectorate over Asia



BAZAR AND CITADEL, FROM THE BAND-ROOM, KANDAHAR.

Minor was, that it wished to be in a position to prevent more effectually further Russian encroachments in Asia. No sooner, however, had such a design been threatened by Lord Beaconsfield than it was announced that not only had a Russian envoy been sent to Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, and received there by Dost Mohammed's son and successor, Shere Ali Khan, but that a Russian expedition was actually advancing toward the Oxus, with a view to crossing that river and occupying Calkh, a province of Afghanistan. The Russian envoy, General Abramoff, arrived at Cabul on the 22d of last July. Early in September a British envoy, Sir Neville Chamberlain, started for Cabul from Peshawer, with a military escort of 300 men—a number aptly described as too large for a mission and too small for an army—and accompanied by a couple of Indian princes. Lord Lytton was still waiting for answers to two letters which he had addressed to the Ameer of Afghanistan, when the British envoy, army, princes and all, were sent forward to the very edge of India. But at the Khyber Pass, a short distance northwest of Peshawer, the British mission was stopped by an officer of the Ameer, forbidding it to enter within his domains. In consequence of the surprise and indignation in British India and in England at this unexpected and humiliating check, the 12,000 troops on the East Indian frontier are to be reinforced, and the most active preparations for war with Afghanistan have been pushed forward. But even if the report should prove premature that not only has the Czar explained satisfactorily, both the Russian mission to Cabul and the Russian expedition in the direction of Balkh, but also that the Ameer has been induced to consent to go himself to Peshawer and apologize for the affront offered by him to England, it is altogether unlikely that a full Winter campaign for the conquest of Afghanistan will be attempted now, so late in the season.

It would not do to run the risk of another such disaster —comparatively no less annihilating than Napoleon's retreat from Moscow—as befell, in the depth of Winter, the ill-fated army of General Elphinstone in 1841-2. Moreover, reiterated declarations by members of the Cabinet that the Home Government will not allow its attention to be distracted from the execution of the Berlin Treaty, show that the British Premier, Lord Beaconsfield, is disposed to leave Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India, to fight it out alone with the Ameer of Afghanistan. The wish of the Cabinet is still to make the question an Indian rather than an Imperial one.

According to the latest news Shere Ali has defiantly rejected all overtures from the Viceroy, and the latter has decided to postpone until next year the threatened advance of the Anglo-Indian troops upon Cabul. But there is no doubt that the Czar stands behind the Ameer, and that one of these days the British lion and the Russian bear must confront each other in Central Asia.

THE CHOICEST PIECE OF COMPOSITION.

Mr. Dryden happening to pass an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, Lord Dorset, and some other gentlemen of the first distinction and reputation, says the London *Times*, the conversation turned on literary subjects, such as elegance of style, fertility of invention, etc. It was in the end agreed that each person should write something on whatever subject chanced to strike his fancy, and place it under the candlestick. Mr. Dryden, as one with whom there was no contending, was excepted from the competition and appointed judge of the whole.

Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to excel; the person who seemed to enter into the thing with the least concern was Lord Dorset, who, with a careless air, wrote two or three lines, and slipped them under the place assigned. When they had all deposited their pieces, Dryden proceed to examine them. In perusing them, he manifested strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction, but at one in particular he was in the most boundless rapture.

"I must acknowledge," said he, "that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honor to the personages who wrote them; but I am under the indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to Lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, gentlemen; and I believe each and every one of you will approve my judgment:

"'I promise to pay John Dryden, Esq., or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds, Dorset.'

"I must confess," continued Dryden, "that I am equally charmed with the style and the subject; and I flatter myself, gentlemen, that I stand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the essence, but the quintessence, of language; and is, in fact, reason and argument surpassing everything."

All the company readily concurred with the bard, and everyone was forward to express a due admiration of his lordship's skill in fine writing, with which it is probable that Mr. Dryden was still more satisfied than any of them.

THE NATIONAL DANCE OF HUNGARY.

The *csardas* is the national dance of Hungary. The general character of the music is known to our concert-rooms —the two-four time and a certain wildness and *abandon* in the *motif*—but given by a band of Hungarian gypsies, who play with marvelous skill, fire and grace, the *csardas* is a revelation in harmony and rhythm.

George Sand, who is a thorough musician, in a conversation with Gottlieb Ritter, said, in that extravagant diction of hers: "I love the music that is full of feeling, fantasy, conception—wild music, if I may call it so—because, though rich in harmony, it knows no convention. During the Exhibition of 1867 I spent almost every evening in a little beer-house where a band of Hungarian gypsies performed. Oh, the *csardas!* Those gypsies, following, like the birds, their own instincts and caprices, played exactly to my mind. Those grand floods of tone that now swelled out in wild power, now languished and died away in a blessed sadness, seemed to open up all earthly and heavenly joy and sorrow, seemed to speak all the secrets of the destroying and restoring strength of nature."

But even a cooler judgment—an English writer's—is led into enthusiasm over the dramatic quality of their playing. He says: "They are lost in a kind of dreamy inspiration, and abandon themselves to the caprices of imagination. Their themes are often some legend or story related in music, and so they find scope for their talent in improvising. Sometimes they grow so excited they seem actually going through the scene they depict, and end by firing the audience with their own ardor. I have seen a performer work himself up to a sort of frenzy, and, when he has at last given the final note, he sinks back in his chair literally exhausted."

It is only fair to show that others, too, have had reason to assert that among no people, among no affluence of musical cultivation, no inspiring surroundings of nature, can be found anything that approaches the fervor, the originality, the daring, in the dramatic use of harmonies, that are not uncommon among players of this vagabond, thieving, unclean Bohemian blood.

AN INSTANCE OF INDIAN DARING.

An instance of what an Apache Indian will do in the way of cool daring, when the prize is worth the risk, once occurred on a ranch in Arizona. The owner of the ranch was an American. To guard against the Apaches he had built a blockhouse, and, adjoining it, a courtyard and corral, surrounded by an adobe wall eight feet high and two feet thick. In the corral the herd was nightly secured. He had a contract to feed and guard four hundred head of beef cattle belonging to the United States fort, some thirty miles away. More than one attempt had been made by the Apaches to capture the herd, while feeding two or three miles from the blockhouse; but the vigilant herdsmen had driven the cattle at a gallop into the corral before the Indians could "stampede" them.

One night there came a fearful storm. A solitary Apache, unarmed, and with nothing but a blanket to protect him from the cold rain, climbed over the corral wall. Crouching in the corner, he waited for day. Early in the morning, the storm having passed away, eight herdsmen, mounted and armed, waited at the corral's gate for the herd to be turned out.

The gate was opened. The stock poured out. Suddenly up sprang the Apache. Vaulting on the nearest horse, he clutched his mane with one hand, while with the other he waved his red blanket, and yelled like a demon. In an instant every hoof made a rush, and the "stampede" began. The horse, frightened, darted into the midst of the flying cattle. As, in a frenzy, they went through the gateway, the Apache clasped his arms around the horse's neck, and, throwing his body on one side of the maddened animal, disappeared from view.

A thousand men ranged in column could not stop that rush of the crazed herd down the valley. The herdsmen fired a volley, which wounded and killed some of the cattle. Two bands of Apaches, darting out from opposite sides of the valley, closed up from behind the herd. Four hundred head of cattle were thus captured and run off by the daring and cunning of one Apache.

AN IMPERIAL HOSPITAL NURSE IN ANCIENT TIMES.

THE wife of Theodosius the Great was named Flaccilla, and she died in or about 386 A.D. This lady was married to her husband before his elevation to the empire, but is less remembered than she deserves to be, her chief memorials being the coins, in gold, silver and brass, which were struck in her honor, mostly with the inscription, "*Saus Reipublicæ*," or, the "Safeguard of the State." Theodorer, the Church historian, gives a short account of her, which is more briefly told by Fleury, in his "Ecclesiastical History." He says the empress was very much esteemed on account of her virtues, particularly her humility and charity to the poor. She used to visit them in the hospitals and at their houses, without any attendants; she dressed, or, rather, administered, remedies to the sick in their beds, tasted what was prepared for them, helped to feed them, cut their bread, served them with drink, and performed all the offices of a nurse and servant.

This noble example doubtless found imitators; but in any case it should encourage the high-minded and devoted women who, in our own day, out of the same spirit of pure Christian charity, do the work she did. It was, we believe, in her lifetime that the first public hospital founded by private benevolence was established in Rome, by a wealthy lady named Fabiola. Mr. Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," finely says: "The charity planted by that woman's hand overspread the world, and will alleviate to the end of time the darkest anguish of humanity."

ADVISE not what is most pleasant, but what is most useful.

A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

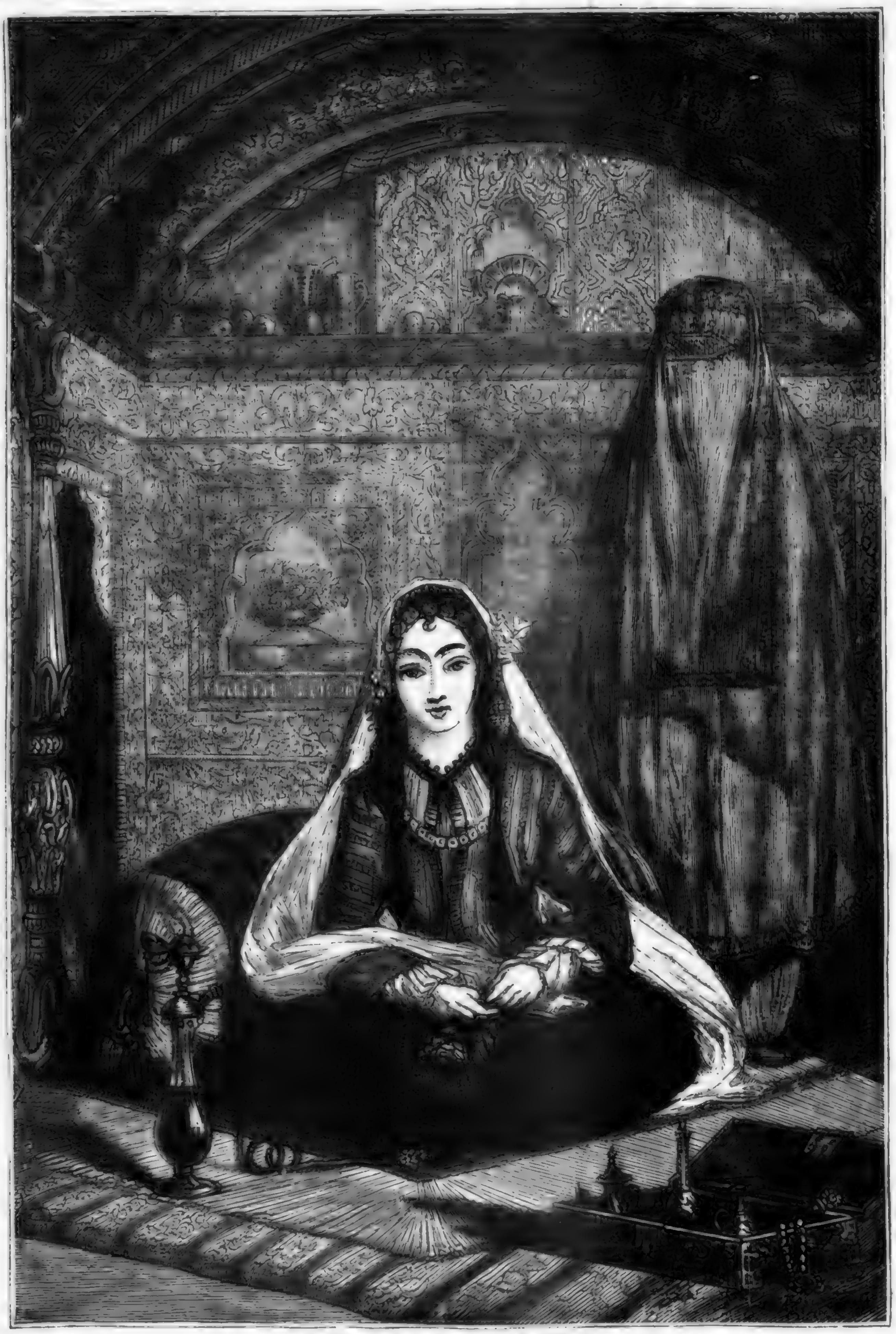
"DURING the regency of 'Anne of Austria,' the people threatened an insurrection. They gathered from all quarters, forced the gates, mounted the grand staircase with hisses, groans and curses. On the first landing stood the Queen, pale but fearless, her finger on her lip. She beckoned them to follow—led the way into a royal bedchamber, and displayed Louis XIV. in the tranquil sleep of childhood. Ashamed and silent, the crowd retreated."—*Elliott's History of France.*

THE night is dark and starless. Here and there
An ill-trimmed lamp from pulleys in the air
Gives out a fitful glimmer. From the Louvre,
From the old Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois,
From Saint Antoine, from the old Roman tower
Near Notre Dame, the incensed masses move
Up to the royal palace. On the night
A thousand voices lift a thousand cries:
"Down with the tyrant!" "Off with Italian law!"
"Death to the foreign priest and ruler!" "Down
With traitors and usurpers!" "*Madame Anne*,
Come forth, or all you love and value, dies!
Come forth—give up your *lover, Mazarin*,
And long live Gondi!" So, with gathering night
The furious mob on surges. Like a flood
Fed by the freshet, so this human tide
Sweeps on resistless; or, like some wild beast,
Gnashing its teeth and howling for the feast
Of quivering flesh, and all athirst for blood.

A shout, a crash! the guards with angry frown
And useless swords, are rudely thrust aside;
While gates are forced, and men are trampled down
And women crushed; but still the swelling crowd
Goes on unheeding! Thro' the lofty doors,
Up the grand staircase, unabashed it pours
With shout and hiss, and imprecation loud.

Up, up, still up the furious people rush;
Then suddenly are still! They pause and hush
Their impious cries, for lo! upon the landing,
Her fair face fearless, she, the Queen, is standing.
With one hand lifted, and her finger tip
Placed as a sign of silence on her lip,
She stands before them. That uplifted arm,
That regal form, acts like a magic charm
Upon the mob. She smiles, and whispers "Come."
And awed to silence, and with wonder dumb,
The motley mass obeys her.
Proud of mien,
With all her splendid beauty at its height;
Robed with the richness that becomes a queen,
Her royal jewels flashing in the light,
She leads the way thro' vaulted galleries
And sumptuous chambers, to a princely room,
And here she pauses.
Sullenly, tho' cowed,
Behind her pauses too the curious crowd.
With her fair hands, so beautiful to see
They shall be molded into history,
She draws a silken curtain. Lo! there lies,
Like some rare blossom only half in bloom,
A young child sleeping sweetly.
Hardened faces
Grow soft and tender as the crowd sways near
To look upon him; and a pearly tear
Falls, gleaming like a gem among his laces.
"Long live the King!" a bronzed man softly cries;
"God bless the child!" an unkempt woman sighs,
And slowly turns, with reverent steps, as one
Who goes from worship when his prayers are done,
And leads the way; and all the mass in shame,
With heads bowed down, retrace the steps they came.

While kneeling low beside her child who sleeps,
The danger over, lo! the brave Queen weeps.



AN AFGHAN INTERIOR—LADIES OF CABUL.

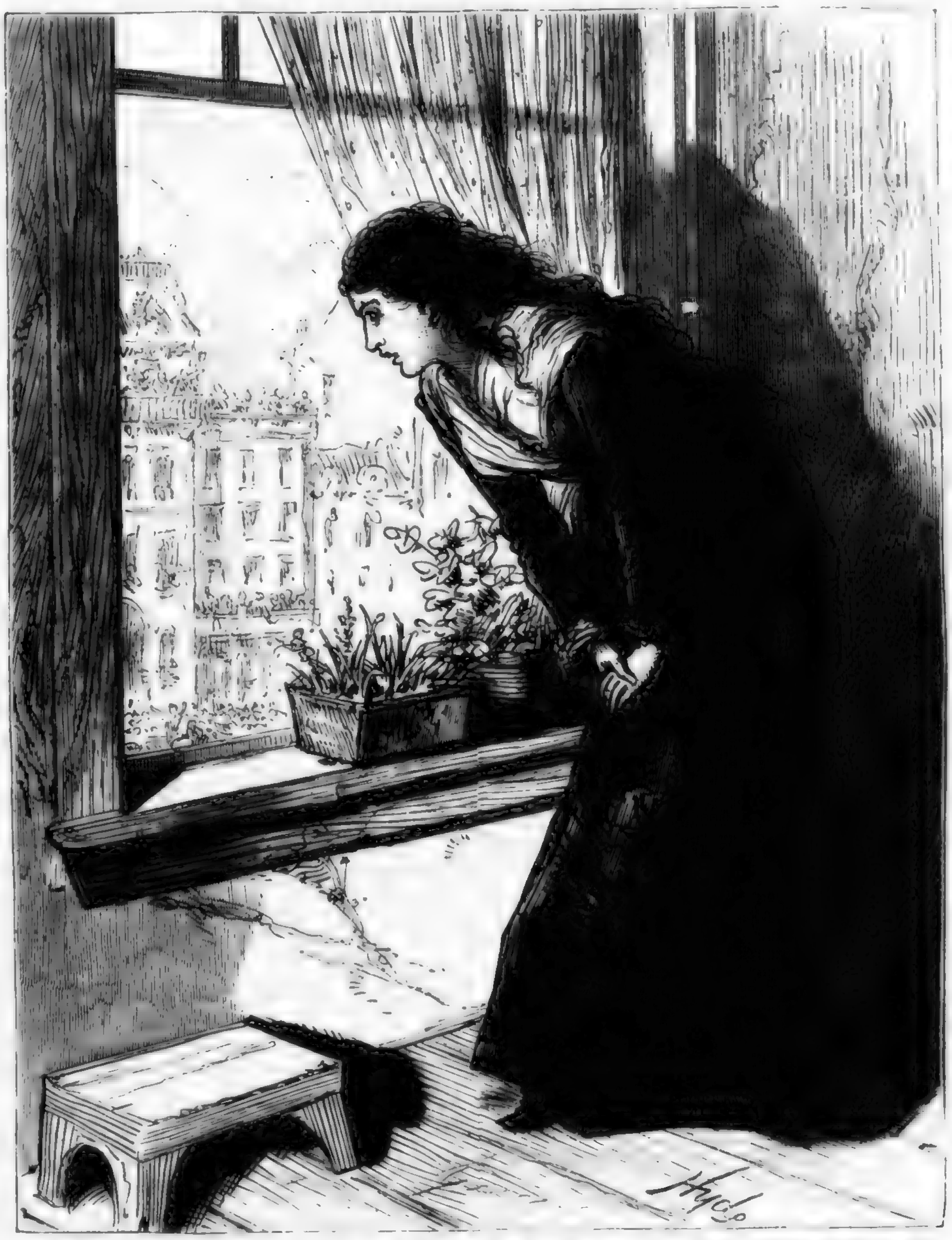
FAIRY-RINGS IN MEADOWS.

So-called "fairy-rings" in meadows are simply produced by the growth of various kinds of fungi. The fungi start from a centre, owing to some peculiarity of the soil and decaying vegetable matter in it, and, when they have exhausted the spot on which they originally sprang up, they enlarge their borders, as it were, and thus form circles, giving a darker tinge to the herbage affected by them. These rings increase in size annually.

THE GRENADIER'S FORGIVENESS.

CHAPTER I.

THE man whom she had married was fifty-five at least, and a captain in the Prince of Hesse's Regiment of Grenadiers. He was tall, broad-shouldered and vigorous; dark, grim-featured and thin-lipped, and his eyes, which were small and black, impressed one oddly and unpleasantly. A scar, reaching across his cheek, in no way increased his beauty, and his best friends never dreamed of asserting that his thin, rasping voice made the sweetest music in the world.



THE GRENADIER'S FORGIVENESS.—"SHE RUSHED TO THE WINDOW, BUT SHE DARED NOT SEE THE FRIGHTFUL TRUTH UNTIL THE TUMBRIL NEARED HER, AND THERE, AMONG THE DOOMED—ERECT, UNDAUNTED, DEFIANT—STOOD ADRIEN DE ST. EVREMOND! SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF HIS FACE, AND STARTED BACK WITH A SHRIEK."

Now, see this person in a bright-blue coat, faced with red and trimmed with yellow worsted lace; a deep white vest, adorned with a row of large gilt buttons, and opening upon a lace-ruffled shirt; long, light cloth gaiters, square-toed shoes with great buckles, and a small, black, three-cornered hat, over which floated a wavy plume of the same sable hue, and you have him as he appeared on the morning of his marriage with Clotilde Vanner, only child and heiress of Anthon Vanner, the rich miller of Eldenburg. Clotilde, in whom the charming vivacity, inherited from a French mother, was tempered by just the slightest suspicion of German dreaminess, was at this time only eighteen; and with her pale face, thoughtful brown eyes and oddly reserved manner, seemed, indeed, but little like a bride.

Her costume, however, proclaimed her importance; for upon this eventful occasion, in the month of August, 1793, she wore a rich, bright-colored silk, plentifully trimmed with lace and embellished with golden ornaments. Her light-brown hair was tightly braided, and held in a close coil by great, golden-headed pins, whilst rings of diamonds and rubies sparkled on her little hands. For Herman Stolberg, besides being a captain of grenadiers, was a man of means, and could well afford to render his wife the wonder and envy of all the country round. And she certainly was envied, for nothing could have been grander than the house of which she was made mistress—that fine old Stolberg palace! To see it, half hidden in its mountain nook, when the golden light of the afternoon sun entangled itself among the dead-green of the ivy that almost covered its high towers and peaked roof, when it glittered upon the waters of a streamlet that babbled down the hillside and round among the shivering poplars at its base, was to see a home that Love might have made heavenly, if Love ever came to it. But Captain Stolberg, after three days of married life, having his doubts that he would ever be called upon to entertain such a guest, spoke in this wise to his young wife:

"Look you, Clotilde! I have a few questions to ask, and I want the truth for an answer—the *truth*, mind! and I don't care the spark of a flint how bitter it is, I want it."

"You shall have it," said Clotilde, without raising her eyes from the book she was pretending to read.

The Captain of Grenadiers frowned darkly, but he asked his questions with an unchanged voice.

"Will you ever learn to love me?"

His wife's eyes looked straight into his now, as she answered, firmly and coldly:

"Never!"

"Do you love any one else?"

"No one!" she replied, patiently responding to his questions.

XUM

"Why did you marry me?"

"Because I had no choice in the matter."

"Fool that I am to ask you all this!" cried the officer, savagely, twirling his gray mustache.

"It is not the first time you have asked it," was the quiet response, "and always with the same result. I am your wife because my parents wished it. I do not love you, but I shall always do my duty. You knew all this when I married you, therefore it cannot surprise you now. You made your bargain with my father, not with me. Pray try to be contented."

"Oh, I'll be contented, never fear!" said the captain, grimly. "Only remember, madame, to keep inviolable the vows made at God's altar, for, by the heaven above us, if——"

"Sir!" cried his wife, rising, and regarding him haughtily.

"Very well, my dear, very well! Be careful, that's all!" And with a harsh little laugh, as musical as a curse, the soldier stalked away.

The following afternoon, when the shadows on the hills were deepening, and the waters of the streamlet wore their tenderest glow, Clotilde and the Baron de St. Evremond were walking slowly down a narrow path among the pines.

The baron, an *attaché* of the French Embassy at Vienna, was one of those favored mortals who really seem to have nothing more to ask from Heaven or Fortune. Young, high-born, handsome and rich, Adrien de St. Evremond, who might have chosen from among the noblest in the land, had made the heart of a simple peasant-girl the goal of all his desires.

A girl whom he had met, for the first time, two years before, when, idling away a Summer holiday among the Netherlands, he had found himself at the old mill upon the Elden.

"Wait for me, beloved!" he had pleaded; "I will return; only promise to wait!"

And Clotilde had promised. But the years which should have come to her rich with hope and love, came laden instead with direst woe, and in the end we find these two face to face—she, crushed with the hopelessness of her sorrow, the weariness of death upon her; he, stern, exacting, cruel in his might.

"You have broken my life—a strong man's life!" he cried, fiercely. "You have robbed it of all joy and peace! You have robbed it of all love and happiness! And what do you give instead? Nothing! Ah, fool that I was, to believe that truth could find a resting-place in any woman's heart!"

"I had no choice," sobbed the girl. "You should have come to me sooner."

"I could not. But now, shall I tell you what I will do? Well, I will return to Paris. Trouble is brewing there, and if the worst comes to me, why your hands will be stained and your conscience burdened, that is all. Adieu, Clotilde!"

"Adrien!" Her arms were around him now, her head lay upon his breast, her eyes looked up into his, radiant with love unutterable. "You shall not go!" she whispered. "Nay, you shall not—shall not go!"

* * * * * * *

That night Clotilde, her little, young form shrouded in a loose black mantle, stood by her chamber window waiting—for what?

For the hour that would strike her shackles from her, and leave her free indeed! So she said. Yet, when that hour sounded, she turned away shivering, assailed by an agony of doubt and fear and wild remorse.

"I dare not!" she murmured. "God help me, I dare not!"

Then she stole back to the window, and throwing it open, tried to peer through the gloom of the dull, cloudy night. Soon she fancied that she heard a movement in the walk below, and, leaning forward, she asked, softly:

"Is it you?"

A closely muffled form detached itself from the deeper darkness, and a man's voice called her softly by name.

"Go away!" she answered, in the same guarded tone. "Go, Adrien! It is useless to wait for me. I shall not do it!"

Then closing the window, she lit a candle and calmly proceeded to remove her mantle and replace the wedding-ring, so lately cast aside.

Was she mad? What had come over her? Was it despair, or simply a strong will that kept her so unmoved? It was Fate!

Daybreak found her as midnight had left her, sitting in the great chair into which she had thrown herself hours before, her face white and strained, her lustreless eyes fixed and dry, her bloodless hands loosely clasped in her lap.

Birds were whistling in the early sunlight when there came a sound of footsteps in the hall below, and then a knock at her door. The voice cleft the atmosphere of dreams that hung about her, and Clotilde started to her feet and into life. Opening the door, she found Anna, her maid, standing there.

"Oh, my good, kind mistress!" cried Anna, bursting into tears and wringing her hands convulsively; "they have just brought in the captain. The gardener found him lying near the hedge—bleeding and dead!"

Chapter II.

Anna was wrong. The Captain of Grenadiers was not dead, but he had been grievously wounded. By whom, he knew not; at least so he averred, and even if his concise statement of the affair was doubted, no one attempted to contradict it.

He called for his wife. She came; and at sight of her, new life seemed to pulsate through his veins; her presence nerved his waning strength, her voice dispelled the fatal languor that was slowly creeping over him.

"Clotilde," he whispered, hoarsely, "I have sent for you because I want you to realize how great is the crime you have committed. These wounds were dealt by the man who attempted to lure you from me. 'Twas I to whom you spoke last night. He met me a moment afterward as he was entering the garden, and then——"

"You killed him!" murmured the wretched woman.

"I swear to you that he escaped unhurt," returned her husband. "Now hearken to me, Clotilde! I know all—everything! When I married you, I was foolish enough to have my dreams—we all have them, why not I as well as any other man? Well, they were soon dispelled. Then I set myself to watching you. I was rewarded at last. I discovered your secret. I learned of St. Evremond's arrival in the village the very day after our wedding, and of your meetings with him. I witnessed them—never near enough, it is true, to overhear what passed; but I would surely have been a thrice-accursed fool not to have understood what must follow. Therefore my vigilance never relaxed. I have waited, and you have been the ruin of me, body and soul. Well, some good angel guarded you a few hours ago, for I confess to you, frankly, oh wife of my bosom! that you were then as near death as one so young and beautiful would care to be. Yes, had you entered that garden, I——"

"You would have killed me!" cried the girl.

"I would have killed you!" answered the grenadier, sternly. "Now go; I need rest. Go; and if I send for you, come to me."

Toward morning the dreaded summons was borne to Madame Stolberg, and she went to her husband's chamber.

She found the whilom boisterous Captain of Grenadiers quiet enough now; and involuntarily she shrank from the sight of that calm, condemning face.

"Light the candles, Clotilde," he said, briefly.

She lit them.

"How is the night?"

She half lifted a curtain. The moon, which had been struggling through a cloud-bank, was shining now with a steady, brilliant light.

"Come here—close, for I cannot speak as easily as I did last night at this hour. See! I wish to give you something."

He slipped his hand under his pillow, and pulled out a little silken bag. This he untied, and from it fell a long, wavy lock of brown hair, tied with a true-blue ribbon.

"There!" he exclaimed; "it is yours! You gave it to me, after much pleading, two years ago. It has lain on my breast through all this time; but if it should lie there when I am dead, it would be a weight to drag me down to perdition; curse it—and you!" He flung it from him and continued: "Don't be frightened; I can do you no harm You have sinned, but your punishment will come fast enough. And I have loved you, Clotilde—how much, you will never know! Ah, more than tongue can tell. I would have given my life a hundred times to have heard from your lips the words that I know you spoke to that accursed Frenchman! Well, it was not to be. I have blundered somehow—I know it! However, let me die feeling that the last kindly act of my life will not prove a blunder also. Promise to obey my dying request, Clotilde?"

"I promise," she uttered, faintly.

"Good! Now, I have just written to a friend in Paris, who will see St. Evremond at once. But you must go yourself to my friend, Jean Duplay. It is imperative! Do you hesitate? Well, I swear to you that St. Evremond's life is in danger. You know how matters are now in France. Yet Duplay has influence—he can help you. I, alas, can do no more than send you to him. Will you go?"

"I will go!"

"That is right! Upon my desk you will find a letter. Take it to the address indicated. You must start to-day. I am better—I shall not need you; besides, there is no time to be lost. Return to me, Clotilde—mind, I trust you! Later, when I am dead and you are happy, try to think kindly of the harsh old soldier, who, after all, was not as bad as he might have been—will you not, my child?"

"Oh, forgive me!" she pleaded, sinking upon her knees beside the dying man; "I have wronged you bitterly—forgive me! Ah, how I have misjudged you—how I have misjudged you!"

With a mighty effort the Captain of Grenadiers half raised himself upon the pillows; but the words he would have uttered were staid upon his lips. There was a short, sharp struggle for breath and life—a strong man's last struggle, an ominous rattling, a wild glance upward and around, and then all was over.

Clotilde arose and stood for a moment looking down at the white, stern face. Death could not beautify it. The brows were drawn, the black eyes stared up at her with a horrible anger in their glassy depths, the lips were firmly compressed, and the long, ugly scar lay like a red welt across the hollow cheek; and as she looked, a great dread came over her—a frightful, maddening dread—a soul-sickening sense of impending woe and utter helplessness. Before a lesser horror she might have swooned, or fled with cries of lamentation; before this, she could only shudder and crouch, and wail:

"Ah, it is not true! You have not forgiven me! you have not forgiven me!"

Chapter III.

That poisoned heart of a wretched body, Clotilde, arrived at Paris on the fifth day after Captain Stolberg's funeral. Throughout all her weary journey the girl's courage had never once failed her, and all her fatigue and anxiety could not dim the radiance of her superb young beauty. To the contrary, sorrow lent it a pathos indescribably touching, and the simplicity of her attire enhanced it a thousand fold.

She alighted from the *diligence* at the Barrière de St. Jacques, and from thence proceeded on foot to a street near by, where she found Monsieur Duplay, and delivered to him her letter.

Monsieur Duplay, a man of the people, burly, coarse-voiced and slovenly attired, received her abruptly.

"*Citoyenne*," said he, "your husband and I were old comrades in arms. By your presence here I understand that he is dead. He tells me that your mother was a Frenchwoman. Well, I congratulate you. Now, about this affair. I received a letter from Captain Stolberg, written the morning after he was wounded. In it he apprised me of your coming, and urged me to care for your well-being. I shall do so. Come, we will go at once to the lodging which I have secured for you. It is near here, and the person whom you expect will be there about nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

The long night in her strange abode was over, and Clotilde arose from the couch upon which she had thrown herself in her vain endeavor to rest. But there was no rest in those fitful snatches of slumber; for throughout her troubled dreams the grenadier's curse and the fiendish malice of his last look pursued her relentlessly.

Presently the *concierge's* wife brought her a cup of coffee.

"Drink it!" said the woman. She was a great, coarse-looking creature, but she had a motherly manner that went straight to the heart of her lonely little lodger. "Drink it! you need all your strength. So you are expecting some one, eh? Well, watch for him, *petite!* He will soon be here."

And then she abruptly quitted the room.

As the hour for her lover's coming drew nigh, all the old vague disquiet returned to Clotilde. Every sense seemed sharpened, every heart-beat stifling.

A knock at the door caused her to start and cry out; but it was only the *concierge's* wife.

"Go to the window!" she called; "he is coming!"

She rushed to the window. In the street below, all was confusion. Little throngs of people were talking and gesticulating excitedly. Others were staring in one direction—toward the corner of the next street, which led to the *conciergerie*. Soon the rumbling of wheels was heard, accompanied by shouts and cries, which were speedily drowned in the deafening roar of hundreds of voices raised in one soul-inspiring chorus.

And now the cause of all this tumult appeared—the tumbril, filled with condemned, on its way to the place of execution. Surrounding and following it came the infuriated mob. Obscene shouts rent the air. Jeers, curses, ribald jests, all mingled with the song, and lent their appalling cruelty to the ordeal of this terrible hour.

A glimpse of the meaning of her position burst upon the solitary watcher at the window, but she dared not see the frightful truth until the tumbril neared her; and then—

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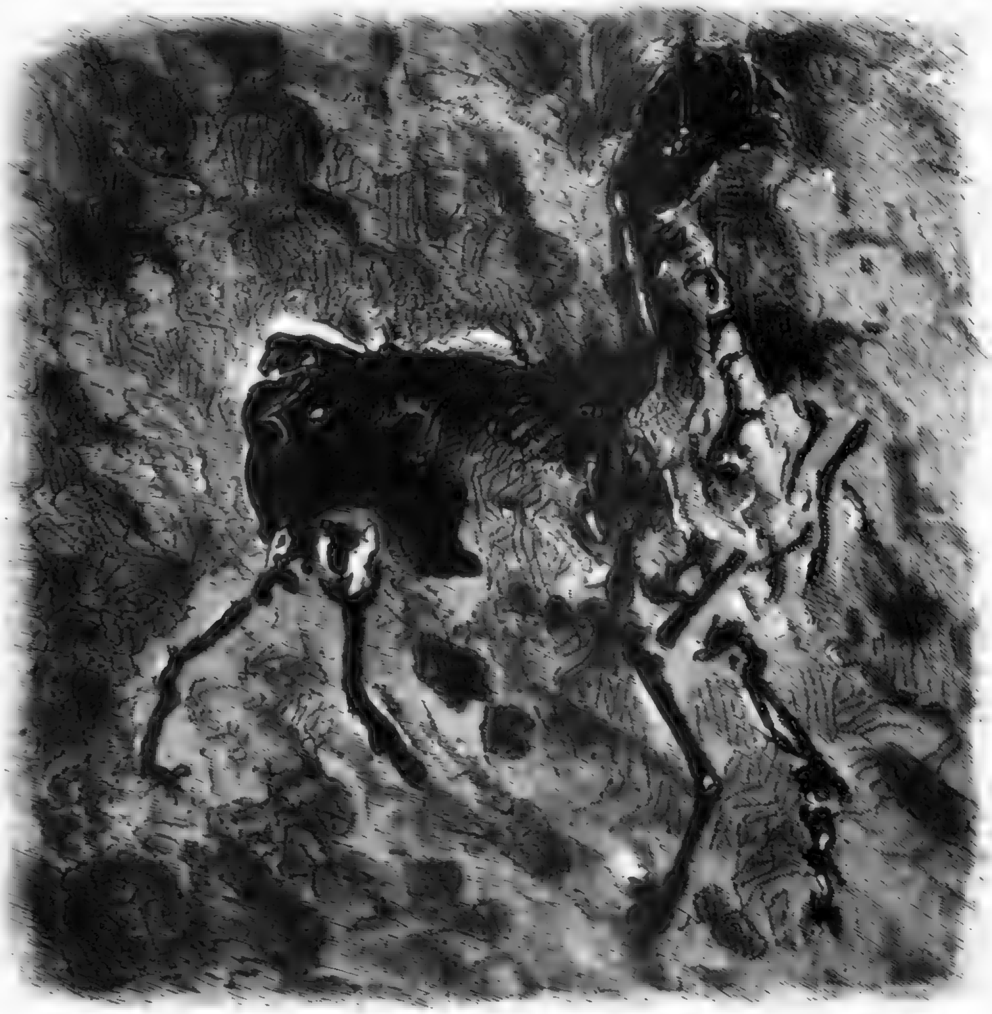


THE ERROR OF MODERN SCIENCE IN RESTORATION OF EXTINCT ANIMALS.—PHOTOGRAPH OF A FOSSIL SKELETON OF THE PALÆOTHERIUM MAGNUM.

oh, Heaven! there, among the doomed, erect, undaunted, defiant, stood Adrien de St. Evremond!

She caught sight of his face, and started back with a shriek.

"Adrien!"

St. Evremond raised his head quickly, and his eyes fell upon her.

"Adieu!" he cried, his clear, strong voice piercing the deafening clamor. "Clotilde! my life, my love! adieu!"

And then —— Well, God is very merciful.

"*Petite!*"

It was the coarse-featured woman standing beside her who spoke. No answer came; so she stooped and drew the girl's hands from her face, into which she looked long and earnestly.

"And this is the work men can do!" she cried, bitterly, as she lifted the little form in her strong arms and laid it on the bed.

"Did she recognize him?" asked some one at the door.

It was Monsieur Duplay.

"Come and see!" was the brief command.

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" murmured the man, as he looked down at the white face upon the pilllow; "the poor little thing is dead!"

"I caught her last sigh as I bore her here," said the woman. "Oh, fool! as if the good God would forget His own! Go now; surely you are content with what you have done!"

"Surely you are mistaken, dear friend!" remonstrated the visitor. "It was her husband who did it—not I."

The Error of Modern Science in Restoration of Extinct Animals.

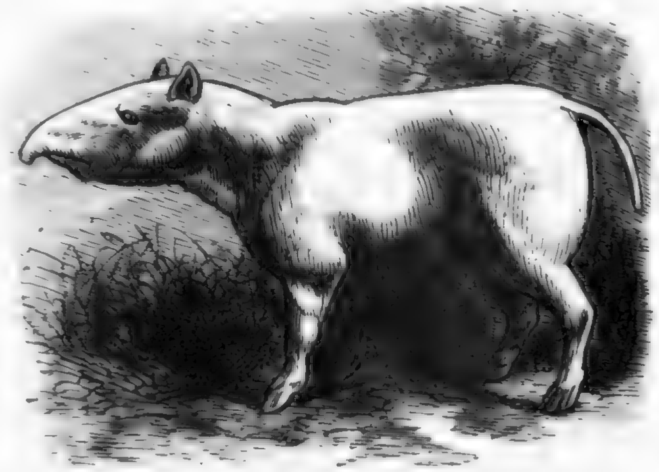
MODERN science is very dictatorial, and its professors often assume that unerring certainty guarantees all their theories, and would have all that men have believed bend to them in unhesitating submission. Yet they can blunder, and how seriously we propose to show.

One of our illustrations is a reproduction of a photograph taken from the fossil skeleton of the *Palæotherium magnum*, an extinct species of mammalia, from a specimen recently brought to light in the quarries of Vitry-sur Seine, France, and fortunately showing the whole form and character of the living creature.

From parts of skeletons which he studied, Baron Cuvier classed this animal with the rhinoceros and the tapir, and scientists have followed him blindly. All books on the prehistoric world so depict it, and we copy one of these common reproductions of the *palæotherium*.

In Cuvier's restoration the animal is represented as having the exact form of the tapir, the only difference being that the restored animal had *three* toes to *each* foot, instead of *four* toes to the forefeet and three toes to the hind ones, as is observed in the tapir.

Upon referring to our illustration, it will be seen what a ridiculous, though excusable, mistake was made by the great anatomist. Instead of being a heavy, hog-like animal as supposed, the *palæotherium* was a light, graceful and quick-motioned creature, with a giraffe-like neck, somewhat resembling in form the South American llama. As far as the flexible snout is concerned, Cuvier was right; it can be seen from the elongated form of the jawbones that such an organ existed.



THE PALÆOTHERIUM MAGNUM AS ERRONEOUSLY RESTORED.

The dentary system of the *palæotherium* is composed of six incisors, four canini and fourteen molars; the first two being analogous to those of the tapir, and the latter similar to those of the rhinoceros. By nature the *palæotherium* was herbivorous, and doubtless existed in vast herds.

From the position of the fossil recently discovered entire, it would be inferred that the animal was crushed to death during some convulsion of nature, in the eocene period. Bones have been discovered of some twelve species of the genus *palæotherium*, but none in a perfect state. By the discovery of this remarkable and perfect specimen, the question has been decided as to the true shape and size of this extinct species, and it has become a rare acquisition to the palæontological history of the eocene period.

All the books representing the *palæotherium* as a gigantic tapir must now be remodeled. For some time at least the word *palæotherium* will be a weapon against our scientific friends when they grow too intolerant.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

By Eben E. Rexford.

Chapter I.

Two men sat together in a room in one of the finest residences on a fashionable New York street, one Summer night. One of them was a well-preserved gentleman of perhaps fifty-five years, and from his air and dress it was easy to tell that he was used to moving in the higher circles of society.

The other was of nearly the same age, but there was something in his face, and a sort of dry atmosphere clinging to him, like that indescribable influence which always seems to surround a book from a library, that told he was a man whose years had been spent among bills and ledgers.

The careless observer would have told you that his life had settled down into such a routine that he had no ambition beyond the careful keeping of his books, that his ideas were confined to bill and invoice and casting up long columns of figures.

But the careful reader of men's faces would have told you that there was a peculiar look of *waiting for something* in his face. He was biding his time.

John Warfield, merchant prince and host, poured out two glasses of wine from the glittering decanter on the table, and motioned John Warne, clerk, and visitor—by express and urgent invitation—to drink with him. And they drank silently.

Then there was a long and painful silence. John Warfield was pale with whatever thoughts were at work in his bosom. Very pale. He was restless, and paced two and fro for many minutes, while John Warne waited paitiently for whatever was to be said.

Suddenly the merchant stopped before the clerk.

"You have sworn, by your hope of heaven, by all you consider binding upon your soul, to never reveal one word of the conversation that takes place between us to-night?"

"Yes," answered Warne; "I have sworn."

"There is no use in beating round the bush," cried Warfield, his hands working nervously, and his face growing paler, as if he were drawing near to something frightful. "I am on the brink of financial ruin, Warne—you know that."

"Yes, I know it," answered Warne.

"There is only one way out of it," said Warfield, ghastly white now.

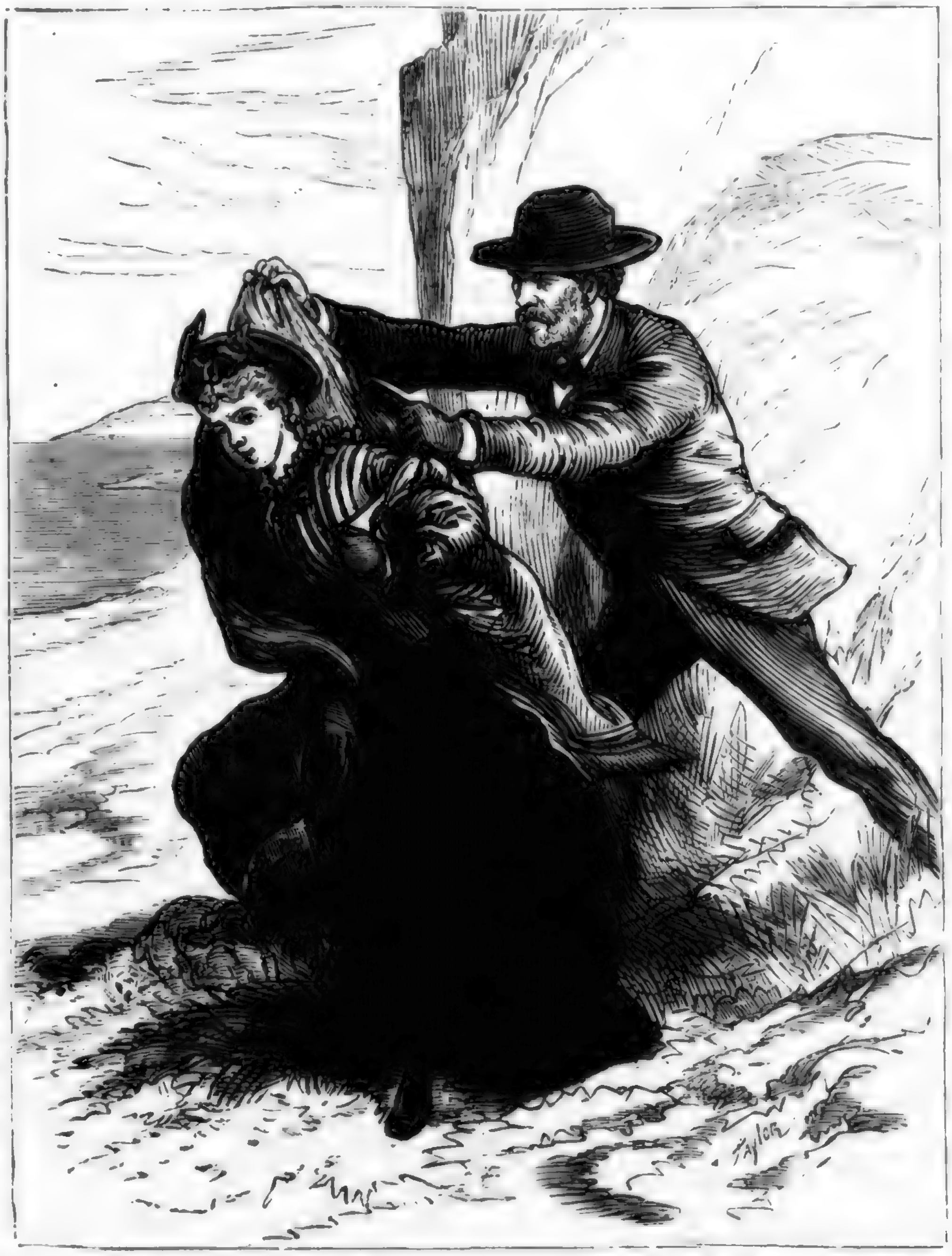
He was very near the hideous thing that frightened his very thoughts.

"And that way?"

"Is death!" answered the merchant, hoarsely.

"You don't mean to take your own life!" cried the clerk, startled for a moment out of his usual composure.

"Of course not," answered Warfield. "You know that my brother left a large fortune to his only child. She stands between me and



A TERRIBLE REVENGE.—"HE CAME BEHIND HER NOISELESSLY; HE THREW HER CLOAK OVER HER HEAD, AND DREW IT DOWN TIGHTLY OVER HER MOUTH BEFORE SHE COULD CRY OUT."

XUM

that fortune to-day. If she were dead, I should come into possession of it immediately. You begin to understand, I think?"

"I think I do," answered the clerk, a trifle pale. "It is her death that you refer to?"

"Exactly, Warne. If she were to die, I am saved. She must be got out of the way. You must do it for me. For years I have kept your secret. No one in the world, save you and I, know who forged those drafts twenty-five years ago. No one but you and I will know how Catherine Oran goes out of the world. I will give you ten thousand dollars when the deed is done. Is it a bargain?"

"It is murder!" cried Warne, pale as death. "I can't do it. Get some one else."

"I can trust no one else," said Warfield, desperately. "Do you want to spend the remainder of your life in a prison cell? You shall, so help me God, if you refuse to help me now! If I go to ruin, you shall go to the punishment I have shielded you from. There is no risk to run. She is at school with my daughter—at a private institution on the seashore, fifty miles out of town. You can go down there—and get her out of the way easily enough, without being detected. I have heard you say, time and again, that you believe in no hereafter. What is there so dreadful in doing this, then? It is merely sending her to her grave sooner than she would otherwise go. She will be better off dead than living."

"She is there with your daughter, you say?"

Warne's voice sounded strange to himself, and far away. His face had lost some of its old apathy.

"Yes; it is a wild, lonely place. You will know her by her resemblance to my daughter. Is it a bargain?"

"It is a bargain!" answered John Warne, hoarsely, rising from his seat. His eyes were full of a strange fire; the time he had waited for for five and twenty years was near at hand at last.

"The wine seems to have got into your head," laughed Warfield, nervously. "Will you have another glass, Warne?"

"No more, thank you," answered the old clerk. "It isn't wine that has got into my head, Warfield—it is something that has been there a long time. It has roused itself to-night. Is there anything more to be said between us?"

"No," answered Warfield. "You understand my wishes; be careful, Warne, and sure!"

"Good-night!" and the clerk bowed himself out.

"Revenge is sweet, they say!" he whispered, in the street. "I shall find if it be so. Oh, John Warfield, I have waited for something—I scarcely know what—for years. I never dreamed of such a grand opportunity as this!"

* * * * * * *

A wild, wet day. The waves screamed in mad glee against the cruel rocks, and the sky was like a pall. The gulls circled in the chill, gray atmosphere, crying harshly and discordantly.

"I wonder if she will come?"

The man who whispered this query to the winds peered out from behind the rock where he was hidden, anxiously.

"She got my message, I know. poor fool! she thinks she is coming to meet her lover, but she will meet death!"

John Warne shivered. It might have been with cold, it might have been with terror. But he thought of revenge, and his face was hard and pitiless as fate.

She came, presently. He saw her coming down the sandy shore, with the wind blowing her yellow hair all about her face, and an expectant look in her eyes. The sight of her innocent young face, and the thought of what he was there to do, struck him to the heart with a sudden, sharp pain, like a dagger-thrust; but a face as fair as hers came between him and the sight of her, and crushed every vestige of pity out of his heart.

She passed the rock without seeing him. He came behind her noiselessly. He threw her cloak over her head with a sudden movement, and drew it down tightly about her mouth before she could cry out; the folds of it pinioned her arms like cords.

He dragged her down to the water's edge. He dragged her out into the cruel waves, and, with an iron grip upon the folds which prisoned her so securely, he thrust her down beneath the flood and held her there.

There was a wild, fierce struggle for life and liberty; but it was a vain one. His hold was not to be shaken off. It was death to her; it was revenge to him.

Pretty soon it was all over. He dragged the unresisting form back to the shore, and dropped it on the wet sands.

He never stopped to look at the face beneath the dripping garment that had shut out the world for ever, but strode away across the sands, a vagabond and outcast on the face of the earth for evermore. But he had had his revenge.

Chapter II.

"A TELEGRAM, sir."

John Warfield clutched the paper with fingers that shook like aspen-leaves. His face was frightfully pale. He tore it open and read:

> "We have bad news for you. A terrible accident has happened. Come immediately."

He knew whom and where it was from without looking at the signature.

Half an hour later the southward-going train bore him out of the city.

An hour after that, he was standing at the door of the *Pensionnat des Demoiselles*, where his daughter and niece had spent the last two years of their lives. He rang the bell, and stood there in the chill, gray mist of the dreary morning, waiting, with a pale and frightened face—*for what?*

A hurry of footsteps in the hall. The door was opened by a girl with yellow hair and a white, tear-stained face.

"Oh, Uncle John!" she cried, and burst into tears. "It is so terrible!"

The man's face was ghastly with sudden terror. His teeth chattered so that he could scarcely speak.

"I—I thought it was you!" he cried, hoarsely, at last. "Where is Cecile?"

He clutched her arm so fiercely that she cried out with pain.

"She is in the parlor," the girl answered, sobbing. "Do you want to see her now?"

He put his hands to his head in a sort of dazed way. It seemed to be whirling round and round, and he was trying to stop it.

"I—I must be a little wild," he said, as if he scarcely knew what he was saying. "Cecile is in the parlor, you say? Is she well? Does she know that I am coming?"

"Oh, Uncle John!" cried Catherine Oran, with a great sob. "Don't you know? Cecile is dead!"

He never answered her. He put out his hands, as if to grasp at something to steady himself by, but found nothing; and, with a gasping cry, he fell face downward to the floor.

* * * * * *

That afternoon this letter was put into John Warfield's hands:

> "I have waited for twenty-five years for revenge. You have thought that I never found out your secret; you have thought that

no living person, save yourself, knew that my sister's life was ruined and her heart broken by you. But you were wrong. How I learned the fact matters not. But I swore to be revenged. You had no mercy for your victim; I have had none for mine. You thought to end an innocent life that stood between you and your selfish ambition. I have taken an innocent life, and sacrificed my soul for the revenge that I have been waiting for. When you know that I made no mistake in doing what I have done, but that I intended to do it from the first as it has been done, think of the ruin you have wrought so long ago, and say, if you can, that my revenge is not complete."

* * * * * * *

To-day John Warfield looks out upon a little strip of God's green earth from behind the bars of a madman's cell; and to-day John Warne wanders up and down the world, a haunted, remorseful man. He is under the shadow of the curse of Cain; for him there is no rest here nor hereafter.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

By Henry Barton Baker.

TALENT is seldom transmitted; the sons of clever men are frequently boobies, and a great name does not often repeat itself in history. There are rare instances, however, in which it becomes a heritage to be handed down from generation to generation. It was so in the Sheridan family. Dr. Sheridan, the grandfather of the great wit, the friend and even instructor of Swift, was himself a wit and fine classical scholar; the father, Thomas Sheridan, was lexicographer, elocutionist, and an actor who boldly entered the lists even against Garrick himself; the mother was a writer, whose literary productions were much praised by contemporaries. Brinsley, himself, was one of the most brilliant men of the last century. Married to an exceedingly clever woman, they transmitted something of their talent to their son Tom; and from him it descended with renewed vigor to his daughter Caroline, the Hon. Mrs. Norton; while the late Sheridan Lefanu, a descendant of Brinsley's sister, probably derived his abilities from the same fruitful source.

Born in Dublin in 1751, where his father was an actor and manager of the theatre, Richard Brinsley Sheridan was brought over to England at the age of nine, and placed at Harrow; "where," says Moore, "he was remarkable only as a very idle, careless, but at the same time engaging, boy, who contrived to win the affections and even admiration of the whole school, both masters and pupils, by the mere charm of his frank, genial manners, and by occasional gleams of superior intellect which broke through all the indolence and indifference of his character."

Dr. Parr, who was then under-master at Harrow, writing of him thereafter, says, "that as a boy he was by no means vicious. The sources of his infirmities were a scanty and precarious allowance from his father, the want of a regular plan for a profession, and, above all, the act of throwing him upon the town when he ought to have been pursuing his studies at the University."

His literary tastes were early developed, and in conjunction with a schoolfellow named Halked, he wrote a kind of burlesque, entitled "Jupiter," some of the materials of which were afterward put to account in "The Critic." They composed poems and tales, brought out the first number of a miscellany, translated an obscure classic, the Epistles of Aristænetus, and projected much more.

He was only fifteen when his mother died. It was a great loss to a boy of his disposition; her gentle and refined influence might have had a salutary effect upon his erratic propensities. In 1771 he went to Bath with his father, who was professionally engaged there. Young Brinsley was delightfully at home in that gay, pleasant, dissolute resort of fashion, fortune-hunters, hypochondriacs, valetudinarians, gamblers, and scandal-mongers. He wrote verses, some very charming, to the reigning beauties; "threw off," according to the mode of the day, various trifles upon passing events; mixed in the best society; and fell in love with the daughter of Dr. Linley, the composer—the beautiful Elizabeth Linley, the singer, "the fair maid of Bath," then only sixteen years of age. The lovely St. Cecilia, as the Oxford students called her when she went there to sing at the oratorios, was surrounded by admirers, young and old; among the number were Charles, Brinsley's brother; Halked, the latter's former friend; and an elderly gentleman, Mr. Long, to whose addresses an avaricious father forced her to listen.

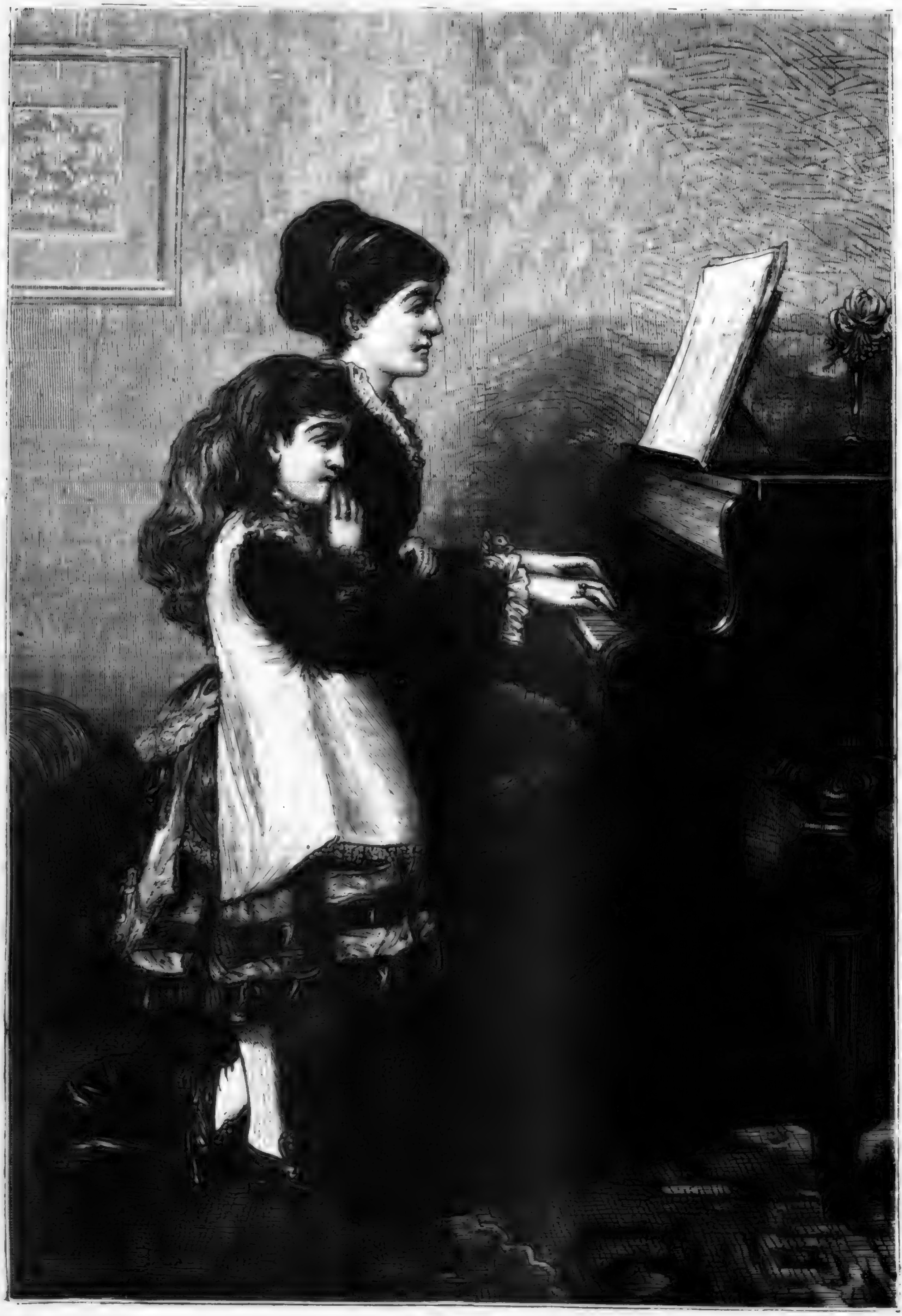
All was prepared for the wedding, when, her fortitude giving way, she appealed to her suitor, told him she could never give him her affections, and begged him to release her from the engagement. With noble generosity, he not only consented, but took all the blame of the rupture upon himself, paid the father, who threatened an action, a thousand pounds, and settled upon her three thousand more of his own free will.

But this was only one chapter of the romance of which she was the heroine. From the time she was twelve years old a fashionable *roué*, a married man, one Captain Matthews, had been a constant visitor at her home. This villain from the first acted upon a systematic plan to entangle her affections, and, at least partly, succeeded. He found it impossible to conquer her virtue, but he gave her great agony of mind. One time he made her believe he was dying; more than once he threatened to shoot himself; then he vowed he would ruin her reputation; until the poor girl, driven to desperation, actually took poison.

It is now that Sheridan, who has been long her devoted admirer, comes prominently upon the scene. To win the scoundrel's confidence, and gain a positive knowledge of his designs, he has insinuated himself into his friendship. One day, armed with proofs of his villainy, Brinsley hurries to Miss Linley's house, to find her apparently dying; in distracted haste, he rushes off for doctors; an emetic is forced between the teeth of the unconscious girl, and she recovers.

But Matthews, furious at the trick played upon him by his rival, vows he will destroy her character. To remain in Bath after such a resolve, which she knows he will keep too surely, she finds to be impossible. Now, thinks Brinsley, is the time to win my suit. He proposes to take her to France to a convent at St. Quentin, where her sister had staid four years. She consents, and, assisted by this sister, while her father and brother are engaged at a concert, makes her escape. "Sheridan," she says, in her personal narrative, "came with two chairs, and having put me fainting into one, and my trunks into another, I was carried to a carriage that waited in Wolcot Street. Sheridan had engaged the wife of one of his servants to go with me as a maid without my knowledge. You may imagine how pleased I was with his delicate behavior."

A post-chaise waited in the London road, and by nine o'clock the next morning they arrived in the metropolis. They went to Charles Lamb's grandfather's, the tallow-chandler, whom Elia describes as the friend of John Palmer,

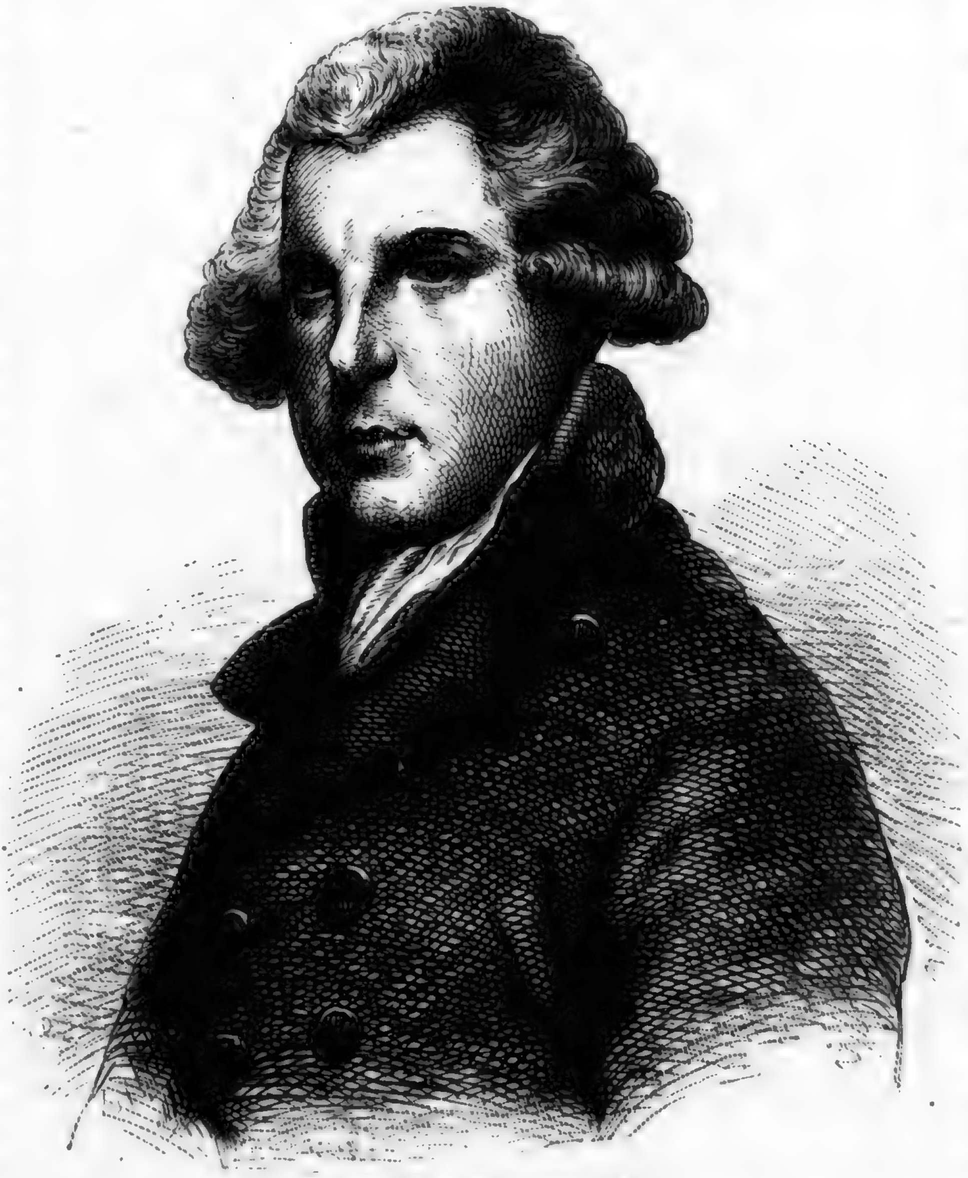


AT THE PIANO.

and who was a friend of the Sheridans. Brinsley, with his usual cool impudence, introduced the lady as a great heiress with whom he was eloping, received the old man's congratulations upon his having got over his infatuation for Miss Linley, and so pleased him with the story of his supposed good fortune that he offered the young couple a passage on board one of his ships bound for Dunkirk. The gallant Brinsley had little difficulty in persuading the lady to become his wife—indeed, what other course was open to her after such an escapade? They were married at a sort of French Gretna Green, not far from Calais.

The enraged Linley, to whom his daughter was under articles of apprenticeship until she was twenty-one—at the time of the elopement she was only eighteen—rushed over to Lisle, and, after an angry meeting with Sheridan, it was arranged that she should return to England and fulfill the engagements she had made for her.

Matthews—the lady being now beyond his reach—turned his revenge upon his successful rival, and published some scurrilous paragraphs against him in the *Bath Chronicle*. Sheridan challenged him. They met in Hyde Park. There were a few furious passes on either side, then Sheridan broke in upon his adversary's guard, disarmed him, made him beg his life and sign his recantation of the calumnies he had uttered, at the point of the sword.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

But Matthews had not yet exhausted his malice, and after a while he challenged Sheridan to a second meeting. This time the spot chosen was Kingsdown, near Bath. They were armed with pistols and swords. The pistols being discharged without effect, they drew their swords and rushed upon each other with a ferocity seldom witnessed in such encounters. Both weapons breaking almost at the first onslaught, they grappled with one another, fell, and, rolling upon the ground, hacked at each other with the broken pieces; the seconds, to their shame, standing by quiet spectators. Sheridan was severely wounded, and was in consequence confined to his room for several weeks.

At this time the lady was with her father; but on the 13th of April, 1773, young Brinsley reaped the reward of his devotion and gallantry by being regularly united to the lady of his love. From that time he never permitted her to sing in public. Their honeymoon was spent in a cottage at East Burnham; and to those few weeks of pure and peaceful happiness he ever after looked back with regretful pleasure. Years afterward, he was heard saying to himself, while watching his wife at one of their fashionable *routs:* "Could anything recall the old feelings? Yes; perhaps a return to the little cottage at East Burnham."

Upon their return to town, they went to lodge with Storace, the composer, and Brinsley entered himself as a barrister at the Middle Temple. "If I'd stuck to the law," he said, "I might have done as much as my friend Tom Erskine; but I had no time for such studies. Mrs. Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep working for our daily leg of mutton, or we should have had nothing for dinner."

Both wrote for the periodicals; but that they were writing for mere bread was an exaggeration, as the lady had the £3,000, Mr. Long's present, which was used, by-and-by, to help furnish a handsome house in Orchard Street, Portman Square, and to set up a fashionable establishment. The host's wit, the hostess's beauty and accomplishments, the romantic notoriety which was attached to both, good dinners and wines of the first quality, attracted some of the best London society, male and female; and Mrs. Sheridan's *soirées* and *routs* were among the great attractions of the season. Whence came the resources for such boundless extravagance is a mystery. Sheridan was penniless, and his wife's small fortune could not have lasted long. Of course they plunged into debt; and those embarrassments which hampered his whole future life may be dated from this early period.

His wit was all his capital, and the first great use he put it to was to compose the comedy of "The Rivals," produced at Covent Garden on January 19th, 1775. It failed on the first night, partly on account of Lee's bad acting in *Sir Lucius*, which was violently hissed, partly on account of its great length, and partly through private malice. But a change in the cast and a judicious use of the pruning-knife quickly reversed the verdict, and made it, as it deserved, a complete success. It brought the author some £1,200, which, however, must have been a mere drop against his ocean of difficulties. After the lapse of a hundred years, "The Rivals" still remains, next to its author's greater work, the most popular comedy of the last century. The characters were doubtless drawn from his old Bath experience. *Mrs. Malaprop* was the portrait of an original, well known at Bath for "the nice derangement of her epitaphs"; and he must very frequently have met such irascible old gentlemen as *Sir Anthony*, such romance-reading sentimentalists as *Lydia Languish*, such Irish adventurers as *Sir Lucius*, such country squires as *Acres*, such footmen as *Fag*; for the *Captain's* cool impudence he might have sat himself. Indeed, the audience believed they discovered many allusions to his own love-story in the piece. The great blot of the work, according to our present ideas, lies in the forced and pedantic scenes between *Julia* and *Falkland*, now almost expunged in acting. Take, for instance, such a passage as the following: "Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia you may lull your keen regrets to slumbering, while virtuous love, with a cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought and pluck the thorn from compunction." But this was esteemed the proper language of sentiment by the good people of a hundred years ago.

A two-act farce, entitled "St. Patrick's Day, or The Scheming Lieutenant," was written by him for Clinch, the second representative of *Sir Lucius*, in recognition of his admirable performance of that character, and was produced at Covent Garden in the May of the same year. It is a work of little merit, and is now forgotten.

But on the 21st of the following November he brought out his celebrated opera of "The Duenna," which Byron preferred to Gay's "Newgate Pastoral," and which in popularity exceeded even that famous work. Lines from its witty, tender and beautiful songs passed almost into proverbs, and such couplets as—

> "Sure such a pair was never seen,
> So fondly formed to meet by nature,"

and—

> 'The boys with all their father's sense,
> The girls with all their mother's beauty,'

are still quoted by many who are ignorant whence they are derived. The exquisite music was arranged by Linley, the father-in-law, and some of the melodies were his own composition; others were borrowed from Rauzzini and Dr. Harrington, and the beautiful Irish air "Molly Asthore" was given to—

> "Had I heart for falsehood framed."

It was performed seventy-five nights to overflowing houses. It is strange that, in an age so barren of dramatic and operatic genius, no enterprising manager should attempt the revival of a piece which even delighted our fathers, and which was interpreted by artists so recent as Braham and Vestris.

Although Thomas Sheridan had been Garrick's rival, and the son had chosen Covent Garden instead of Drury Lane for the production of his successful plays, the great actor, ever generous, was a warm friend of young Brinsley's, introduced him into some of the best society of the day, and, upon his retirement, allowed him to become the purchaser of one-third of his patent, for which he gave £10,000, Linley takng a second share for the same sum, and Ford the remainder at £15,000.

How did he raise the funds for such a purpose? Although, basing his conviction upon certain letters published in his biography of Sheridan, Moore is against the supposition, I am inclined to believe that Garrick credited him with the greater part of the amount, to be paid thereafter by instalments.

"There was, indeed," says that authority, "something mysterious and miraculous about all his acquisitions—whether in love, in learning, in wit, or in wealth. How or when his stock of knowledge was laid in, nobody knew—it was as much a matter of marvel to those who never saw him read, as the existence of a chameleon has been to those who fancied it never eat. His advances in the heart of his mistress were, as we have seen, equally trackless and inaudible, and his triumph was the first that even his rivals knew of his love. In like manner, his wit took the world by surprise, being perfected in secret till ready for display, and then seeming to break from under the cloud of his indolence in full maturity of splendor. His financial resources had no less of magic about them; and the mode by which he conjured up at this time the money for the first purchase of the theatre remains, as far as I can learn, a mystery to this day."

His first season was inaugurated with a failure—the "Trip to Scarborough, an alteration of Vanbrugh's "Relapse," in which all the wit and talent of the original were excluded with the grossness. It was well hissed, and had to be speedily withdrawn. A mangled and barbarous version of "The Tempest," with songs by Linley, shared the same fate. The prospects of the young manager looked very black indeed, when, on the 8th of May, 1777, he produced "The School for Scandal." The success was immediate and almost unprecedented.

"With but little interest in the plot," says Moore, "with no very profound or ingenious development of character, and with a group of personages not one of whom has any legitimate claims upon either our affection or esteem, it yet, by the admirable skill with which its materials are managed—the happy contrivance of the situations, at once both natural and striking—the fine feeling of the ridiculous that smiles throughout, and the perpetual play of wit which never tires, but seems like running water to be kept fresh by its own flow—by all this general animation and effect, combined with a finish of the details almost faultless, it unites the suffrages at once of the refined and simple, and is not less successful in ministering to the natural enjoyment of the latter, than in satisfying and delighting the most fastidious tastes among the former."

The literary history of the play is very curious. "The first sketch of 'The School for Scandal' that occurs," says the same authority, "was written, I am inclined to think, before 'The Rivals,' or at least very soon after it; and that it was his original intention to satirize some of the gossips of Bath appears from the title, under which I find noted down, as follows, the very first hints, probably, that suggested themselves for the dialogue:

"THE SLANDERERS—*The Pump-Room Scene.*—It opens with Lady Timewell and her creature, who is here called Spatter—the snake of the comedy as it now stands, but there are no Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. Charles is called Claremont, and the plot is quite different. It is astonishing the number of names he tried for his hero before he fixed upon the right one; he was called first Claremont, Florival, Captain Harry Plausible, Harry Pliant, or Pliable, then Young Harry, then Frank. In a second sketch the characters are Sir Roland Harpur, Captain Harry Plausible, Freeman, Old Teazle, Mrs. Teazle, Maria."

From this comedy it will be perceived that all the scandalmongers were excluded; and that the quarrels of the Teazles, the intrigue of the lady with one of the Plausibles, and Charles's love affair, constitute the entire plot. The great screen scene was an afterthought. The discovery, according to the following memorandum, was to have been effected in a different manner: "Making love to aunt and niece, meeting wrong in the dark—some one coming—locks up aunt, thinking it to be the niece."

Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," gives some curious specimens of these early draughts. Some of the scenes bear a great resemblance to their present form; but in all cases the improvement is most marked; the wit is more polished, the language more condensed, and the treatment more delicate.

"There is not," says Moore, "a page of these manuscripts that does not bear testimony to the fastidious care with which he selected and arranged and molded his language, so as to form it into the transparent channel of his thoughts which it is at present. His chief objects in correcting were to condense and simplify—to get rid of all unnecessary phrases and epithets, and in short strip away from the thyrsus of his wit every leaf that could render it less light and portable."

One instance among many will show the improving effect of these operations. The following is the original form of the speech of Sir Peter: "People who utter a tale of scandal, knowing it to be forged, deserve the pillory more than for a forged bank-note. He can't pass the lie without putting their names on the back of it. You say no person has a right on you, because you didn't invent it; but you should know that, if the drawer of the bill is out of the way, the injured party has a right to come on any of the indorsers."

Compare with this labored effusion the epigrammatic point of the sentence as it now stands.

"*Mrs. C.* But sure you would not be quite so severe upon those who only report what they hear?

"*Sir P.* Yes, madam; I would have the law merchant for them too, and in all cases of slander currency, wherever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured party should have the right of coming on any of the indorsers."

Even after the two sketches had been incorporated, and the play assumed its present form, great alterations were made, whole scenes were suppressed or transposed, and some of the dialogue entirely rewritten. *Snake* made his confession in a long, heavy scene in the third act, instead of at the end of the piece.

No impression can be more false than that Sheridan was spontaneous, indolent and careless in his productions; everything was written and rewritten, polished and repolished, before it was given to the world. The last scenes of this comedy were, however, written in haste. Moore says there is but one rough draught of them, written upon detached pieces of paper, while of all the preceding acts there are numerous transcripts, scattered through six or seven books, with new interlineations and memoranda to each. On the last leaf was written, "Finished at last, thank God!" "Amen! W. Hopkins." (The Prompter.)

The cast was one of the finest that had ever fallen to the lot of any comedy. "There were more parts performed admirably in 'The School for Scandal,'" says Walpole, "than I almost ever saw in any play."

Such a success could not escape the malevolence of rivals and enemies. A report was raised that the piece was not written by Sheridan at all, but by some consumptive young lady, who had left the MS. at the stage door, and died before she could claim her property! Very like the production of a consumptive young lady! Another gave it to Mrs. Sheridan. In support of the former story, it was pointed out that Sheridan, although offered a large sum for the copyright, would never sell it, and that there is no copy of the play authenticated by the author. The one usually adopted is that which he sent to his sister, for the use of the manager of the Dublin Theatre, who gave her one hundred guineas and a free admission for her family in return. "I have been nineteen years endeavoring to satisfy myself with the style of the 'School for Scandal,' and have not succeeded yet," he said once. There was the secret; he was always promising himself to make a last and complete revision before he finally gave it to the world.

Cumberland was in a box with his family on the night of its production; the children laughed heartily at the screen scene.

"What are you laughing at?—there's nothing to laugh at!" he said, pinching them in his vexation. "Keep still, you little dunces!"

"Devilish ungrateful!" exclaimed Sheridan, when this was reported to him. "I sat out his last tragedy, and laughed all through!"

But he revenged himself upon his envious rival the next year, in "The Critic," in which he was gibbeted as *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, and in which his style of tragedy-writing was felicitously held up to ridicule. The plan of this piece is by no means original.

Buckingham's "Rehearsal" then firmly kept the stage, and Fielding's "Pasquin" was a work of a very similar kind. The tragedy particularly indicated in "The Critic," is said to be Cumberland's "Battle of Hastings." Like its predecessors, by the same hand, "The Critic" was highly successful.

Two days before the night of the performance, the last scene was not finished. In vain did King, the stage manager, remonstrate, entreat. Sheridan's invariable answer was, that he was just going home to finish it—indeed, it only wanted a few lines. At last Linley ordered a night rehearsal, and that day made Sheridan dine with him. After dinner, he proposed they should stroll to the theatre. When they arrived there, Ford, a partner in the patent, joined them. King came up, and, requesting a few words, led the way into the small green-room, where there were a good fire, a comfortable arm-chair and a table with pens, ink and paper, two bottles of claret, a dish of anchovy toast—and the prompter's unfinished copy of "The Critic." As soon as they entered the room, King popped out and locked the door; then Linley and Ford declared their intention of keeping their companion prisoner until the piece was concluded. Rather enjoying the joke, Sheridan set to, and then and there finished the work.

In the previous year he had purchased Lacy's (Garrick's partner) interest in the Drury Lane patent. Again we may ask, whence came the money? For the affairs of the theatre were in a sad confusion, as we gather from a letter of Hopkins, the prompter, to Garrick, written about this time: "We played last night "Much Ado About Nothing," and had to make an apology for three principal parts. About twelve o'clock Mr. Henderson sent word that he was not able to play. We got Mr. Lewis, from Covent Garden, who supplied the part of *Benedick*. Soon after, Mr. Parsons sent word that he could not play, and Mr. Moody supplied the part of *Dogberry;* and, about four in the afternoon, Mr. Vernon sent word that he could not play, Mr. Mattocks supplied his part of *Balthazar*. I thought myself very happy in getting these wide gaps so well stopped. In the middle of the first act, a message was brought me that Mr. Lamash, who was to play the part of *Borachio*, was not come to the house. I had nobody there that would go on for it, so I was obliged to cut his scenes in the first and second acts entirely out, and get Mr. Wrighton to go on for the remainder of the part. At length

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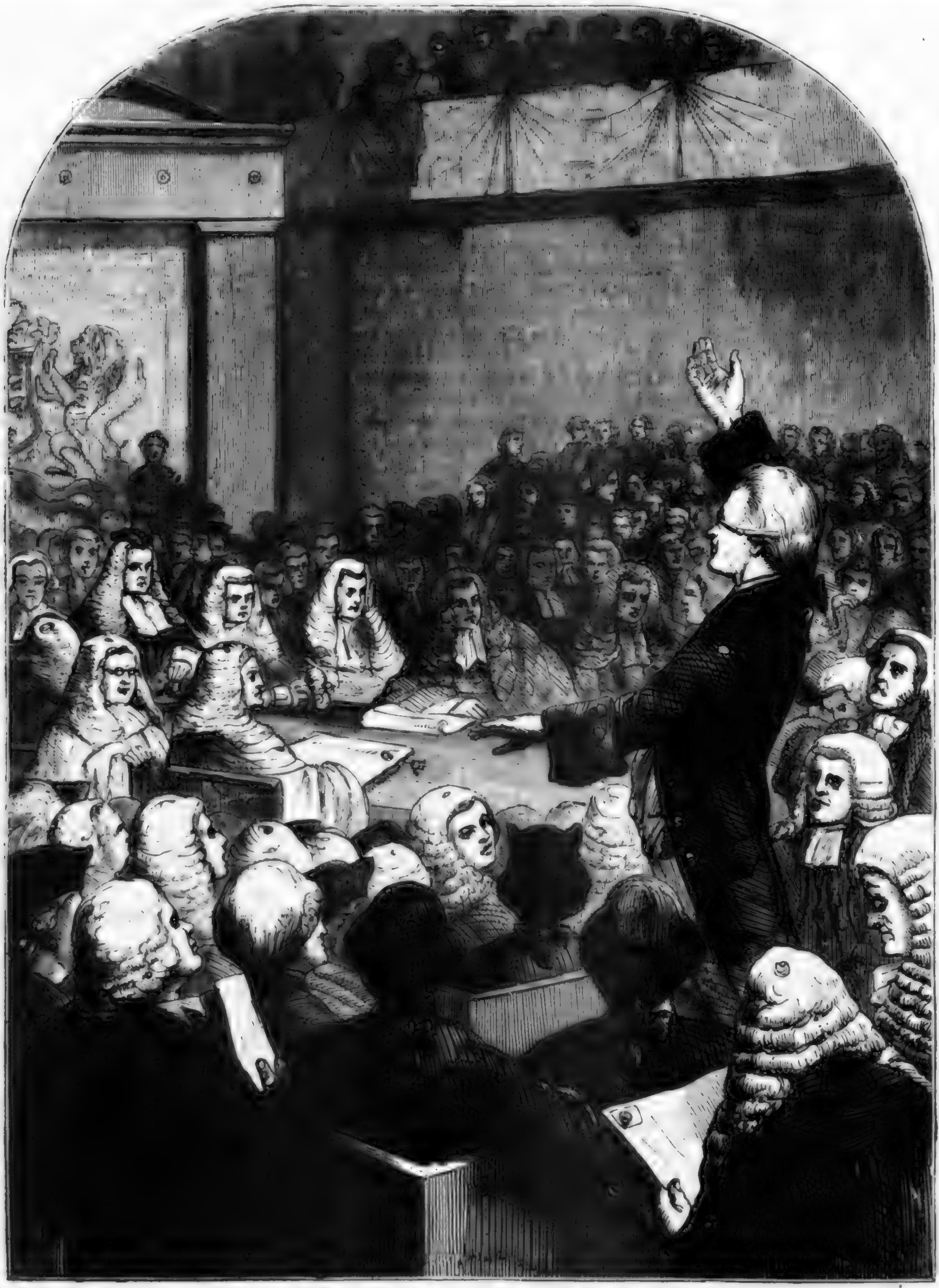
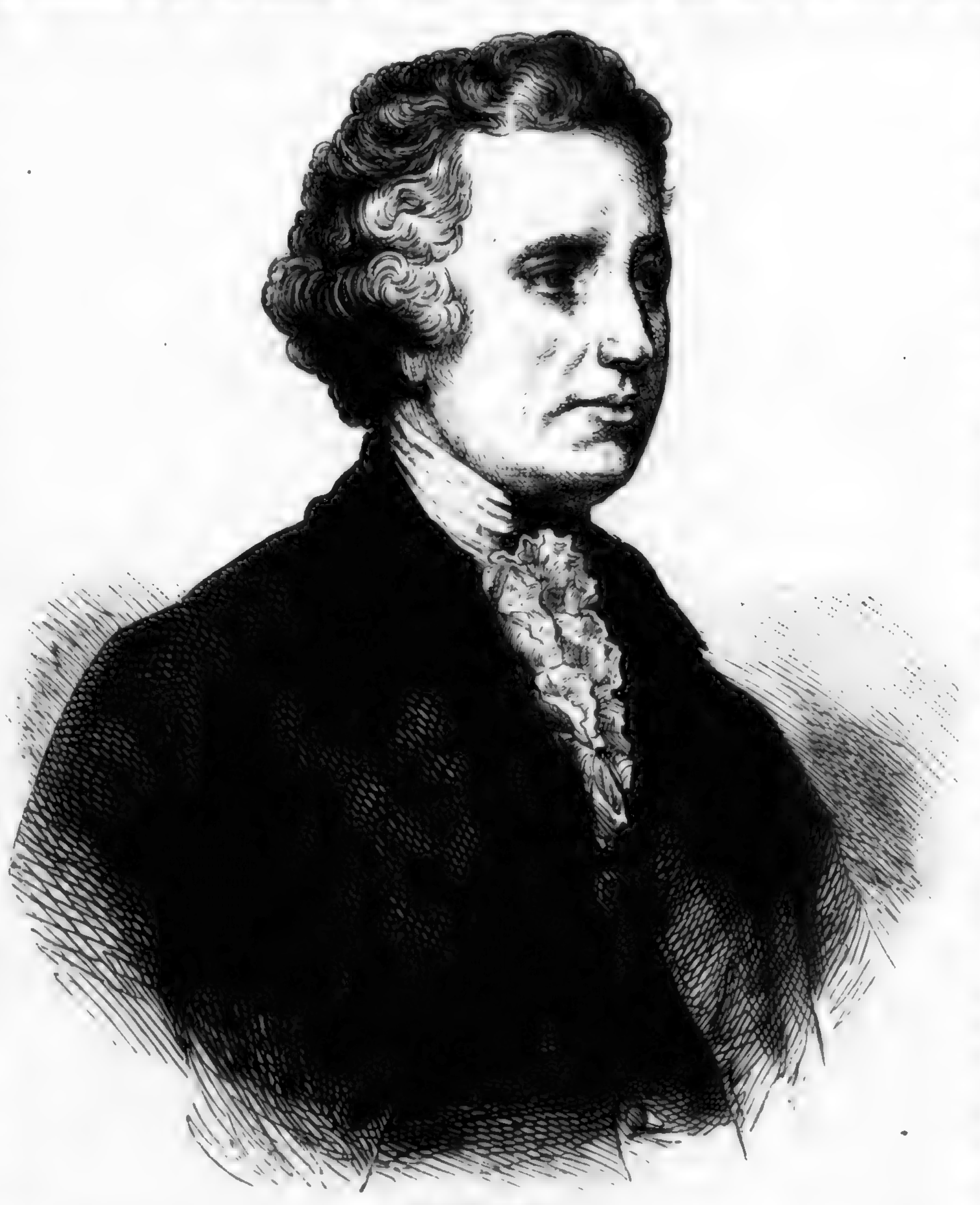
we got the play over, without the audience finding it out. We had a very bad house. Mr. Parsons is not able to play in "The School for Scandal" to-morrow night; I do not know how we shall be able to settle that. I hope the pantomime may prove successful, and relieve us from this dreadful situation."



SHERIDAN AT THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

What a change since the days of Garrick! Salaries were not paid; unopened letters, frequently of the utmost importance, sometimes containing bank-notes, were allowed to accumulate in heaps, and then burned to save the trouble of reading; and the time that should have been devoted to his affairs was spent by Sheridan in the pleasures and dissipations of fashionable society.

It was at Devonshire House, where he was a frequent guest, that he first met the Prince of Wales, then only in his seventeenth year. From his enthusiastic description, we can understand how this royal personage won for himself that title of "the first gentleman in Europe," which seemed so inappropriate to those who only remembered the bloated, morose, bewigged *roué* of his latter years: "I have never seen any man concentering in himself so many fascinations as the Prince of Wales. There was a something about him, in his easy address and gayety of manners, that won you to his side and impressed you with the warmest sentiments in his favor. There was no want of dignity, but it was of that pleasing character which is best defined by the single word—gentleman. Full of love, overflowing with animal spirits, he joined in the circle by which he was surrounded, the observed of all, but seemingly in himself unconscious of the homage he received." The Duchess introduced Mrs. Sheridan to him, Fox did the same for Sheridan. "We met again several times in the course of the evening; we champagned together; we promenaded together, chatted; and in the hilariousness of youth, and that delicate, openhearted freedom which cast away the distinction of ranks, he left upon my mind an impression never to be effaced."



EDMUND BURKE.

This was the commencement of a friendship upon both sides which lasted many years, and of the termination of which I shall have more to say presently. No less interesting than the above is Lord Townshend's description of Sheridan's first introduction to Fox:

"I made the first dinner party at which they met; having told Fox that all the notions he might have conceived of Sheridan's talents and genius from the comedy of "The Rivals," etc., would fall infinitely short of the admiration of his astonishing powers which I was sure he would entertain at the first interview. The first interview between them (there were very few present—only Tickell and myself, and one or two more) I shall never forget. Fox told me, breaking up from dinner, that he had always thought Hare, after my uncle, Charles Townshend, the wittiest man he had ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both, infinitely; and Sheridan told me, next day, that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and it was a puzzle to say which he admired most—his commanding superiority of talent and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners and benevolence of heart, which showed itself in every word he uttered."

Sheridan soon became one of the Prince's boon companions in those frolics and midnight adventures for which he was as notorious as his predecessor Prince Hal. Meetings were held in an up-stairs room at the old Salutation Inn, still standing, much as it was then, at the corner of Tavistock Court, Covent Garden. An old oak chair, in which the royal scapegrace sat, is said to be still shown. Among others who joined these revels were Surrey, Hare, Fox, Selwyn, and, when he was in England, the Duc d'Orleans. They met, of course, under assumed names; but their secret was known to the landlady, Widow Butler. Hence they frequently sallied forth at night in disguise to seek for adventures in the lowest purlieus of the town.

Sheridan was as fond of a practical joke as Theodore Hook himself. In his home he was the very spirit of gayety, delighting in even boyish tricks, and dramatic disguises. The lively parties with which his country-house was filled were always in momentary expectation of some device for mystification and amusement, and it was not unusual to dispatch a man and horse seven or eight miles for a mask or a piece of crape.

His association with such men as Fox, Burke, Townshend, and most probably their persuasions, excited in him a desire to enter the political arena, and on the dissolution of Parliament in 1780, he stood successfully for Stafford. His marvelous oratory, like the wit of his comedies, was only the product of long and laborious preparation.

After his first speech in the House, he asked Woodfall what he thought of it. The reply was:

"I am sorry to say I do not think it is in your line; you had much better have stuck to your former pursuits."

"It is in me," answered Sheridan, "and by God it shall come out!"

And it did come out some years later, in his charge relative to the Begum Princess of Oude. Burke declared this speech to be the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit united of which there was any record or tradition. Fox said that all he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapor before the sun. More valuable still is the testimony of his great opponent, Pitt, who declared that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and contained everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind. Every record of the day is equally enthusiastic in its praise. It lasted five hours and a half, and the House echoed and re-echoed with cheers.

Only the meagre Parliamentary reports of the day remain to us of this masterpiece of eloquence; and Sheridan, although offered £1,000 for the copyright corrected for the press, could never be induced to furnish a copy of it. Probably he feared that much of its brilliant effect, derived from his flashing eye, his animated gestures, his impassioned accents, would be lost in the reading, and wisely determined to let its fame rest upon tradition. Among his papers were found several memoranda of the ornate passages and the imagery, which had been gradually worked up and polished.

At the trial of Hastings, in Westminster Hall, even the speeches of Burke and Fox did not excite the interest and expectancy with which the public looked forward to that of Sheridan. The court was crowded to suffocation; as much as fifty guineas are said to have been offered for a single ticket.

Sheridan, as a politician, ranged himself upon the Liberal side; he was an ardent supporter of the Prince of Wales in the debates upon the Regency Bill, and, indeed, in all that concerned him. Upon the breaking out of the French Revolution, he took the popular side with Fox, and thus created an irreparable breach between himself and his old friend Burke.

In the meantime the affairs of the theatre became every season more hopelessly embarrassed. He had given over the management for a short time to his father, who, however, soon wearied of such a task, and retired. Actors were mutinous from long arrears of salary, and continually striking, as the only means of obtaining any money from him. And yet he had only to appear upon the scene to cajole, to fascinate, and the most contumacious, even without the golden salve, were conquered, and ready to do anything in the world to serve him. Not the sourest creditor, if brought within its influence, could resist this fascination; it would loosen the purse-strings of the most relentless; and however determined a man might be to resist all his appeals for a loan, he seldom or never failed to carry his point.

> "Godlike in giving—a devil to pay,"

wrote Tom Moore. And he was generous as he was unjust—would *give* away to a person in distress the money of which another, to whom it was due, was equally in want.

One day a creditor came into his room for a bill, and found him seated before a table, on which two or three hundred pounds in gold and notes were strewed.

"It's no use looking at that, my good fellow," he said: "that is all bespoken for debts of honor."

"Very well," replied the tradesman, tearing up his security, "then, now mine is a debt of honor!"

"So it is, and must be paid at once," answered Brinsley, handing him over the money.

Duns, executions, writs, were constantly pursuing him. A creditors' levée was held daily in his house; his library, parlor, butler's room, the very staircase were every morning filled with a motley crowd, anxiously listening for the sound of his footstep. When at last he came, elegantly dressed, all smiles and urbanity, shaking hands with one, nodding to another, he seemed to cast a charm over them; fellows that had been raging like tigers a few moments ago, could scarcely summon the courage to state their errand, while others seemed to actually forget what brought them there. His cool assurance never failed him in any extremity. One night he was stopped by footpads, in company with Challie, the wine merchant.

"My friend can accommodate you," he said to the fellows; "and for myself, I tell you what I can do—I can give you my note of hand!"

While Treasurer of the Navy, he gave a banquet to the Prince at Somerset House. But, fearful of an execution being levied upon them, he had neither furniture nor decorations, most of which had to be borrowed from the Drury Lane property-room for the night, and, for safety, some friendly bailiffs were put in possession, and, dressed in handsome liveries, waited behind his Royal Highness's chair.

In 1792, he sustained a most severe domestic affliction in the death of his beautiful and amiable wife. Every one united in praises of this lady. "She seemed to me the connecting link between woman and angels," said the Bishop of Norwich. To Sheridan she was his best treasure, assisting him in all his pursuits; calculating the receipts of the theatre; reading plays submitted to his judgment; making extracts from State papers for his speeches; entering heart and soul into everything.

"I never," said Michael Kelley, in his Reminiscences, "beheld more poignant grief than Mr. Sheridan felt for his beloved wife; and though the world which knew him only as a public man will perhaps scarcely credit the fact, I have seen him, night after night, sit and cry like a child, while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song of my composition,

> They bore her to a grassy grave."

He married again, in 1795, a Miss Ogle, the daughter of the Dean of Winchester. The story of the marriage is an excellent illustration of his powers of fascination. He first met her at a party at Devonshire House. Intemperate habits had, by this time, produced their fatal effect upon a face and form once strikingly handsome, and little remained of his personal attractions save the brilliant eyes. Miss Ogle was a young lady given to express her thoughts with a freedom anything but agreeable to the persons indicated; and as Sheridan's purple cheeks and rather Bardolphian nose passed her, she exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by him: "Oh, what a fright!" Instead of being mortified or annoyed by the remark, he resolved to exert all his powers to win her love.

At their second meeting, although she still protested he was very ugly, she granted that he was exceedingly agreeable, and in an almost incredibly short time afterward declared she could not live without him. The Dean, opposed to the match, said he would not give his daughter to any man who could not settle £15,000 upon her. Sheridan found the money, and they were united. The match, however, was not a happy one, the lady being in almost every respect the opposite of his late wife, of a lymphatic, indifferent temperament, and very unfit to be the partner of such a man."

On the 4th of June, 1791, Old Drury Lane closed for ever, previous to its demolition. The rebuilding cost £150,000; the money was raised in three hundred debentures of £500 pounds each. But the interest on so large a sum added another and an overwhelming item to Sheridan's embarrassments. The new house was opened for dramatic performances on the 21st of April in the following year.

The season of 1798 was remarkable for the production of Kotzebue's play of "The Stranger," in which Kemble and Mrs. Siddons made so profound an impression. There is little doubt but that the translation was principally the work of Sheridan, although it is not included among his acknowledged plays.

Upon being asked why he did not turn his talents to better account than in the adaptation of such trash, he answered readily with a quotation :

> "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
> And those who live to please, must please to live.

"Kotzebue and German sausages are the order of the day." In 1799 he brought out the bombastic tragedy of "Pizarro," which, from the strong political significance of several of its scenes and passages, attained an enormous popularity. He received £2,000 for the copyright. When the curtain rose upon this play the last act was not finished, and was sent down from Sheridan's room bit by bit to be studied by the actors during their waits.

This was his last dramatic work, and, indeed, his last literary production.

"Why does not Sheridan write another play ?" was asked of Michael Kelley.

"Oh, he'll never write again—he's afraid to."

"Afraid of whom ?"

"*Of the author of 'The School for Scandal,'*" was the reply.

But among his papers were found sketches of several plays, one founded upon "The Vicar of Wakefield"; three acts of a melodrama of the old style, robbers, hermits, persecuted loveliness, and a prince in disguise—evidently a youthful essay cast aside ; fragments of a projected opera entitled "The Foresters," an improved version of the preceding, which he long talked of producing. The most important, however, of the unfinished sketches, and one which if carried out might have rivaled his most famous works, was that of a comedy on "Affectation." He does not seem to have advanced as far as even the invention of a plot or the composition of a single scene. In a memorandum-book was found a list of the phases of affectation he intended to satirize: "An affectation of business—of accomplishments—of love of letters, wit and music—of intrigue—of sensibility—of vivacity—of silence and importance—of modesty—of profligacy—of moroseness." There were, besides, the names of three personages—Sir Bubble Bore, Sir Peregrine Paradox, and Feignwit, and a number of detached paragraphs and sallies jotted down as they occurred to him, gems to be polished and appropriately set thereafter.

From these specimens, a number of which is given in Moore's biography, one might predict that in wit "Affectation" would have been worthy of its author. Here is an extract : "A long, lean man, with his legs rambling—no way to reduce him to compass, unless you could double him up like a pocket-rule—with his arms spread wide, he'd lie on the bed of Ware like a cross on a Good Friday bun. . . . When his wife's by, he follows like a note of admiration—set them together, one's a mast, the other's all hulk—were they to embrace, he must hang round her neck like a skein of thread on a lacemaker's bolster," etc.

The first great blow to his fortunes, and, indeed, the beginning of the end, was the destruction of Drury Lane by fire on the 24th of February, 1802. There was no performance that night. Sheridan was at the House when the news was brought him. Out of respect for so distinguished a member, a motion for adjournment was made ; but he opposed it, saying that "whatever might be the extent of the private calamity, he hoped that it would not interfere with the business of the country"; and, with the fortitude of a stoic, he remained at his post. Such is the account given by Kelley, the acting manager, who was present at the fire ; and it is far more credible than the popular story which represents Sheridan sitting coolly in a tavern close by, drinking wine, while his property was being consumed, and answering those who expostulated with him with : "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside." His loss by this terrible catastrophe was estimated to be £150,000. Yet his own troubles did not absorb his pity for others. He knew the principal actors could easily procure other engagements, but then there were the inferior ones, and the servants of the house. "Elect yourselves into a committee," he said, "but keep in your remembrance even the poor sweepers of the stage, who, with their children, must starve if not protected by your fostering care."

It was arranged that the new theatre should be erected by subscription. But Whitbread, who was at the head of the affair, made an agreement that Sheridan should be bought out with £28,000, *not to be paid until the house was rebuilt*, and that he should have no connection or concern of any kind with the new undertaking. That he had, by gross mismanagement and recklessness, brought this bitter humiliation upon himself, cannot be denied ; but Whitbread, who had the not amiable distinction of being the only man who could resist Sheridan's fascination, treated the fallen genius with great harshness ; for when he begged of him to advance a portion of the money that was his due, to meet his election expenses at Stafford, he refused, and Sheridan, in consequence, lost his seat.

Not for three years after its opening did he re-enter the new theatre, and then it was to see Kean play *Othello.* Between one of the acts he went behind the scenes, where Lord Essex, who was his companion, found him surrounded by the actors and *employés*, who, down to the lowest sweepers, were delighted to find their old master once more among them ; and yet there was probably not one to whom he was not indebted. Such, however, was the strange influence he exercised over all who came in contact with him.

But ruin was advancing upon him with giant strides. His furniture, his jewels, his pictures were seized by his creditors, and finally his person. All his fine friends abandoned him in his misery—more especially that Prince whose bosom friend he had been, whom he had so frequently defended, whose cause he had so frequently pleaded with all the powers of his resistless eloquence. An attempt was made by the *Edinburgh Review* to defend the Regent from the charges brought by Moore against him in his Life of Sheridan, as well as in those scathing verses he wrote upon his death. It has been alleged that the Prince offered to find him a seat in Parliament at his own expense, so as to shield him from imprisonment, but it was to be paid for by the sacrifice of the opinions which Sheridan had always advocated, and the ruined man nobly refused ; also that he sent him £4,000, the greater part of which, however, was attached by his creditors. But in the face of these explanations remains the simple fact that the whole of his debts amounted to only £5,000, and that he was suffered to end his days in penury and misery.

Early in 1816 his health failed him, and he gradually sank into a serious illness. Then appeared this paragraph in the *Morning Post:* "Oh, delay not to draw aside the

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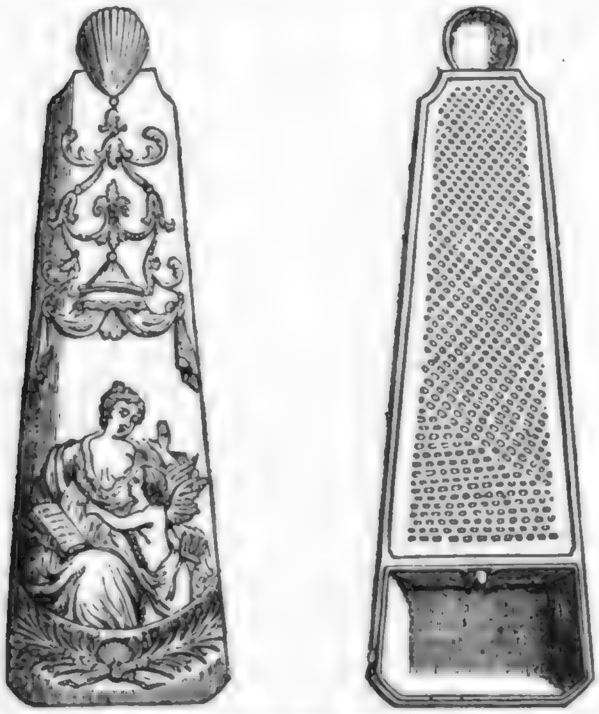
curtain within which that proud spirit hides its suffering! Prefer ministering in the chamber of sickness to ministering at the splendid sorrows that adorn the hearse. I say, life and succor against Westminster Abbey and a funeral!" This appeal aroused some of his old aristocratic friends—who left their names at his door. "Nothing could be more wretched than the home in which he lay dying," says an eye-witness. "There were strange-looking people in the hall; the parlor seemed dismantled; on the table lay a bit of paper thrown carelessly and neglected—it was a prescription." In his dying moments a sheriff's officer arrested him, and would have carried him away in the blankets to a spunging-house, had not the physician threatened to make the fellow responsible should his prisoner die upon the road.



OLD-TIME GENTLEMAN'S SNUFF APPARATUS.

On the 17th of July he breathed his last, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The body was removed from his house in Saville Row to Great George Street, and thence, with great funeral pomp, carried to the Abbey. All honor was paid to the dead, though the living had been neglected. The Duke of York and the Duke of Sussex followed; the pall-bearers were the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, Lord Holland, the Bishop of London, and Lord Spencer; and there were many other Dukes and Marquises and Earls and Lords to see him laid in his last resting-place.

OLD-TIME GENTLEMAN'S SNUFF APPARATUS.

Snuff was not at first sold ready for use. Each one prepared it for himself, and an apparatus such as we illustrate was part of a gentleman's outfit, like his watch and seals.

Tobacco was reduced to a rough powder, at this time, by pounding or by grating, and was known as *tabac en poudre*, or *tabac râpé;* the latter term we still retain in the name of one kind of snuff—*rappee*—long after it has ceased to bear its legitimate sense of *grated tobacco.*

The outfit of a snuff-taker was, at this period, a costly thing, and the tobacco-grater, formed of ivory, was richly carved with a variety of scroll ornaments, inclosing fanciful scenes of various kinds. Our cut is copied from a finely sculptured ivory specimen of French manufacture. It represents Cupid instructed by Venus, whose costume indicates the date of its fabrication to have been about 1680. Above the figures ornamental scrollwork supports a canopy.

The form of this implement is semicircular. The flat side discloses the grater of brass fitted into a groove, and having a receptacle at each end for the tobacco-powder, which passes from beneath the grater, through a small aperture, into each. If the snuff-taker wished to fill his box, he rasped a sufficient quantity to fill the large receptacle at the bottom; if he wished for a pinch "fresh and fresh," he shook out a small quantity into the little shell at the top, which was not large enough to admit the fingers for a pinch; it was therefore turned out upon the back of the hand, and so snuffed up the nose.

EVENING.

Upon the ocean's pallid strand
  I sat and dreamed alone,
While on the waves, like golden sand,
  The sun's last beams were strown;
And twilight, in a converse land,
  To early day had grown.

Methought I heard an olden tale,
  Told in the water's tune,
That breathed of home and that deep vale,
  Where, in the month of June,
We sat and talked with faces pale,
  Beneath the quiet moon.

All day we sat and talked, and kept
  The feast of love all day,
Till, with his lamp, the fisher crept
  Along the darkling bay;
And she, like April, smiled and wept,
  But never said me nay—

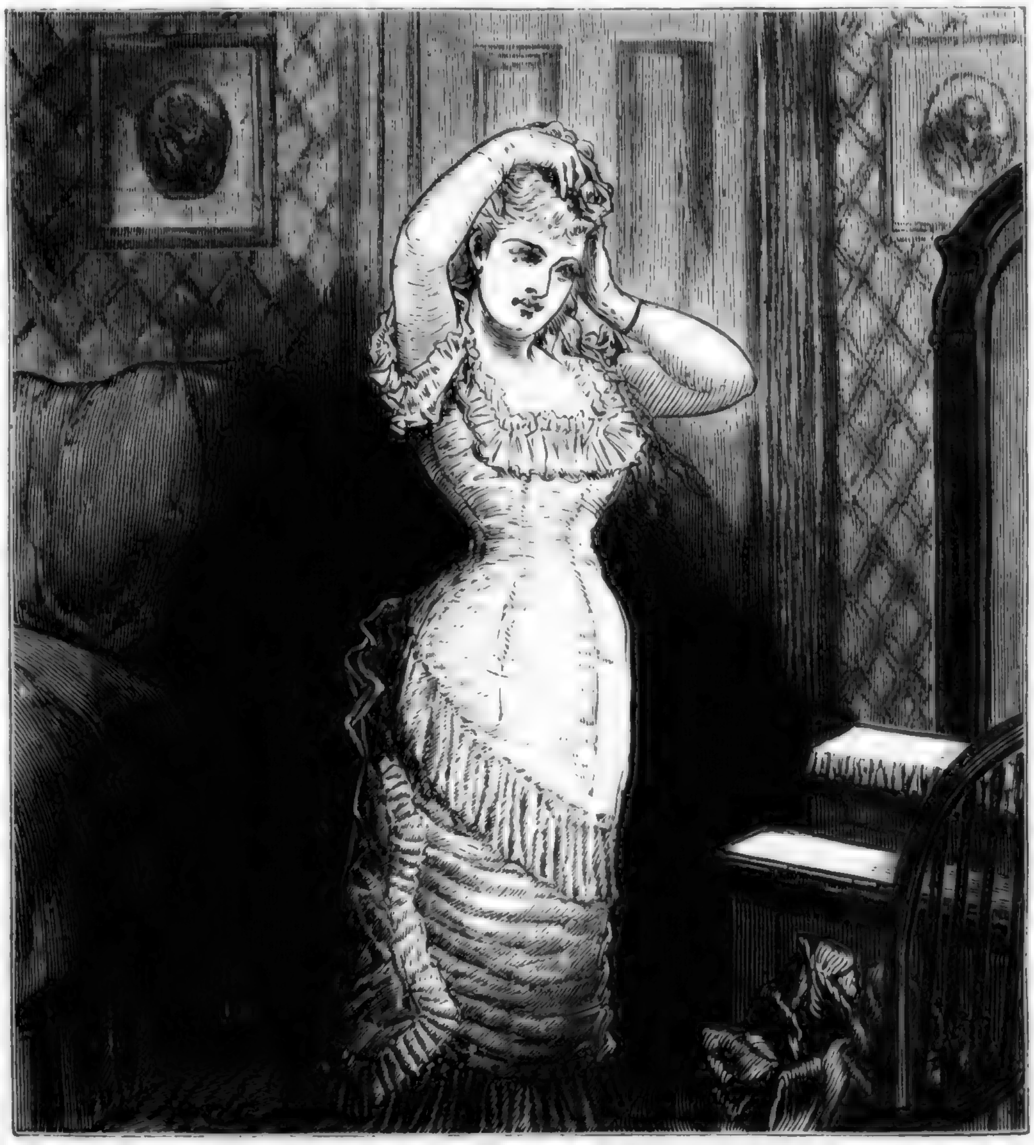
All day, till twilight from the hill
  In deepening shadows fell,
And far across the distant mill
  We heard the evening bell;
And then the voice which haunts me still,
  Whispered, "Mine own, farewell!"

The past is past for evermore;
  My memory now is cold;
And only on the surging shore,
  Or in the whispering wold,
I feel again the love I bore
  In those bright days of old.

NEXT DOOR.

A June evening. An upper room in a city "School for Young Ladies and Children." A damsel with unbound hair, in a white wrapper, gazing, somewhat disconsolately, from an open window.

The clock had struck ten, and, according to the receipt for being healthy, wealthy and wise, as well as the rules of Madame Mickles's establishment, this young person should have been in bed and asleep; instead of which, she was gazing into futurity, and almost wondering for what earthly purpose she had been born. She was seventeen, and pretty—really very pretty, in her way—which every one pronounced "So odd, you know!" The day before had been graduating day, and she, too, had had her white dress and dainty gloves and slippers, and all the *et ceteras* of such occasions; taking, as she rather bitterly thought, the whole of her Christmas present from the wealthy cousin who had generously kept her at Madame Mickles's, that she might be qualified for the post of under-teacher.



NEXT DOOR.—"SHE STOOD GAZING AT THE REFLECTION WITH FLUSHED CHEEKS AND DANCING EYES."

She was such a waif, you see, this girl—with nothing, in fact, but her blood and her beauty, the latter of which she did not believe in. But the Liftwoods were a very old family, as the cousin, who had been a Liftwood herself, was fond of saying. In the next house a large party was in progress, and the star-gazer was enabled to see much of what was going on—windows being raised, and lace draperies waving in the soft June breeze.

A party, indeed! What would *she* have to do with parties? She wondered who would ever ask her to one.

Here she caught a glimpse of a girl's figure in white, and, beside her, a tall, distinguished-looking man, with such a face as sometimes visits one in dreams—a face that might have belonged, she thought, to a hero of the Middle Ages. And the girl at the window envied the girl surrounded by light and love, and wondered if, after all, she were so very much prettier and more attractive than herself.

A sudden idea flashed into her mind—she would *see!* It would be something to do in the way of amusement. And, quick as thought, she had drawn the shades down, lighted the gas and unearthed her graduating dress from the drawer. It was beautifully made, this simple white tarlatan, and fitted her slender figure perfectly. But Miss Liftwood's crowning glory was the shining mass of golden-brown hair which rippled far below her waist.

There was a deep, dark-red rose, rich but bright in hue, just at its perfection of bloom, in a small vase on her dressing-table. She held it up at the left side of her head, fastened it in place with deft fingers; and then Margaret Liftwood repeated to herself the verdict of her mirror—that she was lovely.

She stood gazing at the reflection, with flushed cheeks and dancing eyes. Yes, she was even prettier than the girl at the party in the next house. Oh, for a fairy godmother to send *her* to a party!

Here her pulse gave a fresh leap, as thoughts came crowding quickly. Why should she not, since there was no one else to do it, play fairy godmother to herself, and actually go to the party? No one would observe her in the crowd.

Almost before she realized what she was doing, little feet twinkled rapidly down the stairs; a white-robed figure, with flying hair, fluttered like a butterfly across the alley, where a convenient gate afforded entrance to the premises of the party-giving people, and Margaret Liftwood, saying to herself, in mingled terror and delight, "An adventure! an adventure!" suddenly stood at the side-door of a house with the owners of which she had never exchanged a word, and did not even know them by sight. It stood wide open, and there was no one around.

She advanced to the staircase, and stood gazing undecidedly upon the gay scene beyond, when the very girl she had watched from the window, flying up to her with the most beaming of faces, embraced her rapturously.

"I *knew* you would come!"

"Did you?" responded the bewildered intruder.

"Yes, you dear, darling Daisy! I was *sure* of it, and I

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told Regy so. You don't know how we have talked you over! You have not seen him yet, I suppose? But who brought you, dear?—or were you wafted on thistle-down?"

"Don't ask me any questions, please," replied our heroine, dreadfully embarrassed.

"I understand! You shall not be plagued, dear. But let me get a good look at you. Why, Daisy, you are lovely! And so like your photograph, only a great deal prettier! To think of its being six years since we met! But here comes Reginald. Perhaps I ought to retire, though it is all in the family, you know. We have got her!" she continued, joyfully, as the gentleman that Margaret had admired from a distance approached with delighted surprise. "She is ours, Regy! Is she not charming? Would you ever have known her, if you hadn't seen the photograph?"

Our *débutante* would have liked to sink through the floor when the newcomer, after regarding her with an admiring look, raised her white-gloved hand to his lips, and said:

"This much, at least, I may be permitted?"

"And if I were not here?" laughed his sister.

"The first dance is mine, of course?" he continued, as Margaret turned away in embarrassment. "But perhaps you will give us a little account of yourself at once?"

"No, no!" was the half-pleading reply—"not now."

"Poor child!" said pretty Clara; for Margaret looked thoroughly frightened. "I shall see you again presently; and remember, Daisy, you do not leave us to-night. Papa, too, will put his veto upon your departure."

"Then there is evidently no mamma," thought our young adventuress.

"Perhaps," whispered her partner, as she remained silent, feeling this to be the safest course, "I have been too precipitate; but we are not strangers, you know, if we have *not* met for many long years. The past, however, is as vivid to me as yesterday, though you may not remember our childhood's squabbles."

She certainly did not.

"Daisy! How I love that name! It just suits you, too!"

After her first feeling of half-terrified embarrassment, this daring Margaret resolved to give herself up to the enjoyment of the thing, and find out, if possible, who "Daisy" was, and who her new friends were.

To her great delight, some one addressed her partner as "Mr. Glade"—a title which she speedily bestowed upon him in her turn; but the answer was accompanied by a most reproachful look.

"Am I 'Mr. Glade' to *you*, Daisy? I could not think of calling you Miss Charters."

"You could not, indeed," thought Margaret, with an inward laugh, "if you knew!" But she said aloud: "We are certainly strangers, to all intents and purposes; and we may be better friends hereafter by not being too familiar."

"Daisy," replied her companion, lowering his voice, "you were always a prim little thing as a child, but I hoped you had outgrown that. You used to love me then, I think, and I, big-boy like, rather scorned your affection; but now I foresee that I shall be the one to do the loving, while you are indifference itself."

"That is only fair play," responded the girl, mischievously, with dancing eyes. "But please do not spoil the evening with such nonsense. This is my first party, and I want to enjoy it."

"Which you are quite likely to do," was the somewhat jealous reply, as fresh partners crowded up for an introduction; "but promise me, Daisy, that you will decide on nothing until you have given me a fair hearing."

"I promise," said Margaret, hastily; and in another moment she was skimming the ground in the "Boston" with a West Point graduate.

It was a glimpse of fairyland to Margaret Liftwood—these beautifully dressed, smiling women and elegant men, the lights and flowers and music, and, above all, perhaps, the undisguised interest and admiration that followed her; for it had been speedily whispered about that the young lady was a distant connection of the Glades', wealthy and eccentric, and, as people could see for themselves, marvelously pretty. Yes, marvelously pretty; and Margaret Liftwood, who one hour ago was standing neglected and alone in that upper window, now found herself a bright particular star.

"Come here, Daisy," said Clara, drawing her aside; "follow me, dear, and I'll show you your room."

Up the velvet-covered stairs went the two girls, until they came upon the prettiest blue-satin room, with a low, delicious-looking bed, lounge and easy-chairs, and *such* pictures and brackets!

If it only were "her very own!" as Clara said, repeating, warmly:

"Yes, Daisy, your very own. I wanted to show it to you, that you might feel free to slip up here whenever you liked. You may get tired before the party is over—though that would never do, as you are its brightest ornament."

"But you see," began Margaret, wistfully, as she gazed with longing eyes at all these pretty belongings, "you are altogether deceived in me! I feel quite like an impostor!"

"I will not hear another word of that kind!" exclaimed Clara, stopping her ears. "You must have that out with Reginald; but come, dear, let us return to the festivities below. Here, Regy!" as they encountered that young gentleman in the hall, "I give this perverse Daisy into *your* hands! See what you can make of her!"

Margaret was led, rather against her will, into the conservatory.

"Do not be alarmed," said Mr. Glade, in a fatherly, reassuring manner; "I want to tell you that I know all about it. Your——"

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, in a paroxysm of shame; "what *must* you think of me? I will go at once!"

"Indeed you will not!" replied her companion, with detaining arms; "Daisy! my own little cousin! Will you never forgive me? I claim you as my promised wife—now and always!"

With a frightened shriek, Margaret tore herself from his grasp, and before Reginald could recover from his astonishment, she fled through the side-door and back to her own premises.

Fortunately, she encountered no one in her journey upstairs; the other inmates were all disposed of for the night. With a tumultuous beating heart she locked herself into her own room, and wondered, in a dazed way, if she could possibly be the same Margaret Liftwood who had gazed from the windows two hours ago.

The next day Mrs. Callister's equipage stopped at Madame Mickles's door, and its stately occupant asked for Miss Liftwood.

The young lady shook all over. Her cousin had heard then of her "evening out," and had come to upbraid her.

But Mrs. Callister did not appear in the *rôle* of Nemesis. She had just moved to her country-seat for the Summer—felt a little lonely, and did not expect any fashionable visitors yet—so concluded to give her little cousin the benefit of a fortnight's sojourn at Beechwood.

Margaret was most pleasantly pervaded by the consciousness of good looks and becoming attire, one afternoon about a week after her arrival, as, dressed in a white, dotted muslin, with a cluster of pansies in her hair, she walked through a by-path at Beechwood, reading, until, raising her eyes suddenly, she found herself face to face with Reginald Glade.

Both were utterly confounded, and for a moment each stared blankly at the other. But the gentleman's surprise quickly changed to delight, while Margaret hung her head in shame.

"I am so glad that I have found you again!" said Mr. Glade; "a thing that I almost despaired of doing. How *could* you slip away from us in that Cinderella style, without even leaving a slipper behind? At least, tell me now who you are, since I know you are not Daisy?"

"I am an impostor!" replied Margaret, gravely; "one who had no right whatever in your house that evening, but I really had no intention to deceive you. I am to be a teacher at the school next door to you; and they all had gone away that night, and I watched the lights and the dancers from my window, and felt so lonely that I foolishly resolved to go in. I hoped to pass unnoticed, but you mistook me for another; and I cannot tell you how mortified I am at the very remembrance of it. Pray forgive me, if you can!"

"I think you have far more to forgive than I," was the laughing rejoinder, that brought a fresh surge of color over Margaret's face. "My rudeness must have seemed unpardonable; but I really thought you were my distant cousin, Daisy Charters, whose photograph is far more like you than like her, poor girl! We lived in the same country town then, but I have had two or three different homes since; and Daisy was left to the guardianship of a dragon of an aunt, who seems to have frightened her nearly out of her life. My interest was kept alive principally by the opposition of Daisy's aunt, who appeared to entertain the most violent dislike to us all, and forbade any intercourse.

"Lately, Daisy wrote that her aunt had brought her to the city for a short visit, and they were staying at the L—— House; inclosed her photograph, which had just been taken. Clara answered at once, telling Daisy of her party, and urging her to come. Daisy replied, "perhaps"—she would see when the time came.

"Do you wonder now that when you appeared at the foot of the staircase, almost the counterpart of the photograph, we should have made a precipitate attack upon you, and claimed you as our own property?

"Clara was not to be pacified when she saw the real Daisy—for we went in quest of her the very next day after her sudden disappearance and exit (which happened to be yours)—and she proved so uninteresting; and we did not in the least regret her aunt's sudden departure with her in a day or two after.

"Clara and I have tried in vain to solve the puzzle of the mysterious young lady who wasn't Daisy; and it really seemed as if something had happened to us right out of a book. I had nearly vowed a vow that I would not leave the city this Summer until I found her. And now that my desire is so unexpectedly granted, please receive the thanks of my sister and myself for honoring our entertainment with your presence, and tell us when we may have the pleasure of calling upon you."

"I am staying at present with my cousin, Mrs. Callister; but I shall be very glad to see you and Miss Glade on my return to Madame Mickles's."

"Is Mrs. Callister your cousin? I am very glad to hear it, for we are old acquaintances, and Mr. Callister has just brought me home to dine with them. How strangely things will turn out!"

How could all this be told to Cousin Sylvia? How could she account for her acquaintance with Mr. Glade?

He seemed to divine her thoughts.

"It was a schoolgirl frolic, you know. I think Mrs. Callister will be lenient when she learns all."

She was wonderfully lenient; for Reginald Glade was a great favorite and an excellent match, and she began to look upon Margaret with eyes suddenly opened to her merits. The latter was urged to spend her entire vacation at Beechwood; and Clara Glade was speedily invited there to meet "the mock Daisy," as she was laughingly called.

Things advanced very rapidly after this; and Margaret did not return to Madame Mickles's at all.

She spent the entire Summer and the succeeding Winter with her cousin, Mrs. Callister, and went to numerous parties in a perfectly orthodox way; but no enjoyment had the subtle flavor of that evening when she played Cinderella, and was her own fairy-godmother.

THE STORY OF DAVID BOOTHBY.

Most of our readers are familiar with this poem of Crabbe's, in which the over-true tale of lovers parting to meet no more is so beautifully told.

Allen Boothby, the son, in love with Judith, finds both families averse to their union, and being without means to marry at once, accepts the invitation of a rich relative in the West Indies.

"Young Allen, an enamored boy,
Eager an independence to enjoy,
Would through all perils seek it—by the sea—
Through labor, danger, pain or slavery.
The faithful Judith his design approved,
For both were sanguine, they were young and loved."

Our illustration shows the parting.

"'Adieu!—farewell!—remember!' and what more
Affection taught, was uttered from the shore.
But Judith left them with a heavy heart,
Took a last view, and went to weep apart.
And now his friends went slowly from the place,
Where she stood still the dashing oar to trace,
'Till all were silent! for the youth she prayed,
And softly then returned the weeping maid.
They parted thus.

"But when returned the youth? The youth no more
Returned exulting to his native shore;
But forty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man, with withered limbs and lame."

He inquires for family, kindred—all are gone. And Judith?

"In her grief she married, and was made
Slave to a wretch, whom meekly she obeyed,
And early buried."

OUT WITH RUGONAUTH THE SHIKARRY.

"Tiger! tiger! tiger! He has killed my cow! he has killed my cow! He has half-eaten my cow!"

Such were the exclamations that greeted us as we sat enjoying a cup of tea outside our tents, in the early morning, at our hunting-camp near Mungaum, in Rajpootana. They proceeded from a native, who was running toward us at full speed; and when he halted, panting, before us, such still continued the burden of his wailing, he apparently considering it sufficient to induce us to start off at once to the rescue of the yet undemolished remains of the unfortunate cow—for it was some little time before we could obtain from him any coherent account of what had taken place.

We were a little party of three, officers of the garrison at Jehangeerpore, and had obtained a month's leave of absence, which we intended to devote to the destruction of as many tigers, bears and other game as we could possibly manage to annihilate.

My companions, Mackenzie and Norman, were old *shikars*, but I was a *Griffin*, about to acquire my first experience as a hunter of big game.

A few questions elicited the fact that the man had not himself seen the tiger, but only the mangled body of the defunct cow. It had, he said, strayed in the night, and, following its track, he had come upon it dead and partly eaten, and hastened at once to apprise the hunters of the circumstance.

"Rugonauth, or some of the puggees, will be sure to come across it, or, at any rate, find traces of the tiger," said Mackenzie.

"Yes," replied Norman; "there has been a tiger hovering about this jungle for some time past; and, though he has not visited it for the last three or four days, they will scarcely leave it unexamined. But suppose we go and have a look at the cow."

"Don't you think it might disturb the brute? He is sure to be lying somewhere near, and might sneak off," observed the cautious Scotchman.

"Scarcely. He is, very likely, gorged; and besides, this fellow says the cow is half a field away from the jungle."

"All right. Come along, then. But we had better take our rifles, in case of accident. Never mind your trowsers, Hawkes; we are not going to look for the tiger now. I shall go as I am."

And Mackenzie led the way, in drawers and slippers. After leaving orders for the instant preparation of breakfast, and sending a summons to the village for the collection of the beaters, we started off in our light and easy morning-costume to inspect the scene of the kill.

THE STORY OF DAVID BOOTHBY.—SEE PAGE 675.

This proved to be not more than a quarter of a mile from the camp. Conducted by the unlucky owner of the cow, we soon reached it, and found the animal as described.

It had been struck down almost without a struggle, as the ground, on examination, proved. After sucking the blood, the slayer had commenced his feeding operations on the body, as is usually the case, from the hinder part, a considerable portion of which had been disposed of.

The carcass lay about a hundred yards from the outskirts of the jungle; and, as we were casting about for the returning track of the tiger, old Rugonauth himself, the head shikarry, was seen approaching with another man.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, *sotto voce*, as he joined us; "it's all right, Sahibs. The tiger is in the jungle. See, here is his *pug* (track) right for it. We came on his track on the other side, and Manajee went one way while I came this. If you will go and eat your breakfasts, I will look along the rest of this side, and make certain he has not left. He is a very large tiger, Sahibs—look at the *pug*. It will be a great *shikar* (hunt)."

Thus advised, we returned to camp, accompanied by the lamenting villager whose cow had furnished the tiger's ample meal.

By the time breakfast was finished, Rugonauth and Manajee had returned, reporting that no tracks led from the jungle, consequently that the beast was safely ringed. The beaters were rapidly assembling, and before long all were prepared for the beat.

The cover, which was in the bed of the river, was divided into three distinct parts by open spaces of considerable extent. A large pool of water, with its bank free from brushwood, but garnished with a few trees, occupied the flank of one of these.

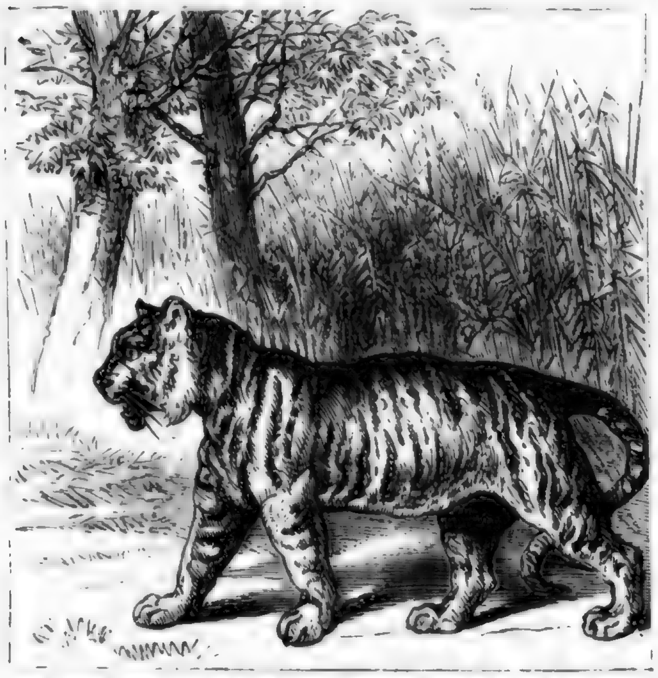
It was deemed best to beat the section thus divided from the rest of the jungle first, the hunters being stationed in occupancy of the open space; for the tiger was believed to be sleeping off the effects of his hearty meal in the section alluded to, which was that nearest to the dead cow.

The beaters were accordingly assembled at the end nearest to the village, and not beyond two or three hundred yards from the camp, and we went on to the place indicated.

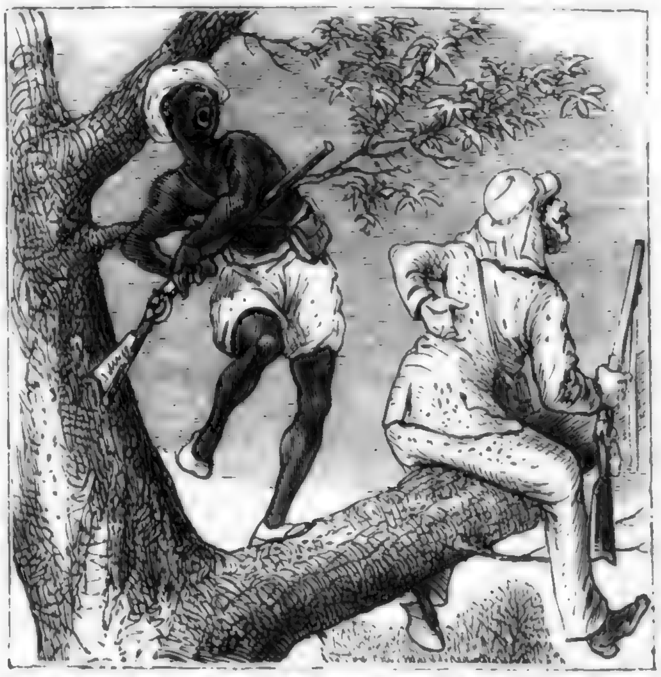
It was decided that Mackenzie should take the near side, Norman the other, while I should occupy a central position. By this arrangement the tiger would have to pass within twenty or thirty yards of one of us—most probably much nearer—and, it was hoped, in fair shot of all. The whole width of the river's bed did not there exceed one hundred yards.

Unfortunately, the situation of the trees did not permit of all three being in a line, but in *échelon*, Norman the most advanced, and Mackenzie the most retired—the latter, indeed, stationed within the second section of the cover.

Each of us, with a spare gun-bearer, climbed into a tree, and made himself as comfortable as he could—not, though, without some swearing on the part of Mackenzie, whose



OUT WITH RUGONAUTH THE SHIKARRY.—"FOR A FEW SECONDS NORMAN SAW NOTHING; BUT PRESENTLY THE TIGER CAME INTO VIEW, WALKING SLOWLY ALONG."—SEE PAGE 675.



OUT WITH RUGONAUTH THE SHIKARRY.—NORMAN AND HIS ATTENDANT ENDEAVORING TO OVERCOME THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE ANTS.

heavy person was not so easily accommodated as those of his lighter and more active comrades.

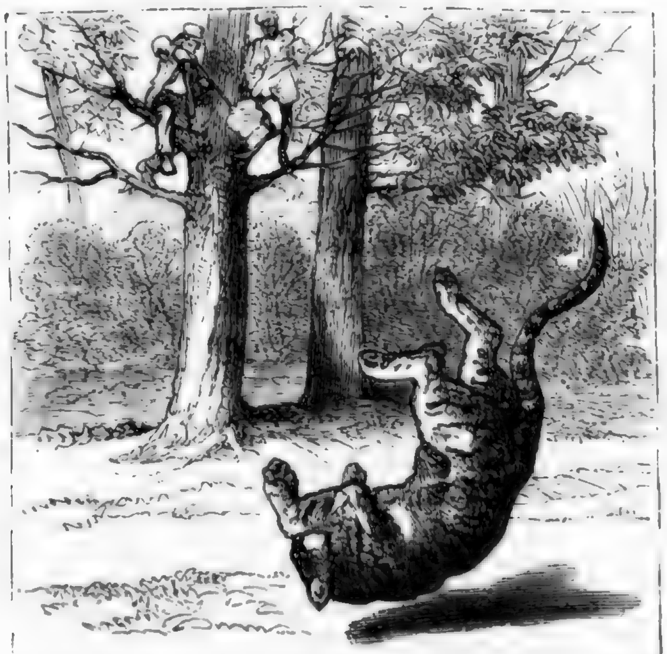
Norman's perch was on a stunted tree—little more than a stump, indeed—which, being on the top of the sloping bank, gave him sufficient command, and enabled him to overlook several bushes which were scattered about, though it was not high enough to have served as a protection from a tiger's spring in event of his making so determined an assault on the position. Mac and I were at a sufficient elevation to insure safety in any case.

In a short while the yelling chorus of the beaters announced that they had commenced operations, and the fizzing and spluttering of some flower-pots and bamboo rockets, which heralded their advance, proclaimed that such light skirmishers were deemed desirable to clear the way; and they were, doubtless, right, for it was naturally more than usually repugnant to the tiger's feelings to have his repose disturbed when the satisfactory nature of his midnight or morning meal rendered him unwilling to be discourteously intruded on.

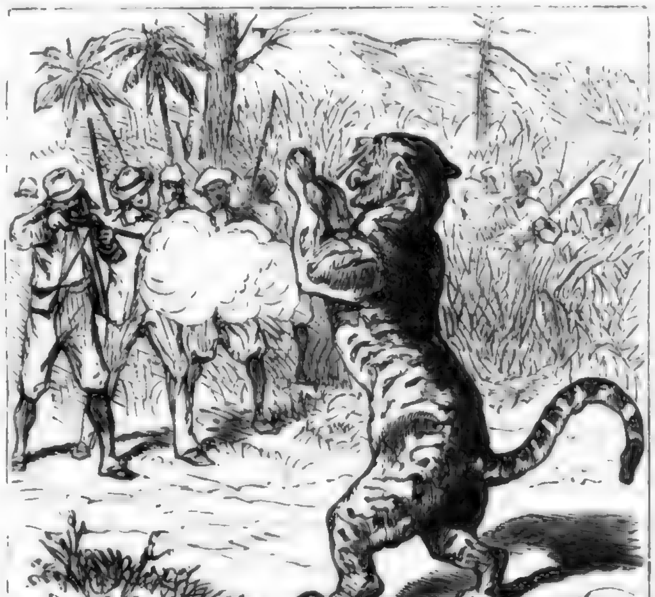
Not a sign had he yet given of his presence, and, as the beaters approached the end of the patch, we were beginning to think he must be lying elsewhere. Norman had just come to this conclusion, when he saw a majestic tiger walk calmly out of the jungle, and stand gazing straight before him, evidently not quite decided about making a rush over the open space in front.

Norman brought up his rifle and covered him, but waited for a nearer shot, if possible. His patience was rewarded. The beast advanced another twenty yards, at a walk, directly toward Norman, and again stopped, anxiously trying to make out if any enemy waited near the dreaded ground in front, in traversing which he must be fully exposed.

He was distant not more than thirty yards, and the next step would take him from the shelter of the last of the scattered bushes which dotted the extremity of the jungle. The trigger was touched, and the rifle-crack was the first intimation the beaters had of the proximity of the game. This was instantaneously followed by a succession of roars,



"I SAW THE BEAST ADVANCING, LET HIM COME CLOSE, AND ROLLED HIM OVER WITH A SHOT."



"HE SPRANG INTO THE AIR, STOOD FOR A MOMENT ON HIS HIND LEGS, AND THEN COMMENCED DANCING ROUND AND ROUND."

XUM

which sent them flying out of the jungle, and into all the available trees near.

The tiger answered to the bullet-blow by reeling; but, immediately recovering himself, dashed away, tail on end, up the bank, and close by the position occupied by Norman. But the disadvantage of firing from trees is that, from being in a fixed position, it is difficult to adapt one's movements so as to aim, except in certain directions. Norman had not anticipated the beast passing behind him, and was unable, therefore, so to screw himself round as to bring his rifle to bear. The beast rushed by, and, receiving without apparent harm a bullet each from Mackenzie and myself, effected his object—gained the second jungle, and disappeared within its tangled cover.

Rugonauth and Manajee soon came up, and, after a hurried consultation, it was decided to make as fast as possible to the furthest end of the jungle, in hopes of anticipating the tiger's exit, should he break at once after skulking through it.

So, under Manajee's guidance, they set off at a double, passing by the open ground and a few cleared fields which skirted the cover. To Manajee was intrusted this duty, as his local knowledge enabled him to judge of the probable points at which the tiger might be expected to show or break away. Rugonauth remained in command of the beaters.

After a sharp trot, the shikarry pointed to two trees, intimating that two Sahibs should occupy them; and that the position in which he proposed to place the third was at the very extremity of the jungle.

Without wasting words, Norman and myself remained to take possession of these two points, and Mackenzie continued on to reach the other. Norman was soon engaged in climbing into a large tree on the slope of the river-bank, and just within the jungle; and unfortunate would it have been for him if the tiger at that moment had made his appearance along the path that passed under it.

In addition to this track, he commanded from his position a break in the thick cover which filled the river-bed. I was stationed in a smaller tree, just outside the cover, and held guard over a path which there gave egress from it.

The beaters soon began, almost, indeed, before Mackenzie could reach his station, for Rugonauth lost no time in getting them into line at the place just vacated by the hunters.

Norman had only time to fix himself well, and adapt his position so as to cover the most likely places at which a tiger would be visible to him, when a suppressed "chuck" of the tongue against the teeth of his gun-bearer called for his attention. The man had climbed a good deal higher than himself, and, consequently, had a greater command. He was pointing, with suppressed excitement, in the direction of the path's course.

For a few seconds Norman saw nothing; but presently the tiger came into view, walking slowly along. He let him come on, reserving his fire till he should reach a spot which would give him a clear, uninterrupted view, and allow him to aim in a convenient position. But, just before he reached it, the beast turned abruptly to the right, and moved directly toward me and the outside of the cover. Norman could have fired, but he thought my shot more certain, as, from its course, the tiger would, in all probability, pass underneath my station.

I saw the beast advancing, let him come close, and rolled him over with a shot. With a low growl, instead of a roar, this time, however, he recovered himself, and slipped back into the denser part of the cover.

"Did you hit him?" asked Norman, who, though so near, was invisible.

"Yes; he came right under my tree. He seems awfully done. Can you make anything of his whereabout?"

"No; I can't get sight of—but—oh! confound it! Ah! Hoo! Chugh!—help here, you gun-fellow!"

"Why, what are you up to, Norman?" I demanded, anxiously. "Is the tiger trying to get at you?"

"No, no! Botheration! Oh, lord! how they nip! I have been sitting in a red-ants' nest, or on their public highway, or some other favorite resort! Oh, the vindictive little wretches!—they are all over me!"

From sundry slappings and flappings, I rightly conjectured that Norman and his attendant were endeavoring to overcome the onslaught of the ants. But as they were brushed off in one part, they seemed to swarm to the attack in another.

In the very midst of his exertions to shake off his tormentors, Norman's eye fell on the break in the jungle he had before remarked in the bottom of the river-bed, and there, starting toward the tree as if endeavoring to make out his concealed enemy, and the cause of the disturbance, was the tiger, looking very sick.

Norman could just make out the head and shoulders in the deep shade, and, notwithstanding the irritation caused by his pertinacious assailants, steadied himself for a shot, and the tiger responded to it by disappearing in the bushes.

Meanwhile, some of the men had come round with the fireworks, a few of which were lighted and pitched into the jungle; but it was not deemed advisable to let the men enter. They stood near the outskirts, however, and shouted; but none discovered the whereabout of the tiger.

After a considerable time had been ineffectually consumed in endeavoring to ascertain this, and old Rugonauth had satisfied himself that the beast had not gone toward Mackenzie's end of the jungle, that gentleman was sent for, and, with Manajee, shortly after made his appearance.

After a brief discussion, we determined to advance on the spot where Norman had last seen and fired at the animal.

This we did, shoulder to shoulder, with rifles on full cock, and men with the spare guns behind us. There was much blood about, and some rejected masses of his partly digested supper, but no tiger.

"He will have gone to the nearest water," whispered Rugonauth. "Look! here is his track along this path!"

"Where is the water?" quickly interrogated Mackenzie.

Rugonauth looked to Manajee, and the latter, pointing along the path, said:

"The track leads to it. The water is about fifty paces off."

"He is evidently very bad," Norman observed. "I suppose we had better follow. Is the jungle more open about the water, Manajee?"

"Yes, Sahib; it is clearer there."

"Then come along," Mackenzie said. "There is only room for two of us to squeeze along abreast. Norman and I will do so; and you, Hawkes, keep close behind us with Rugonauth, and join our front whenever you find room. We must all keep a sharp lookout. He may be lying anywhere, to right or left, and be down on us like a shot."

The advance was silently, slowly and cautiously conducted. Rugonauth peered between the two leaders, with the object of giving immediate notice if the animal's *pug* entered the jungle on either flank, while all the others remained on the alert to catch the slightest glimpse or the smallest sound.

"He's lame, Sahib," whispered Rugonauth, after a few yards. "His right leg is going lame."

After a little the open passage through the jungle somewhat widened, it being one evidently used by animals to conduct them to the drinking-place, and also for the purpose of enabling them to avoid the intricacies of the cover when moving from one place to another. Large boulders of rock here and there rose above the low brushwood, and the path, in many places, wound among and around them.

Two or three men, who were following in the wake for that purpose, climbed into trees which we passed, to obtain a lookout over the jungle in the front and flanks of the still advancing party, and give warning of any movement they might observe.

As each boulder was reached, too, before being rounded, the leaders, with fingers on triggers, carefully examined the other side to see that no enemy lay there in ambush.

Presently glimpses of the water were obtained through the bushes, and I managed to take my place in the front rank, though with some difficulty, the branches of the jungle having frequently to be thrust aside to enable me to remain there.

Moving thus compactly in line, we reached the more open space about the pool, and almost simultaneously detected the tiger lying at its very edge, with its head and paws in the water.

Mackenzie, who, from his position on the right, had the clearest view, perhaps, was the first by a second to catch sight of the game, and quickly ejaculated :

"Look out ! there he is ! Dead, though, I believe. I'll fire to make sure."

This he did while Norman and I brought up our rifles, and stood prepared.

With a tremendous howl, the tiger sprang up and charged right at us, tail on end, and roaring with full tiger power.

For a moment I am afraid I felt very much like the Frenchman who summed up his experience of tiger-hunting as follows : "Ven ze Frenchman hunt ze tigare, zen eet ees *le grande sport—tres bien—magnifique!*—but ven ze tigare hunt ze Frenchman, zen eet ees vat you call von grand hoombug"; but this nervous sensation passed off in a twinkling.

Perfectly steady, we waited until he was only distant about fifteen or twenty paces, then fired simultaneously, and sent three bullets crashing into his body. He sprang into the air, stood for a moment on his hind legs, and then commenced dancing round and round. A second time we fired, and he rolled over ; then, quickly seizing our second guns, we delivered another volley, and the "spotted one," as the natives called him, dropped, dead as a stone.

"That's a settler," said Mac, as we instinctively reloaded before going up to the dead foe.

"Yes ; rather a neat job altogether," replied Norman a moment later, as we stood over the body of the striped beauty, which proved to be a magnificent male tiger, the largest, Rugonauth said, he had ever seen.

A triumphant death-yell from the Shikarry soon brought the beaters together, the tiger was speedily borne into camp amid the rejoicings of the natives, and, with a jolly evening over a bowl of brandy-punch, I ended my first day's tiger-shooting.

THE MANGO.

To MANY of our readers, no doubt, the word mango will be familiar, bringing to mind that well-known and spicy relish in the form of a pickle bearing the same name, or perhaps that of "mango-pickle," so much esteemed in many parts of our country, and particularly in the Eastern States, and consisting of the unripe rind of a musk-melon filled with all sorts of smaller fruits—scraped horse-radish, mustard-seed, etc., etc.—in bounteous confusion, and which, after serving its due period in sharp vinegar, forms one of the most choice delicacies of its kind.

In what manner, however, and for what reason, it became possessed of the name "mango," is difficult to tell, for it certainly bears no resemblance, either in looks or taste, to the fruit *correctly* so called.

These may now be seen in plenty on the stands of many of our fancy fruit-stores, looking deliciously tempting, with their beautiful orange-colored or variegated covering, often filling the air with their fragrant, pineapple-like aroma ; and by these promising qualities often deluding the expectant novice with the idea of an equally luscious flavor ; but, alas ! before the first extravagant mouthful has fairly left the fruit, the disappointed sense revolts, the teeth are quickly withdrawn from the yellow, oozing pulp, and the hitherto evident enthusiasm is invariably followed by still more evident disgust, and the offending object is a lowed to fall to the ground with surprising ease.

One seldom gets further than this with the first mango ; it is generally cast away or consigned to the gutter with merely the jagged imprints of the teeth through its orange-colored skin. The second fares little better, and it is not until a fifth or a sixth has been likewise attempted that the taste begins to be pleasant ; for, like many of our foreign fruits—the olive, for example—the taste is decidedly an acquired one. Who ever was seen to finish the first olive without a grimace, or even with an appearance of relish ? Such instances are extremely rare ; and even *more* so with the mango, excepting in the countries where they grow.

The fruits, which we so commonly see in our markets, are mostly brought from Brazil, the Mauritius, etc., although they grow abundantly in many other countries, and particularly in India.

There are several varieties of the mango, the finest of which are esteemed the most delicious of Indian fruits, and form an important article of diet in many localities. The different kinds vary considerably from each other, not only in their flavor, but also in the size and shape of the fruit.

Most of them have more or less of a turpentine flavor ; the choicest varieties are most free from it, while the inferior kinds are said to be little better in texture and flavor than a mixture of tow and turpentine, and scarcely less digestible.

The unripe fruits are extensively employed in India and South America as conserves, tarts and pickles, in which latter state they may occasionally be found in our city. The ripe fruits, too, are much relished, and generally considered wholesome and nutritious ; but if eaten too largely by newcomers, not accustomed to them, they are apt to produce boils and other troublesome disorders of the skin.

When cut with a knife, a blue stain is produced on the blade. This is caused by the presence of gallic acid in the pulp, which likewise contains gum and citric acid.

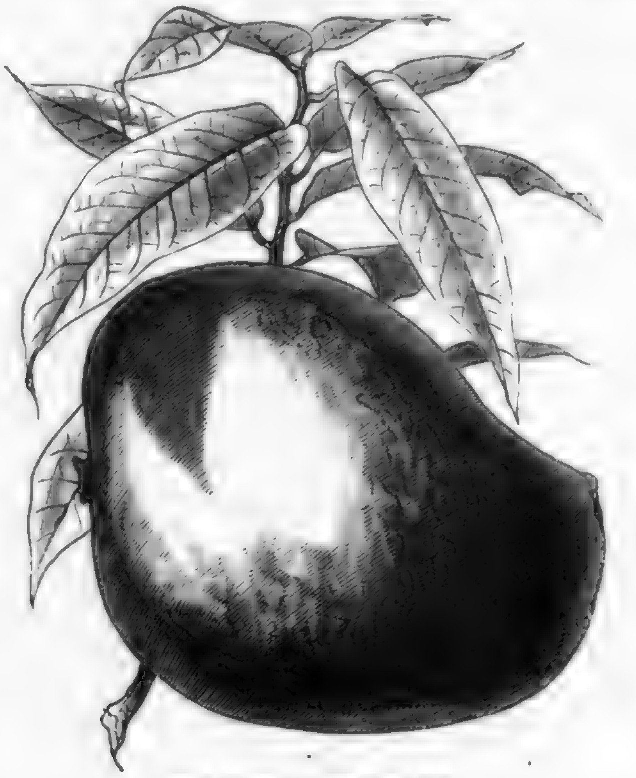
One peculiarity of the mango is the singular seed or pit embedded in its centre. This pit occupies about one third of the whole size of the fruit, and is covered with a queer, long, white growth of hair, which, when carefully washed and scraped, is put to a variety of odd uses by ingenious individuals.

The head of an old, white-haired man can be most comically represented, and the polar bear has often thus been amusingly caricatured.

These seeds are boiled and eaten in times of scarcity by the natives. They are also said to possess valuable medicinal qualities.

The mango of our markets is produced from the variety known in botany under the name of *Mangifera Indica*. Its

XUM



THE MANGO.—SEE PAGE 679.

wood is soft and porous, and, when mature, is of a rich brown color. It is used, together with sandal-wood, by the Hindoos in the burning of their dead. The bark is employed medicinally, having a powerful effect on the mucous membranes, and is also put to excellent use in the treatment of fevers. A resinous gum, which exudes from the bark when wounded, and the leaves also, are of considerable value as drugs. The natives make strange use of the leaf-stalks of the mango tree. They are employed by them as tooth-brushes, and are said to harden the gums.

There is a certain variety of this fruit—*Mangifera gabonensis*—from which a much-esteemed edible cake is prepared, and which is much used as an article of food by the natives of Sierra Leone. It resembles chocolate in appearance, and is largely composed of rich, fatty material.

There is no reason why the mango could not be reared in our hothouses, or even home conservatories. It has been done repeatedly in England, even to the extent of ripening its fruit. Its flowers are not very striking in appearance, but the foliage of the plant is very rich and beautiful.

THE HEDGEHOG.

The hedgehog is one of the few animals that are guarded with spikes. These spikes are fixed into the skin in a very beautiful and simple manner. When the hedgehog is annoyed it rolls itself up, and the tightness of its skin causes all its spines to stand firm and erect, bidding defiance to an unprotected hand. When rolled up, even the dog and the fox are baffled by it; but their ingenuity enables them to overcome the difficulty by rolling it along until they push it into a puddle or pool, when the astonished hedgehog immediately unrolls itself to see what is the matter, and, before it can close itself again, is seized by its crafty enemy.

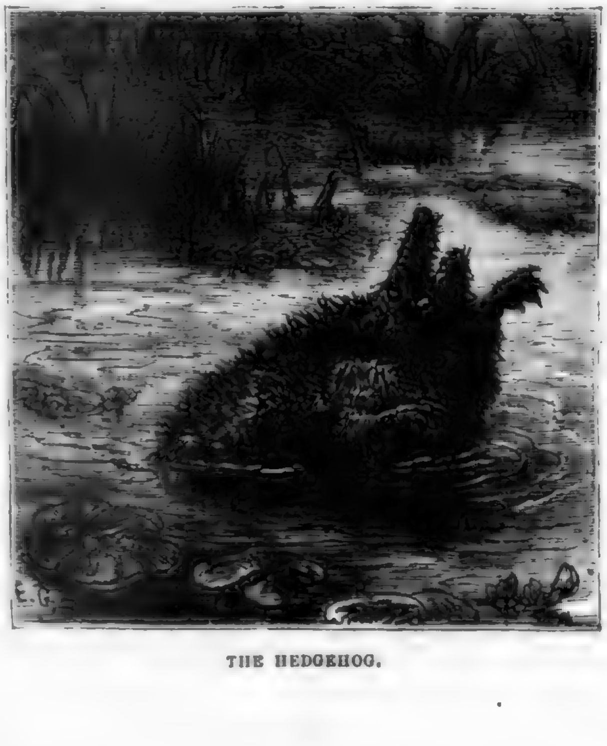
Many more fortunate animals have outlived the aspersions cast upon their character by ignorant persons, but the prejudice against the hedgehog is still in full vigor in the agricultural districts. Scarcely a farmer or laborer will be persuaded that the hedgehog does not suck the cows. Now, this is an impossibility for the hedgehog; but I have seen pigs—not hedgepigs, but real bacon pigs—suck the cows whilst lying down. Among other creatures accused of this theft are the slow-worm, or blind-worm—a kind of legless lizard, with an extremely small mouth—and the bird called the goat-sucker. Really, when a man relates that a bird sucks a cow, it reminds one of the brother philosophers, one of whom milked a bull while the other held the pail.

The food of the hedgehog consists of insects, snails, frogs, mice and snakes. Frank Buckland placed a snake in the same box with a hedgehog. The hedgehog gave the snake a severe bite, and then rolled itself up, this process being repeated until the spine of the snake was broken in several places; it then began at the tail, and ate the snake gradually, as one would eat a radish. It has been known to bore down and eat the roots of the plantain, leaving the leaves and stem untouched.

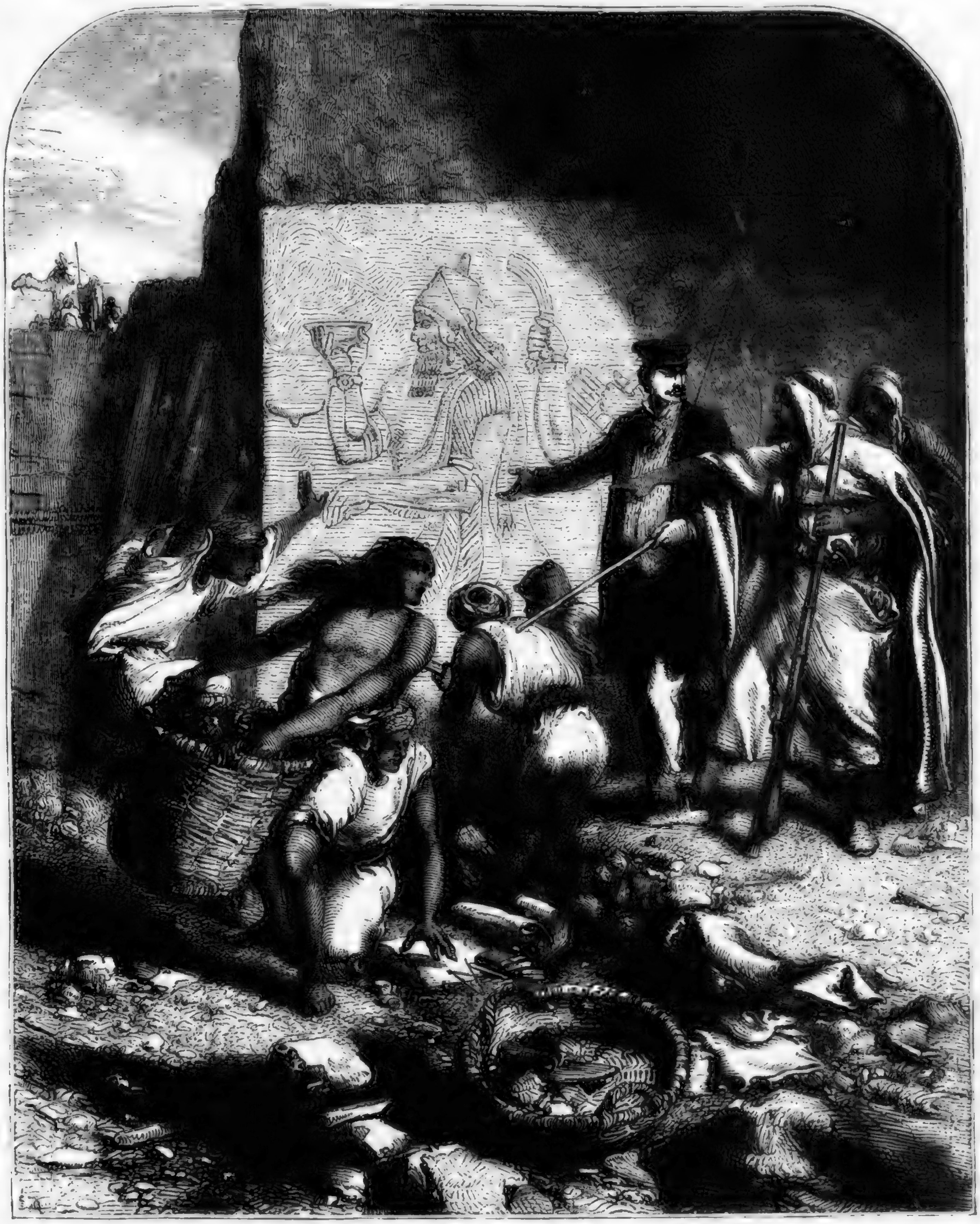
The flesh of the hedgehog is said to be good eating, and the gypsies frequently make it a part of their diet. There is a peculiar method of preparing the animal for food, strongly reminding one of the earth-ovens used by the Polynesians. The hedgehog is simply wrapped in a mass of clay and put on the fire. In process of time the clay is thoroughly baked, and cracks open, when the hedgehog is supposed to be cooked. On opening the clay, the skin comes off with it, while the insides of the animal have formed themselves into a hard ball, and are taken out entire. By this method of cooking the juices are retained, and not suffered to dissipate, as they would if it were roasted.

During the Winter it lives in a torpid state, in a hole well lined with grass and moss, and when discovered looks like a round mass of leaves, as it has rolled itself among the fallen foliage, which adheres to its spikes. It is by no means an aquatic animal, yet it can swim, though its method is an extremely curious one.

It is a remarkable fact that persons losing themselves in a forest or a snowstorm manifest invariably a tendency to turn round gradually to the left, to the extent of eventually moving in a circle. The explanation of this is found, probably, in the fact that the limbs and muscles of the right side are generally better developed than those of the left side. Under the excitement felt when one is lost, and the absence of any guiding line, the superior energy of the right limbs throws the pedestrian insensibly to the left.



THE HEDGEHOG.



LAYARD'S DISCOVERIES AT NIMRUD.

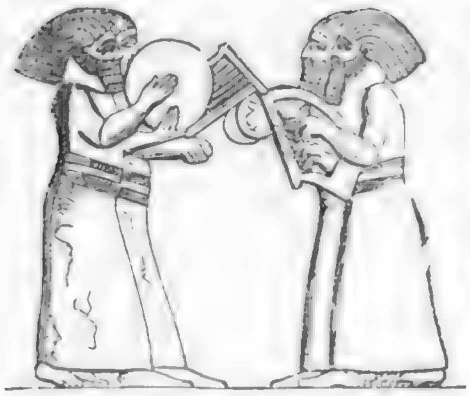
THE BURIED CITIES OF THE EAST.

EXCAVATIONS AROUND NINEVEH AND BABYLON.

BY M. F. VALLETTE.

NINEVEH and Babylon will always be fraught with the deepest interest to the novelist, the historian, the archæologist, and the artist, because these two names are inseparably connected with their earliest recollections of ancient history.

Sacred History gives us some succinct information concerning the early times of these mighty cities, and describes to us more in detail the struggles they engaged in from the eighth century before the Christian era, against the Jewish people, divided as they were by internal discord and by their constitution into two independent states. The Assyrians, to whom proud Babylon was then subject, are the first to come upon the scene. They imposed their sovereignty upon the kingdoms of Israel and Judea, laid siege to Jerusalem, destroyed Samaria, and transported the ten dissenting tribes to the banks of the Tigris. Nineveh disappeared.



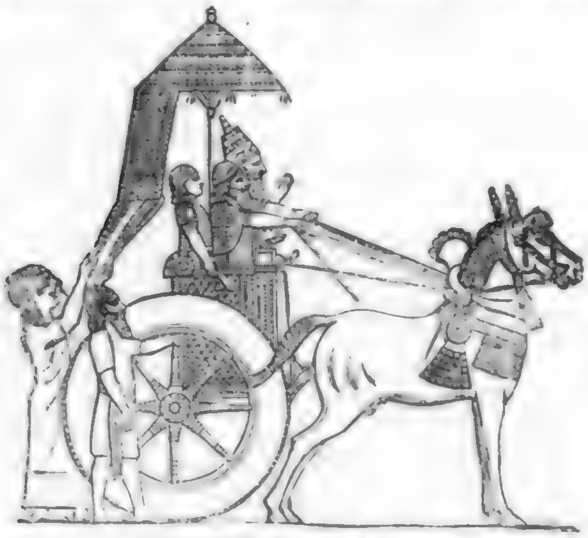
ASSYRIAN MUSICIANS—FROM BAS-RELIEFS.

Babylon then became the aggressor. Jerusalem was taken; the second part of the people of God shared the fate of the first, and was carried away into captivity. It was upon Babylon that the prophets now directed their threats, and Babylon fell.

Apart from the few scattered fragments left us by profane writers, the pages of Scripture comprise all that was known, down to our times, of Assyria and Chaldea. Valuable as they are, these pages contain only detached chapters of the history of the two Eastern empires, and they give us a glimpse of just enough to excite our curiosity. Who is there that does not wish to know more?

It may be proper in the outset to make a few remarks that will render this article more readily understood and permit the writer to dispose very briefly of many points.

Babylon, the capital of Chaldea, situated on the Euphrates, and Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, situated some three hundred miles north, on the Tigris, may be considered, in a general way, as integral parts of the same empire. Nineveh was founded shortly after Babylon by a people from Chaldea. For many centuries the two States disputed the supremacy with each other, and one often became the vassal of the other.



ANCIENT ASSYRIAN CHARIOT.

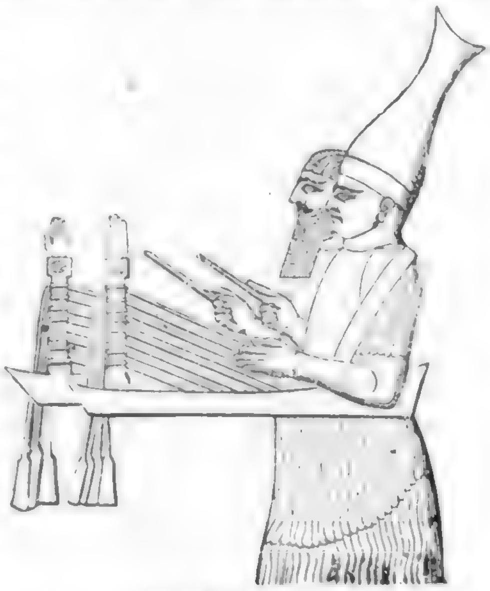
"The traditions of Nineveh," says M. Vigneront, "are essentially Chaldean. Everywhere along the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates we find the same religion, the same worship, the same language, the same writing, the same civilization, the same customs."

It follows then, that, in many respects, what is said of Nineveh will apply to Babylon, and *vice versa*.

When we consider the vast results obtained by the explorers of Nineveh, we cannot wonder at the enthusiasm of Dr. Kaulen, when he exclaims: "Nineveh is risen again!" Yes, the mighty city of Assyria looms up again before our eyes—not merely before the mind's eye, by means of documents and books, but in reality. After a disappearance of two thousand five hundred years, it again reveals its existence and its splendors to the astonished eyes of the explorer. Nineveh stands before us! True, no proud dynasty, and no highly civilized people now animate its buildings and its streets; but the ruins it displays and the eternal silence in which it is buried neither prevent us from contemplating the magnificence of its ancient rulers, nor from wandering through their apartments, nor even from hearing their voices.

They speak to us in the stones. Their palaces, in which are still preserved a host of plastic statues and objects destined for daily use, reveal to us the mode of life of the Assyrians, their manners, their religious practices, the development of their minds, and their civilization.

Innumerable parchments, discovered in these palaces, and finally deciphered by the unwearying patience of the *savans* of the West, throw a flood of light upon the history of that country and of its rulers. The knowledge we have now acquired about Nineveh removes more than one cloud that hung over the early history of mankind; it helps to solve many interesting questions upon the moral and intellectual progress of the nations of the ancient West; and finally, it both clears up and confirms many passages in sacred history.

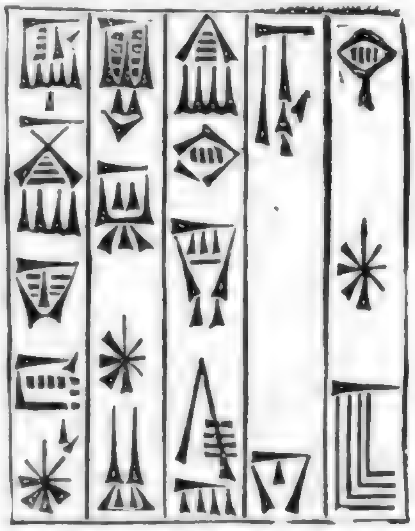


ASSYRIAN MUSICIANS.

Babylon, or, to give it the name it bore, Babel, was the holy city, teeming with gods and priests, with temples and schools; it was the centre of astronomical science and of judicial astrology—the land of the magi. As such, it exercised, even over its rulers, a powerful prestige. The Assyrians, the born enemies of the Chaldeans, did not dare to lay their hands upon this sanctuary. Cyrus selected Babel as the centre of his military exploits; his successors overwhelmed it with indignities, despoiled it, but left it an existence. Death alone prevented Alexander the Great from making it the capital of his empire.

The material decay of Babylon advanced with rapid strides, especially after the period when Seleucia was erected in its vicinity, with stones carried away from its buildings. Nevertheless, it preserved for centuries longer certain appearances of a great city.

The fate of Nineveh was far different. Nineveh possessed a political importance. The centre of a purely material power that crushed the other nations, divested of that religious prestige that might have inspired them with superstitious terror, it beheld, at the very moment when its cup of bitterness was full, subjugated nations uniting against it in a common

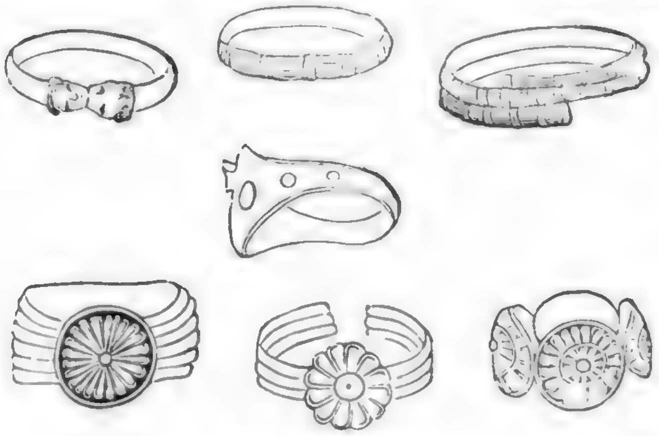


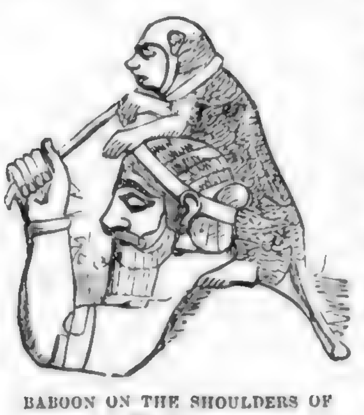
CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTION.

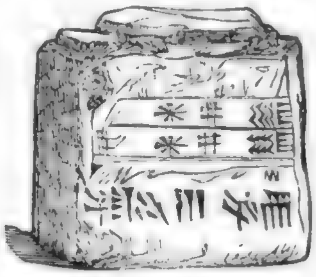
feeling of revenge. These nations despoiled it, not only of its splendor and power, but even of the very air it breathed. With the year 625, it vanished from history as if swallowed up by an abyss.

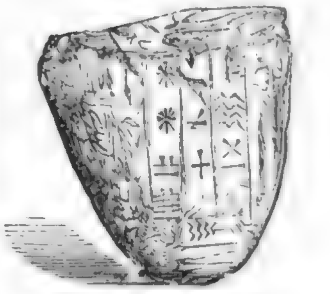
Buried beneath its own ruins, it did not retain even a place in the recollection of men. Xenophon, Alexander the Great and the Roman armies passed over the scenes it once occupied, without ever dreaming of their historical significance. But this oblivion protected it against an irremediable death, and preserved it in a condition that made its resurrection possible. Its conquerors vainly thought that its annihilation could be effected by the destruction of the upper portion of its edifices, but, in reality, the only thing they accomplished was the piling up, at essential points, the ruins which, in preserving the buildings, at the same time protected the works of art and other valuable objects they contained against storms, and against the depredations of neighboring peoples. Thus it is that our age can hail the return of Nineveh to life, and that the slow designs of God come to pass.

With regard to Babylon, doubt was not even possible, in the face of a constant tradition that went down even into details. Thus, a mass of ruined masonry near the banks of the Euphrates was pointed out, from time immemorial, as the ruins of the Great Tower. Further on, the Hanging Gardens and other wonders were thought to be recognized. The interest in these ruins, so often described, was increased by the discovery made by the Englishman, Rich, some thirty years ago, of fragments of bricks bearing inscriptions in cuneiform characters, a sort of peculiar writing then in vogue, in the palace of Persepolis and on the tombs of the Kings of Persia, and which learned men have been trying to decipher for more than two hundred years. The discovery at this time of the same writing along the banks of the Euphrates produced quite a sensation among orientalists, and attracted increased attention upon the city watered by this river, on the sides of the hills that hem in the Valley of the Tigris, in the vicinity of Mosul. Indeed, few travelers, in wandering over these mounds, called by the Arabs "the tomb of Jonah," ever imagined that they were walking over the ground where Nineveh once stood; but the hurried visits they made to this unhealthy region were attended only by vague results. Nineveh was still buried in oblivion.


RINGS AND BRACELETS.

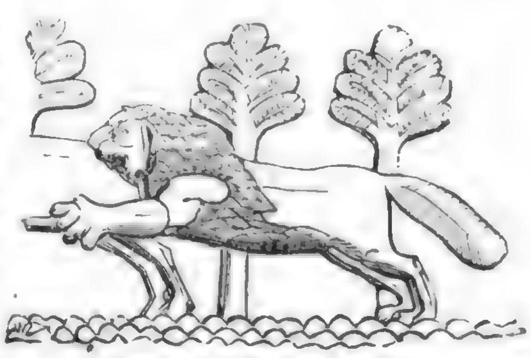

BABOON ON THE SHOULDERS OF SHOWMAN.


TABLET IN CLAY ENVELOPE.


INSCRIBED CLAY LUMP.

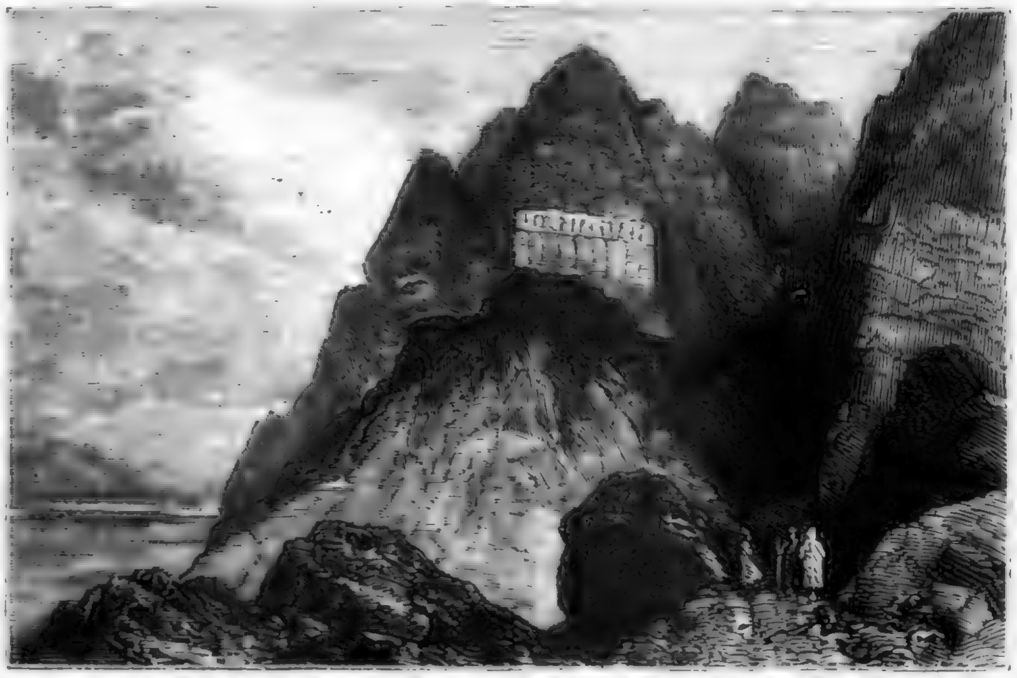
The *savant* who first interested himself in earnest in this city was Mr. Rich, whose labors are already known. After studying the ruins of Babylon and making a correct map of their location, he left Hillah for a short sojourn at Mosul, during which he visited some of the mounds in the vicinity of this city—the so-called tomb of Jonah, the hill called by the Turks Kouyoundjik, and the one called Nimrud by the Arabs. Here, as at Hillah, he discovered fragments of bricks bearing cuneiform characters. He collected them together, made a chart of the mounds, and sent all his discoveries to the British Museum. They were for many years the only collection of antiquities from Western Asia in existence. A case a few feet square contained all that was known of great Nineveh and of mighty Babylon!

These simple relics, especially those from Nineveh, were enough, however, to inspire the mind of the explorer with hopes of greater success. The examination made of them by Herr Julius Mohl, a German, professor of the Persian language, and secretary of the Asiatic Society in Paris, suggested to him the idea that these were only the forerunners of other remarkable discoveries. When, in 1842, Mr. P.C.Botta was appointed by the French Government consul at Mosul, Mr. Mohl immediately put himself in communication with this learned and energetic man. He earnestly urged upon him to examine the mounds in the vicinity of this city, and to pick up as many relics as possible; he predicted that Mr. Botta would have the glory of discovering Nineveh, and he succeeded in firing him with the ardor of his conviction. In this manner he gave an impetus to works of exploration which the latter commenced as soon as he reached his post.


CHEETAH, OR HUNTING LEOPARD.

Mr. Botta soon became convinced that the Khorsabad hillock consisted of a platform made by the hands of man, and covering the ruins of an immense building. He afterward learned the name of its founder, King Sargon (Sar Kin). Everything about this building was highly interesting. The walls were covered all along with an ornamentation of alabaster leaves, enriched with sculptures of a high order, and with cuneiform inscriptions. Many objects that once belonged to the inhabitants of the palace were picked up in the rubbish that covered them.

Thus, in this nineteenth century, M. Botta found himself, as if by the wave of a magic wand, transported into apartments where, two thousand five hundred years ago, the destinies of so many nations were decided! He beheld the terrible King of Assyria upon his throne, or mounted on his battle-chariot, surrounded by his vassals; he

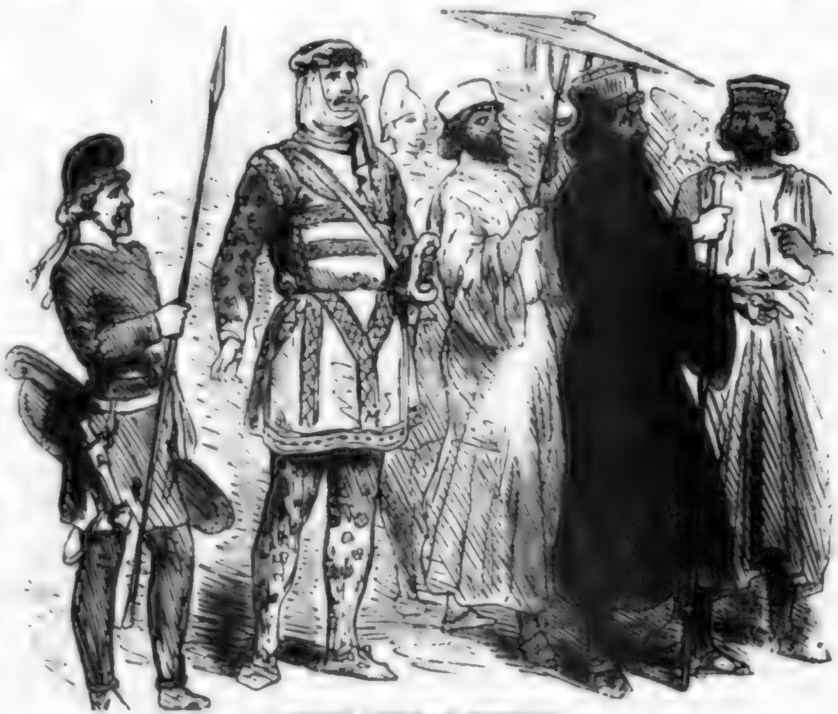


ASSYRIAN TABLET AT KERMANSHAH, RECORDING THE CAPTIVITY OF THE ISRAELITES.

contemplated his warlike exploits, his adventures in the chase, his journeyings, his festivities; he wandered among the Assyrian gods and their priests; and everything that met his gaze was so real, so striking, so eloquent, that the most persevering and extensive studies could never have given him half the insight into the mode of life of this ancient nation that a mere glance around him now afforded.

Nineveh was restored! Botta lost no time in acquainting Mohl with his success, and in sending him designs, diagrams and copies of inscriptions. His friend published the whole affair in the *Asiatic Journal*, and in this manner made it known to Christian and enlightened Europe. The French Government immediately placed large sums of money at the disposal of the explorer, and supplied him with a draughtsman, which enabled him to continue his undertaking on a much larger scale. After purchasing all the houses in Khorsabad, and settling its inhabitants at the foot of the hill, he was enabled to study in detail all the parts of this mighty edifice. When, three years later, he was recalled to his own country, he carried away with him a rich collection of sculptures and inscriptions.

The appointment of M. Botta, in 1845, to another field of duty, removed him from the scene where he had displayed such fruitful activity. His mind, however, lingered around it still. Study, the deciphering and explanation of these inscriptions and of other objects discovered, occupied all his spare time and added greatly to the celebrity of his name. The French Government assisted him munificently in his new labors.

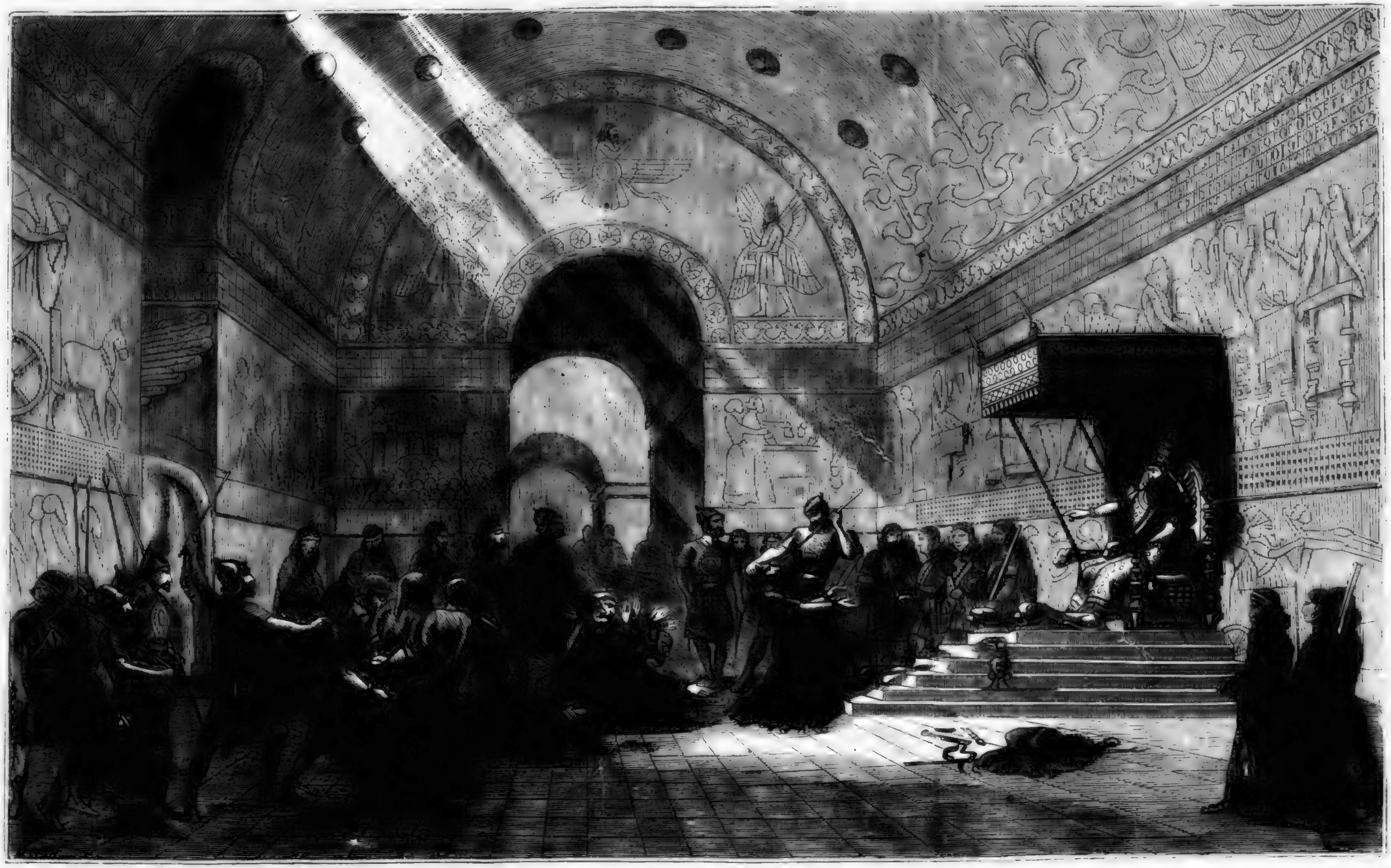


ANCIENT ASSYRIAN COSTUMES.

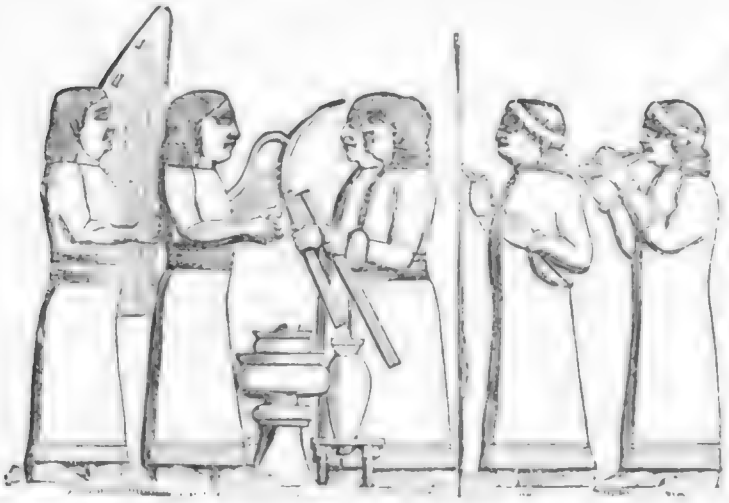
There was no more extensive exploring at Khorsabad until 1851, when the architect, M. Place, was commissioned by the French Government to continue the researches in the palace of Sargon. M. Place proved a worthy successor to M. Botta. He brought to light all manner of objects that gave an insight into the mode of living of the Assyrians. He discovered a whole store full of iron utensils in a good state of preservation, as well as other objects wrought in ivory and in different kinds of metals, which denote the refined care the ancient possessors displayed for their own comfort, their practical ideas and their tastes. In a vault, hermetically sealed, M. Place found a large quantity of clay urns, about two feet high, some broken, and some intact. They were in compartments hewn out of blocks of stone, arranged in double rows along the walls. The coating of brownish-red on the inside of all these urns was at first supposed to be varnish; but the rain having fallen on and tarnished these colors, there was such a smell of wine-dregs as to immediately dispel all doubt—they had reached King Sargon's wine-cellar.

After a period of four years, the researches made in the name of the French Government were again interrupted, to be resumed, later, in another part of the East. In the meantime England had been making researches on Assyrian soil with the most satisfactory results. They were conducted by Mr. Austin Henry Layard, now ambassador to Constantinople—a man endowed with a penetrating mind, a strong will, an iron constitution, and who, in his diplomatic positions as well as in his scientific expeditions, familiarized himself completely with the languages and manners of Western Asia. As unyielding before dangers and difficulties as he was obliging in every legitimate demand, Mr. Layard possessed the secret of making himself loved and feared at the same time by the Orientals.

Sir Stratford Canning, who had already enriched his country with a valuable collection of Greek antiquities, was, in 1845, ambassador to Constantinople. Anxious to gratify the strong desire manifested by Mr. Layard, at that time his subordinate, to make researches on Assyrian soil, he generously offered to bear the expenses for a given time, knowing full well that if the undertaking proved successful, there would be no difficulty in procuring the means to continue



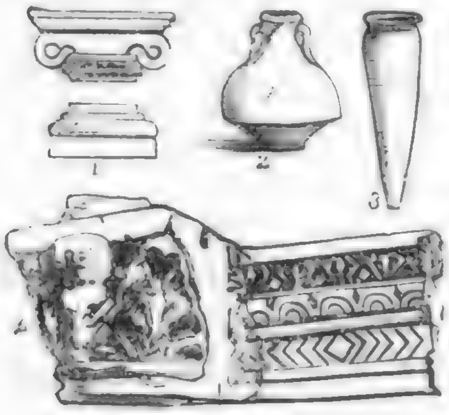
CAPTIVE ISRAELITES BEFORE THE KING OF ASSYRIA.



MUSICIANS FROM NINEVEH—BAS-RELIEFS.

it. On his arrival at Mosul, Mr. Layard, warned by the experience of M. Botta, was presented to the Pacha, but did not give him the remotest idea as to the object of his coming. With the design of arousing his suspicion as little as possible, he selected the Nimrod mound, some fifteen miles from Mosul, as the object of his exploration. He secretly procured all the tools necessary, and, under the pretense of going hunting, he set out, accompanied by a friend and a servant. He put himself in communication with the Arabs of the country and engaged six stalwart laborers.

With all these precautions, his labors were attended with still greater drawbacks than fell to the lot of M. Botta. Always contending, like his predecessor, against the propensity for stealing that characterizes the Arab tribes; against the fanaticism of the Mohammedans of Mosul; against the hatred of the Pacha, who was ever ready to pounce upon him; and against the fatal rigors of the climate, he had, beside these, other obstacles to contend with. The miserable dwelling he occupied disappeared one day without leaving a vestige after it—swept away by a sudden hurricane. He now had a clay hut built, but during its erection the material became so thoroughly soaked by violent rains, that they never dried; and the interior of the habitation was continually covered with mold.



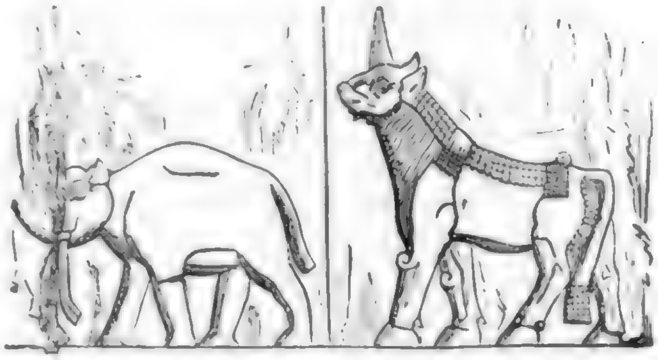
CLAY VASES AND PLASTER ORNAMENTS.

Notwithstanding his strong constitution, he was more than once compelled to seek the fresh air of the mountains, being overcome by the intensity of the heat. To make up for all this, however, during the two years he was engaged in his labors (1845–1847), his cheerful and pleasant manners always brought him crowds of laborers, and from the very first he met with the most gratifying success. This is how he describes one of his first discoveries:

"One morning, as I was returning from a visit to the camp of a friendly chief, the Sheik Abd-er-Raman, two Arabs belonging to his tribe rode toward me at full speed. 'Hasten, Bey,' cried one of them; 'hasten to the ruins; they have just discovered Nimrod himself! Allah! all this is beyond comprehension, yet it is true; we saw him with our own eyes! There is no other God but Allah!' They had scarcely uttered this pious exclamation when they disappeared in the direction of their tents.

"On reaching the ruins, I went down into the trench that had just been dug, and found the Arabs, who had seen me coming, gathered around a heap of baskets and cloaks. As Awad, who was superintending the work, came forward and asked me for a present with which to celebrate the great event, the Arabs raised the covering they had hastily improvised, and revealed a gigantic human head, cut out of the alabaster of the country. It belonged to a statue the greater portion of which was still buried under the earth. I saw, in an instant, that it was the head of one of those winged lions or bulls that had already been discovered at Khorsabad and at Persepolis. It was in a marvelous state of preservation. The expression was calm but majestic, and the features of the face denoted a delicacy and skill of touch that would never have been suspected in works of such a remote period.

"The emotion and fright of the Arabs did not at all surprise me. It required no great amount of imagination to awaken the most fantastic ideas in their minds. That colossal head, bleached by time, and rising up, all at once, from the bowels of the earth, might readily pass for one of those terrible beings that frequently, according to their legends, come up from the lower regions and appear to mortals.



ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS.

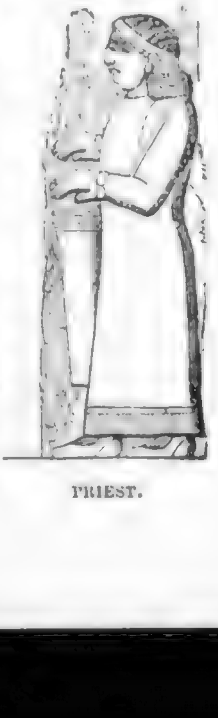
"At the very first glance one of the laborers gave this strange object, he overturned his basket and ran at full speed toward Mosul. I heard of this circumstance with regret, because I foresaw the disastrous consequences it would entail.

"While I was having the rubbish removed from around the statue, and was giving orders for the general resumption of the work, the sound of galloping horses broke on our ears. It was Abd-er-Raman, followed by half his tribe. For, as soon as the two Arabs I had met on the road reached their tents, and spoke of the wonderful discovery, their comrades who were present, immediately mounted their horses and came to be convinced by their own eyes. On seeing the head, they all exclaimed in one voice: 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet!'

"Some time elapsed before the Sheik could make up his mind to go down into the trench, to convince himself that it was nothing but stone.

"'This is not,' he declared, 'the work of men, but of those great giants of whom the Prophet—peace be with him—said that their height exceeded that of the tallest date-trees; it is one of those idols that Noah—peace be with him—cursed before the deluge.'

"This opinion, after mature consider-

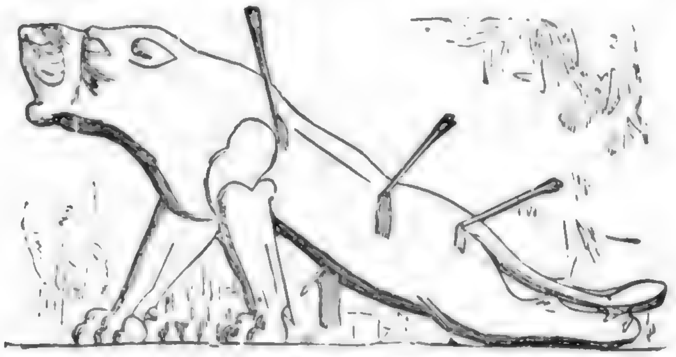


PRIEST.

ation, was shared by all his companions. I now directed the men to dig to the south of the head, hoping to find its body, and before night we found it, some twelve feet further on. After ordering two or three men to keep watch over the sculptures, I repaired to the village to celebrate the event by killing a few sheep, and invited the Arabs of the vicinity to the feast. I sent for some wandering musicians from Selamijeh, and the greater part of the night was spent in dancing.

"As I had expected, the news carried to Mosul by the workman created quite a commotion in the town. He rushed, out of breath, into the bazars, telling every one he met that Nimrod had reappeared. The affair soon reached the ears of the Kadi, who was only watching for an opportunity to annoy me, and who lost no time in summoning the Mufti and the Ulema to deliberate on so grave a matter. They went with great solemnity before the ruler of the city, and presented him a protest on the part of the Mussulman people against an enterprise so directly in opposition to the Koran.

"The Kadi did not succeed in making up his mind whether the object unearthed was the skeleton of Nimrod, or merely a statue of him. On the other hand, Ismail Pacha could not solve the question in his mind as to whether that mighty hunter had been an orthodox prophet or not. As the result of these mental efforts, I received a message from His Excellency, obscure enough, to be sure, but which meant that I was to treat the relics with respect, and not to disturb them any further. He, at the same time, expressed the desire to be informed of the immediate suspension of our excavations, and to have an interview with me.



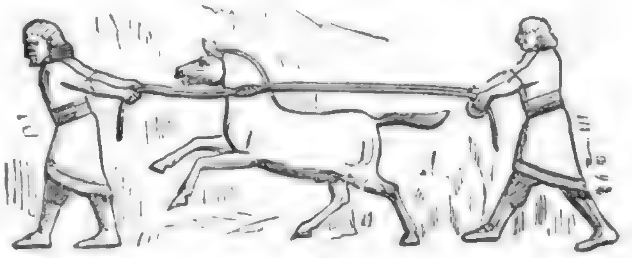
A WOUNDED LIONESS.

"I waited on him, and had considerable trouble in getting him to understand the nature of my discovery. However, as he expressed the desire to have me suspend my labors, I returned to Nimrod and discharged all the workmen except two, whom I ordered to continue the excavations already commenced along the wall, quietly, and without attracting attention.

"Near the end of March I became convinced of the existence of another pair of man-lions. They were situated over the northern entrance of the same hall, another entrance of which had been occupied by the first.

"Having removed all the earth from around them, I found they were intact. They were twelve feet high, and as many long. The body and limbs were admirably wrought; the muscles and bones, although very much developed to show the strength of the animal, displayed a wonderful knowledge of anatomy. The outspread wings extended from the shoulders over the back. A knotted girdle, bordered with fringe, encircled the loins.

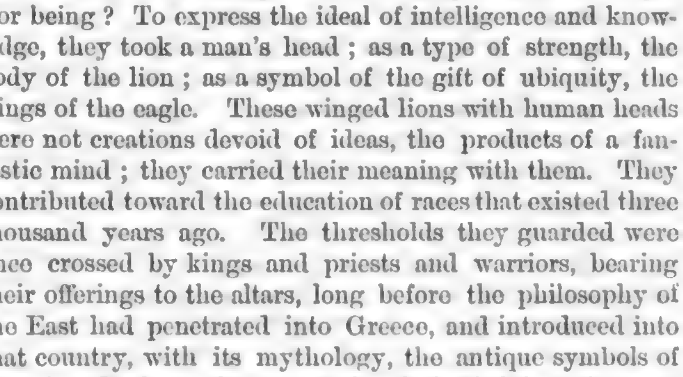
"These sculptures formed an entrance to a hall, and were executed half in bold relief and half in bas-relief. The head and breast, that stood out from the bull, were entirely detached from the base; of the entire remainder of the body, only one side was presented on the alabaster table that covered the brick wall. To enable the visitor to take in the entire figure from whatever point he looked at it, each one was provided with five legs—two on the front part of the tablet and three on the side. All these reliefs were treated with clearness and boldness. Where the figure stood out, the alabaster was covered with cuneiform inscriptions. These magnificent evidences of Assyrian art were in a perfect state of preservation. The most delicate cuts of the chisel, in the details of the wings and ornaments, appeared in their original freshness, and not a stroke was missing in the inscriptions.



LASSOING A WILD ASS—FROM THE NINEVEH BAS-RELIEFS.

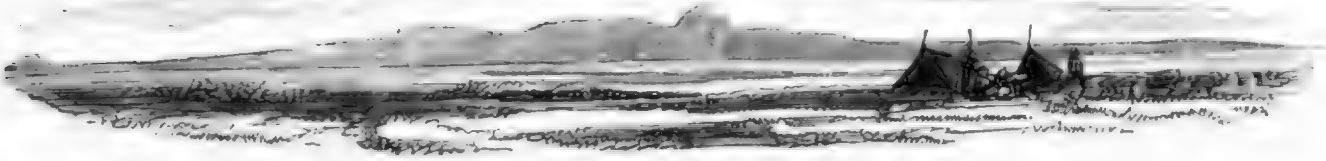
"I have spent whole hours in musing over these mysterious figures, and in studying out their object and their history. What nobler symbols could have been used to introduce men into the temples of their divinities? What more sublime figures could a people deprived of the light of revealed religion have borrowed from nature to convey its ideas of the wisdom, power and omnipresence of a superior being? To express the ideal of intelligence and knowledge, they took a man's head; as a type of strength, the body of the lion; as a symbol of the gift of ubiquity, the wings of the eagle. These winged lions with human heads were not creations devoid of ideas, the products of a fantastic mind; they carried their meaning with them. They contributed toward the education of races that existed three thousand years ago. The thresholds they guarded were once crossed by kings and priests and warriors, bearing their offerings to the altars, long before the philosophy of the East had penetrated into Greece, and introduced into that country, with its mythology, the antique symbols of Assyria. Perhaps they were already buried in ruins, and their very existence forgotten, long before the foundation of the Eternal City upon the banks of the Tiber. Hidden from the eye of man for a period of two thousand years, they now appear once more in all their pristine grandeur. But how changed is everything around them! The pride and civilization of a great nation have been succeeded by the misery and ignorance of a semi-barbarous people. Now the eye rests on ruins and rubbish where magnificent temples once stood. The plowshare passes over these mighty structures, and the grain ripens on the soil that hides the last traces of them from mortal eyes."

Sir Stratford Canning having sent Mr. Layard full



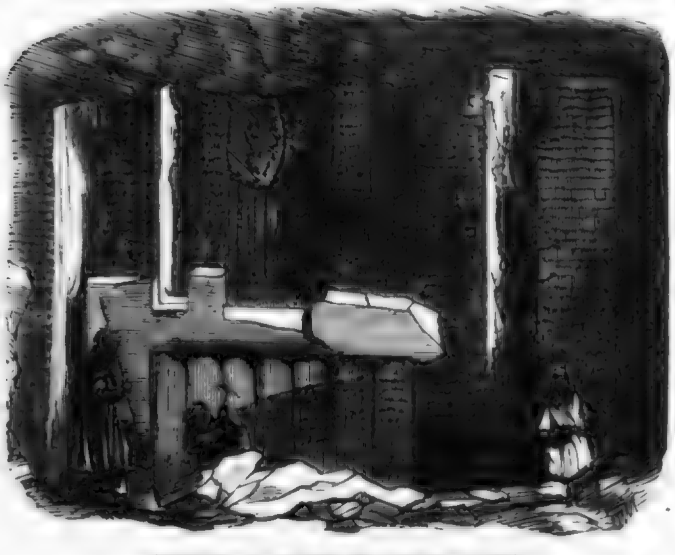
CAMELS RESTING.

XUM

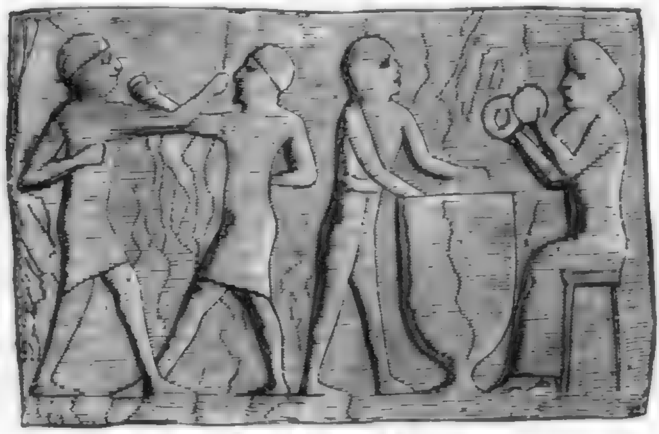


VIEW OF WURKA.

powers from the Grand Vizier, the indefatigable explorer resumed his work, and the vision of old Assyria gradually broke upon his eyes in all its splendor. The monuments and works of art of Nimrud had been far better preserved than those of Khorsabad. The sculptures represented everything remarkable in Assyrian life—war and hunting scenes, offerings and processions, traveling by land and water, and domestic habits. Mr. Layard also discovered arms, helmets, bronzes, objects made of ivory, and vases. Far more important than all these were the countless inscriptions he found on every hand, from the foot to the very top of the walls. He packed up some of the most interesting sculptures, and sent them to England by way of Barsa and Bombay, and kept his friend Canning and his countrymen informed of the progress of his researches. Sir Canning having, in the meantime, declared that he surrendered to England all the discoveries made and to be made in Assyria, the British Museum voted an appropriation for the furtherance of the work. Mr. Layard, being now in a position to increase the number of his workmen, entirely unearthed all the buildings in the large Nimrud hillock; he even extended his excavations to those of Kalah-Schergat and of Kouyoundjik. He was everywhere rewarded with the most wonderful results. At Kalah-Schergat he discovered, among other things, the documents concerning the origin of a palace, which, according to Assyrian and Chaldaic usage, were walled in near the four principal corners of the edifice. They consisted of octagonal clay prisms, forty-five centimetres long, and on each side there were one hundred lines of cuneiform writing. These documents, reproduced four times, told that the palace had been built by King Tuglat-Phalasar I., about the year 1130 B.C.

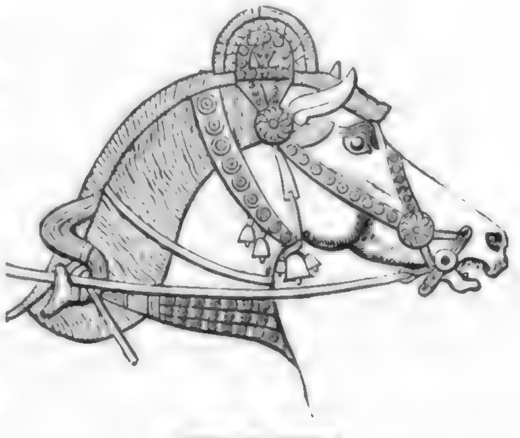


PORTION OF WUSSWASS MOUND, WURKA.



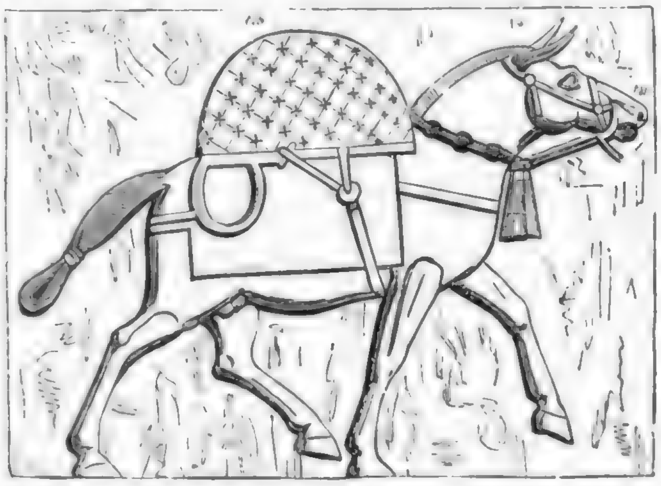
CLAY TABLET FROM WURKA.

When Mr. Layard had exhausted his means, he began to think of returning to his native land; but before doing so, he had two important things to do: fill up the trenches to save the ruins from utter annihilation, and to pack up all such antiquities as were transportable. It was, indeed, an unrivaled collection. The explorer never rested until it had reached Bersa in safety, and it was only then that he returned to England. Some time after, in 1848, he was sent back to his old post on the British Embassy at Constantinople.



ASSYRIAN BRIDLE.

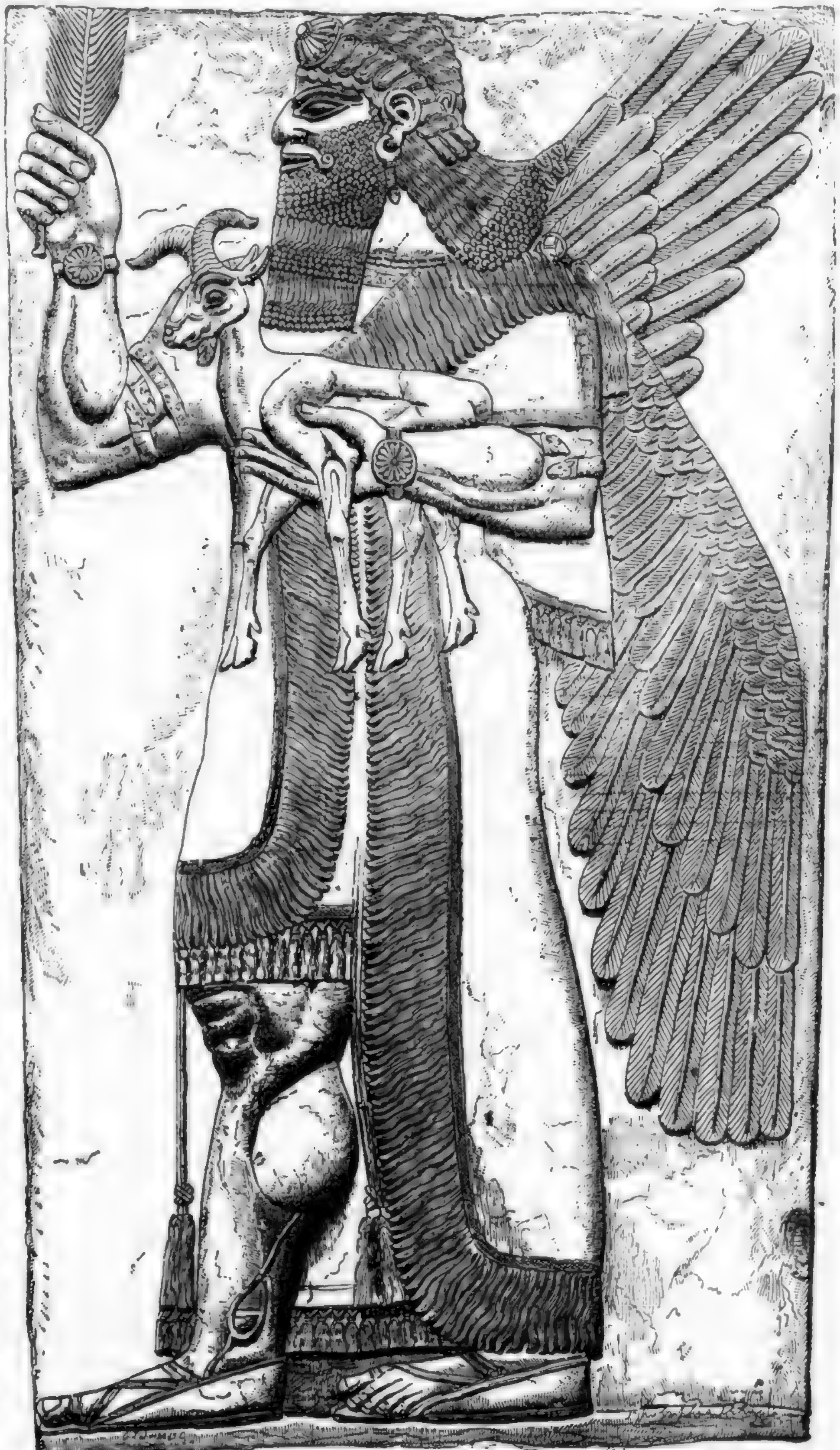
His report, published and embellished with numerous designs, was eagerly read in England. Under the pressure of public opinion, the British Museum supplied Mr. Layard with ample means, and he once more abandoned



LOADED MULE.

Constantinople to return to the banks of the Tigris. A draughtsman and a physician were sent out with him.

This time his chief labors were carried on near the Kouyoundjik mounds, the scene of Botta's first efforts. He here discovered the gigantic palace of Sennacherib, and which had been inhabited by him and by his successor, Asar-Haddon.



AN ASSYRIAN MONARCH—FROM A BAS-RELIEF AT NINEVEH.

In the meantime he was continuing or undertaking researches at Nimrud, Nebbi Junus, Kalah-Schergat, Khorsabad, in the desert as far as Armenia, and even in Babylon, and among the ruins south of it. These vast researches resulted in the discovery of an enormous quantity of sculptures and inscriptions, of implements of labor, vases, furniture, bronzes, fancy pieces, arms, precious stones, earrings, a mold in which the jeweler had molded them, harness, etc.

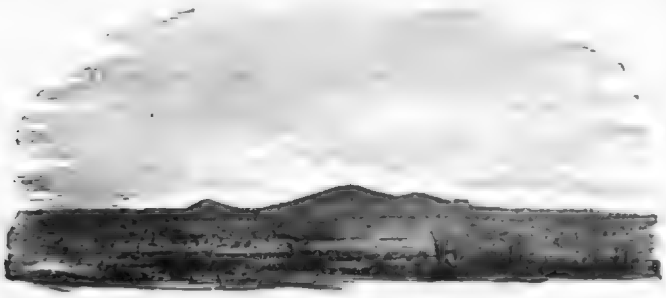
A discovery, the great importance of which Mr. Layard could not then realize was the one he made in the halls of the palace of Kouyoundjik, and which consisted of written tablets, that were so numerous that they covered the floor to the height of one foot. They are of fine clay of all sizes, from a square inch up to a square foot, and about half an inch in thickness. They wrote on these tablets with a fine dagger while they were damp; they were then hardened with fire. The cuneiform writing they bear is so remarkably small as to require the reader to use a magnifying-glass in reading the greater part of them.

Most of these tablets had been broken by the falling in of the upper floor, and to crown the mishap, these fragments were shipped to London, packed pell-mell without any regard to their places in the halls. It is easy to understand how much this circumstance contributed to the difficulty in deciphering them. The learned men, however, have partially succeeded, and no one has regretted their labor.

It was a *library* founded by King Assurbanipal, the successor of Asar-Haddon. It consists of historical narratives, letters, authentic documents, chronological tables, astronomical observations, poems and songs, and text books in which many ideographic signs of the Assyrians are explained. In 1852, Mr. Layard, after acquiring a vast knowledge and an illustrious name, returned to his native land to publish an account of his discoveries and to work at deciphering inscriptions.

Scarcely had he returned, when his popularity and fame earned for him the position of Under Secretary of State.

The interest excited in England by these discoveries assumed a durable character. An association known as the "Assyrian Excavation Fund" was formed in 1852 with the idea of assisting further researches by means of subscriptions. The funds were divided between officers residing in the East and scientific men sent out at the expense of the Society. Colonel Rawlinson, afterward Consul to Bagdad, a gentleman of intelligence and culture, was placed at the head of this Society. Under his direction Mr. Hormuzd Rasson, British Consul at Mosul, and Loftus, the geologist,



SINKEREH.

continued the work commenced at Kouyoundjik, and entirely unearthed the beautiful palace of King Assurbanipal, built about the year 660. They also found a large number of written tablets.

Up to the year 1854, when the excavations ceased, the most valuable treasures flowed into the British Museum. The Directors of this institution lost no opportunity in giving all the publicity possible to their work and to the treasures poured in upon it, in the hope of stimulating scientific men, and of obtaining, through their assistance, the key to many things still shrouded in obscurity.

Europe now entered with more energy than ever upon the study of cuneiforms. The rich accumulation of twenty years of these curious writings was found to be inadequate, and further researches were set on foot. George Smith, a young engraver on brass, employed by the British Museum in the reproduction of inscriptions, was seized with a perfect mania for deciphering them. His first step was to acquire the necessary preparatory knowledge, and his rapid progress earned for him his admission into the British Museum as an assistant.

Constantly engaged in reading and classifying these tablets, he discovered the fragment of an ancient Babylonian narrative concerning the Deluge, and which is wonderfully in harmony with the Bible. He made it the subject of a lecture delivered before the "Biblical Archæological Association," on the 3d of December, 1872. It created a great sensation, and Mr. Smith became the hero of the day.

With that disinterestedness which the British press has given many evidences of, the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* invited the young scientist to resume Assyrian excavations at their expense, in the hope of enriching Biblical literature with many new documents. Mr. Smith having obtained leave of absence for six months, succeeded in discovering, at Kouyoundjik, among a quantity of tablets, quite a number the contents of which intimately related to the Holy Scriptures. He was given every facility for making other voyages in the hope of finding the remaining fragments of King Assurbanipal's library, but unfortunately, in 1876, just as he was about to return to his native land, Mr. Smith died, a victim to his indefatigable zeal, and leaving a great void in the scientific world.

Dr. Kaulen gives us a description of the only palace that has been entirely uncovered and explored to its inmost recesses; a palace that may be considered as a specimen of the large buildings in Nineveh, and a knowledge of which is the surest guide of every explorer of Assyrian soil, and of every man who desires to familiarize himself with the civilization and architecture of this country. It is the palace of King Sargon, at Khorsabad, discovered by M. Botta, and studied attentively by him and Mr. Place. These distinguished archæologists have fully described it in works beautifully illustrated and in every way worthy of the interest and importance of the subject.

The *ensemble* of Nineveh comprised several towns erected at different periods. On the vast space at Khorsabad, on which the royal mansion was situated, there was still a town. They were both the result of the same idea and the same plan, because they were in perfect harmony and completed each other. The palace had for its base an artificial terrace, lying partly within the limits of the town, and partly beyond them. It was fourteen metres high.

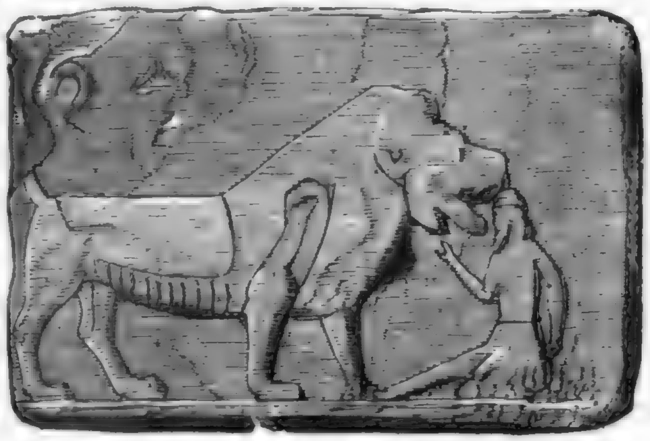
Let us here observe, that the erection of Assyrian and Babylonian cities upon elevated platforms was a rule without exceptions. Not only were they thus protected against the frequent inundations of the Tigris and the Euphrates, but likewise against military assaults. The founder of Khorsabad had ample reason to provide against every emergency. The possessor of a usurped throne, Sargon had no support save in the force of arms, and his violent death justified but too well the apprehensions of his uneasy life. The erection of the terrace and palace of Khorsabad, or, to use Assyrian language, of Dur-Sargon (the city of Sargon), shows the extent of the artistic efforts of which the Ninevite Empire was capable. We will give a succinct account of the study made by Dr. Kaulen of this structure. It is most interesting and very learned.

The terrace, a most solid piece of work, is in the form of two rectangles of unequal proportions, situated one behind the other, and the larger of which presents one of its long sides to the city; the second also touches the first on one of its long sides. The sides of one of these measures 314 by 194 metres, those of the other 237 by 150 metres; their united dimensions, therefore, embrace 96,666 square metres—about ten hectares.

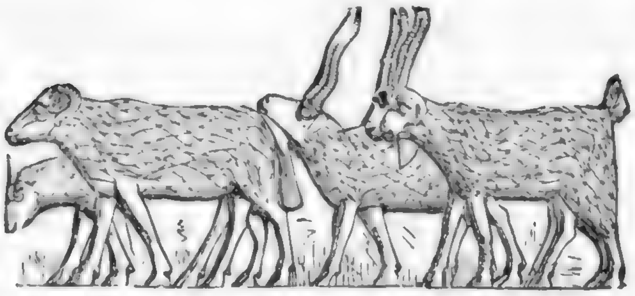
This platform was made of the purest and most carefully worked clay; not the smallest stone, not the minutest particle of sand is to be found in it, and the beholder is lost in astonishment at the marvelous care with which such an enormous mass of earth is worked up.

Assyrian sculptures show that the erection of similar terraces was effected by hand, and not by machinery. What a multitude of subjects or prisoners the Assyrian sovereigns must have had at their command for the accomplishment of such mighty enterprises!

The wonder increases when we consider that the platform of the palace of Dur-Sargon, representing a cube of 1,353,323 metres, was not put together in sections, but that it is a solid mass, the interior as well as the surface being composed of slabs 40 by 39 centimetres in extent and 5 in thickness. All the other terraces of the Assyrian palaces are also made of flags. These were placed in position while fresh, that is, as taken from the mold, so that they immediately blended together. How the architects succeeded in drying these prodigious accumulations of damp blocks, and how they could put them in position without leaving the impress of hand or implement upon their soft surfaces or disturbing the order of the rows, remains a mystery to us. Waste-pipes, required by the needs of domestic life, are provided in the terrace at Khorsabad.



CLAY TABLET.

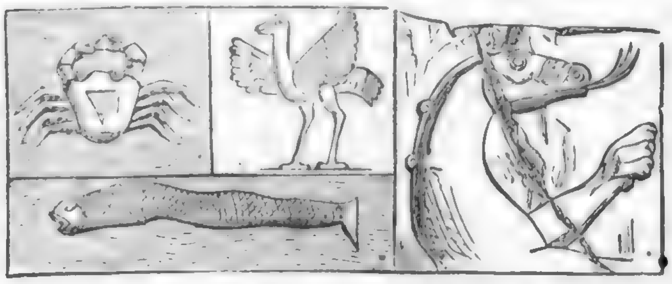


SHEEP FROM NINEVEH BAS-RELIEF.

Designed to support the weight of an immense palace, and to enable it to resist the action of the climate, this mass of clay is protected by a wall of blocks of hard limestone. The wall imperceptibly inclines inward, and is three metres thick at the base and one at the top.

Here again we fail to understand, except by the numberless hands employed in the work, how the Assyrians could have dug out of the mountains, some leagues distant, these myriads of blocks, many of which measure ten cubic metres and weigh 23,000 pounds; how they dressed them, transported them, and placed them in position. These stones, skillfully dressed, are laid one upon the other without masonry. Where the rampart of the city strikes the terrace, the border wall assumes still more colossal proportions, as we shall see further on. On two sides of the platform there is a stairway leading to the town. One of these stairways, almost as large as the platform itself, is 170 metres in length by 14 in height. The other is a vast double stairway.

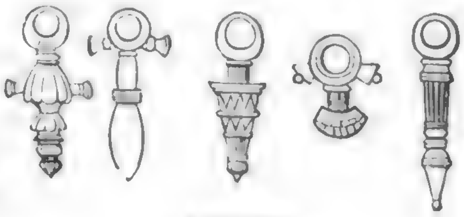
With the exception of two isolated buildings, the temple and the observatory, the whole terrace is occupied by Sargon's palace and by the courts and gardens belonging to it. The palace covers three sides of a vast rectangle, and is divided into three parts: the royal domicile, properly so called, which, according to the custom of the East, M. Place calls the seraglio; the storehouses; and the residence of the women, or harem. These latter parts are concentrated in one wing; the seraglio occupies the other two sides of the rectangle. The whole area built upon exceeds four hectares.



CRAB, OSTRICH, FISH AND FABULOUS MONSTER.

The seraglio is again divided into two parts. In the first we find spacious halls and a number of large courts, extending along the exterior as well as the interior of the structure; in the second the halls and courts are smaller. There, pomp and wealth prevailed; here, simplicity and elegance. This first part, the main entrance of which opens on the grand stairway leading toward the city, was evidently devoted to exhibitions; it was the official department. The other was destined for the private use of the sovereign and his ordinary retinue. The official department is reached by an archway 40 metres long by 16 high, each of the three doorways of which is guarded by winged lions. Many of the halls in this department are 40 metres long. Eight of them present a wonderful architectural grouping; all their doors being on the same line, and in this way presenting a perspective of 110 metres. The department devoted to private life is a labyrinth of courts and gardens, and some forty-nine chambers, more or less rich and decorated, according to the rank of the persons occupying them. Some were ornamented with fresco paintings, while others presented only plain black moldings on a white ground.

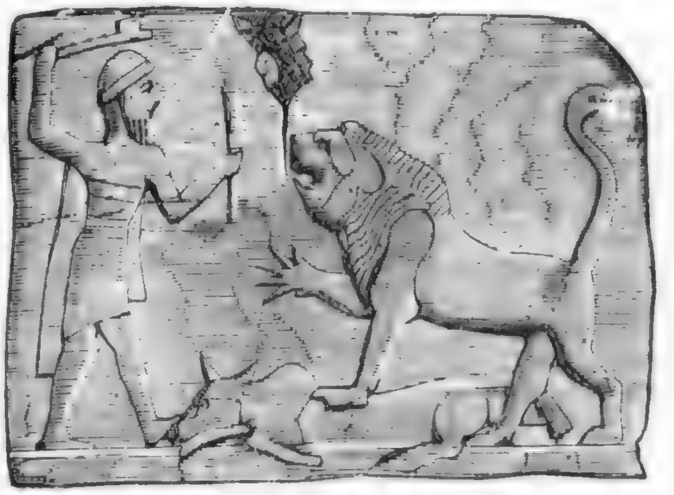
The storehouses, situated near the double stairway, were, as their name indicates, devoted to the storage of provisions and household utensils, to stables, chariot-houses, etc. Like the seraglio, they opened out on a number of courts, within as well as without. It was hereabout that M. Place discovered a store of potteries of all shapes and sizes, and a store of iron objects, such as chains, nails, pikes, picks, spades, etc., arranged in perfect order. All these things differed very little from ours in shape, but the weight of some of them is astonishing. Some picks and spades weighed from 24 to 32 pounds. The iron was so skillfully wrought and so well preserved that on striking upon it it resounded like a bell. Many of these implements, twenty-five centuries old, were immediately utilized by the Arabian workmen employed on the excavations.



EARRINGS.

Another room contained mosaics intended for decorating the walls of the palace. The brass implements, which also occupied a special place, were eaten with verdigris, and were, as a general thing, worthless. Near each one of these stores there was a room for the keeper. Not far from here were workshops containing unfinished sculptures in basalt. The stables, the places where the camels were sheltered, the stores for tools, the places where the chariots were kept, together with the adjacent courts, occupied considerable space.

Passing through two halls in which earthen vases half filled with charcoal were arranged in three rows, M. Place at first imagined himself in the place of sepulture, and among their funeral urns; but a more careful study of the habits of the place convinced him that these halls had been occupied by the living, and that here men labored for the prolongation of life. It is customary in the East to use the heated sides of clay urns for baking bread. M. Place was in His Majesty's bakery. Near by are the wine-cellars, with which our readers are already acquainted, and several other places, among which were those used as quarters for the servants.



A LION HUNT—FROM A CLAY TABLET.

THE SAILOR AND HIS OLD FRIEND THE LION.

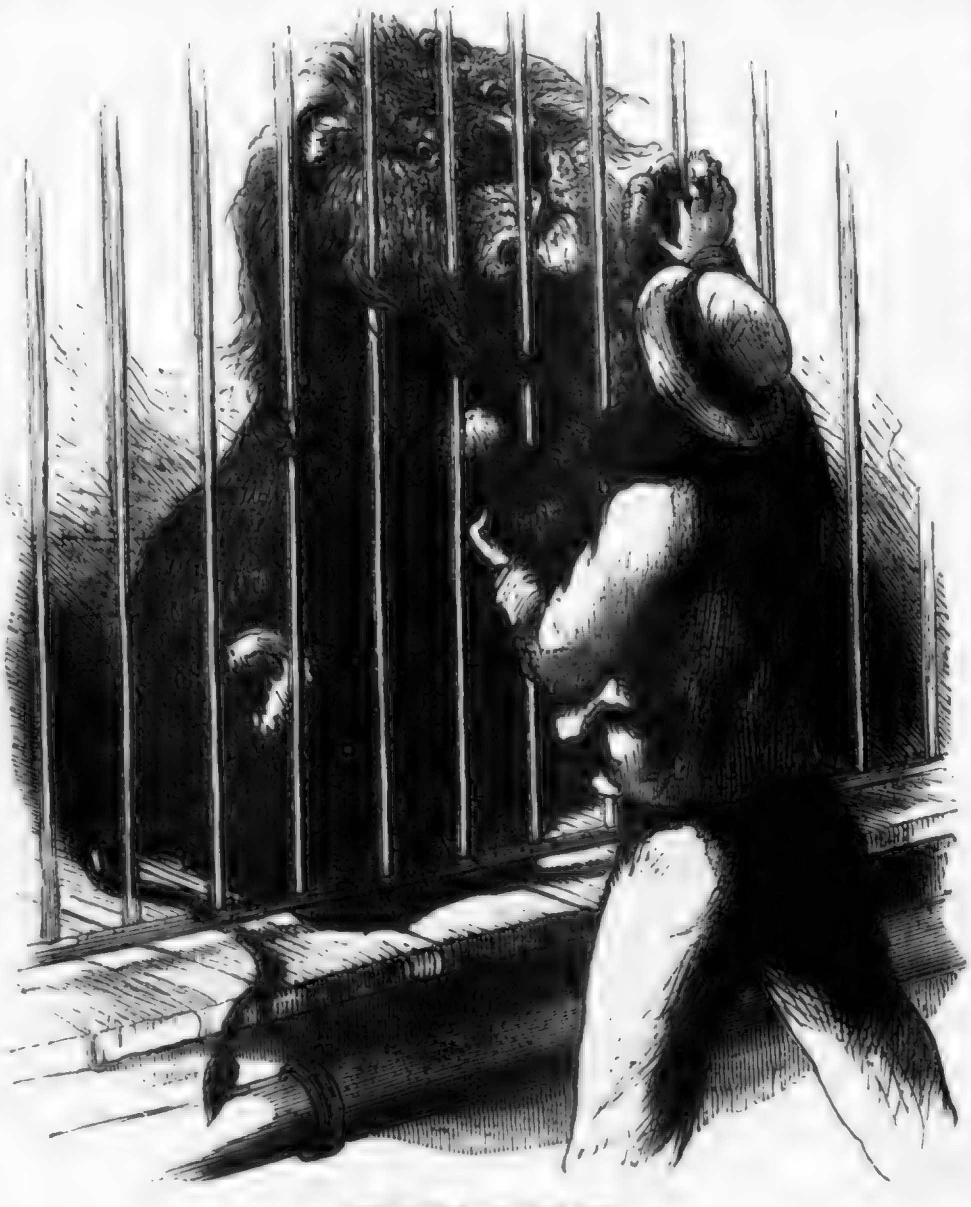
WHEN the lion has been brought under the dominion of man, he becomes strongly attached to those who treat him with kindness. An instance of this is related of one that was kept in the menagerie of the Tower of London. He had been brought from India, and on his passage was given in charge to one of the sailors. Long before the ship arrived in the Thames, the lion and Jack had become most excellent friends. When Nero, as the lion was called, was shut up in his cage in the Tower, he became sulky and savage to such an extent that it was dangerous, even for the keeper, to approach him.

After Nero had been a prisoner for some weeks, a party of sailors, Jack being among the number, paid a visit to the menagerie. The keeper warned them not to go near the lion, who, every now and then, turned round to growl defiance at the spectators.

"What! old shipmate!" cried Jack, "don't you know me? What cheer, old Nero, my lad?"

The lion instantly left off feeding and growling, sprang up on the bars of the cage, and put out his nose between them. Jack patted it on the head, and it rubbed his hand with its whiskers, like a cat, showing evident signs of pleasure.

"Ah," said Jack, turning to the keeper and spectators, who stood petrified with astonishment, "Nero and I were once shipmates, and you see he isn't like some folks—*he* don't forget an old friend."



THE SAILOR AND THE LION.

AS FROM THE DEAD.

By Mrs. Denison.

IF you have ever seen anybody raised from the dead, sir, you can tell what my sensations were. You haven't?—well, I guess not; but it was the same thing to me. You see, Bessie and I were married in the sere and yellow leaf, as the saying is—not so very old, we weren't. She was only thirty, and I somewhere about five years her senior. There was more than one romantic incident connected with our love affairs. I'll tell you the story.

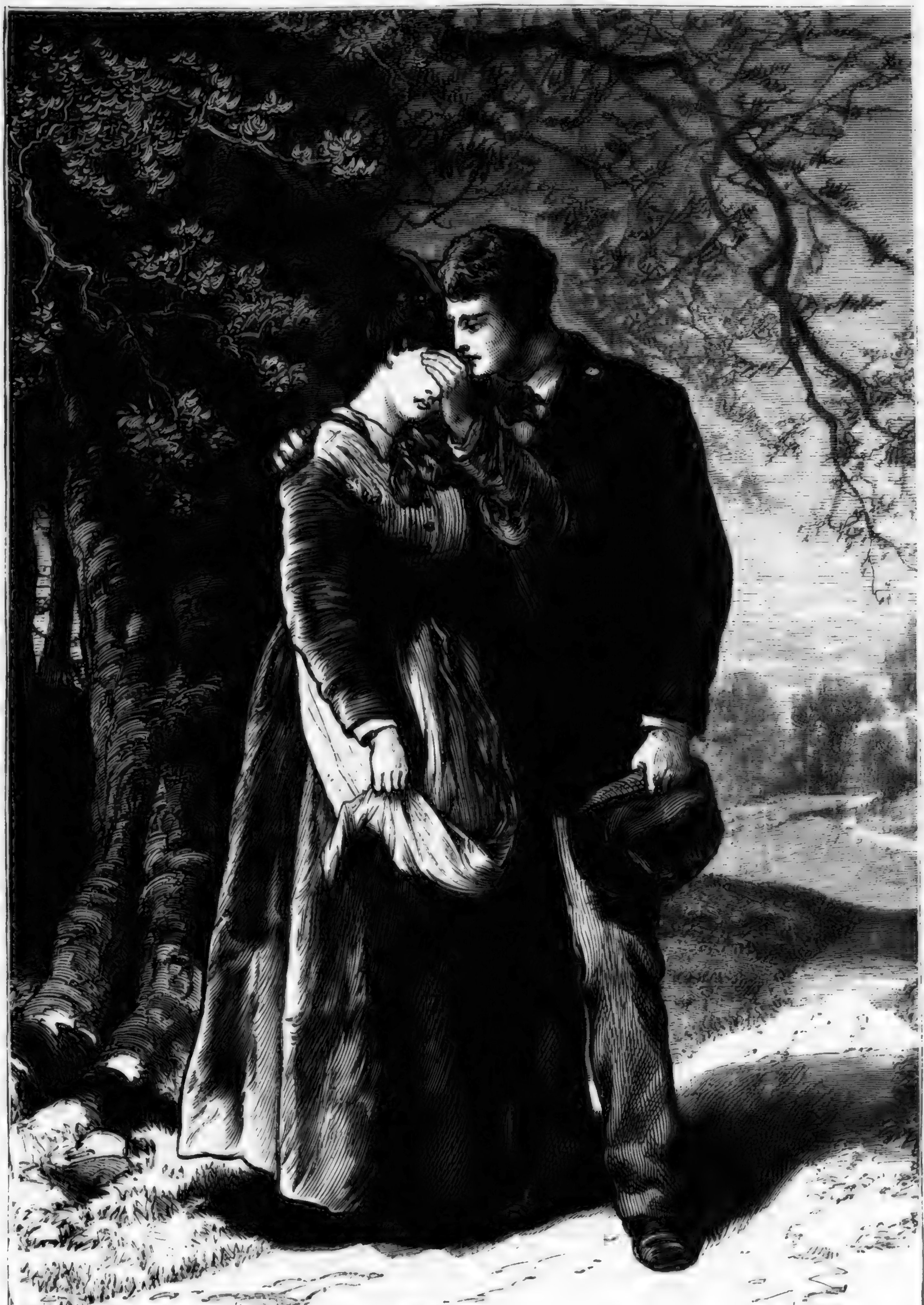
I was never a brilliant boy, and it was my mother's notion that I should learn a good trade, though she was not poorly off herself, so I chose the business of a plumber. The first time I ever saw Bessie she was a slip of a maid, not more than seventeen—that was over thirty years ago. I was sent from the city to a pleasant country town, called Fairview, to do a job of plumbing; and the old gentleman, Squire Harding, kept me on the premises for more than six weeks—finding that I knew my business, he made some improvements that he had intended to put off.

I shall never forget the first time I saw Bessie. I had come by stage a matter of twelve miles or so—there were no railroads in that direction then—and was tired and hot, and a little vexed at being sent so far from home into the country; but when I saw her sitting on the porch, all framed in by vines and roses, rocking, and singing, in her cool, white dress, and when her sweet blue eyes looked up, startled-like, into mine, I felt as if I had got into a new atmosphere. It was like the sight of green fields to the traveler in a desert—like the sound of tinkling ice to the thirsty invalid. I was very anxious to get a second glimpse of that face, but I was kept busy in another part of the house till dinner-time.

My heart was in my mouth when I stood at the old pump, washing off the dust, and trying to tidy myself the best I could in working-clothes, at the thought of sitting down to table with her.

Well, sir, before I went to bed that night I was head-over-ears in love—I, who had always scoffed at the idea of taking a sudden fancy of that kind to any girl.

The squire was building a new house, you see, and, finding that certain matters in my line of business could be done while the work was in progress to better advantage than if he waited until the house was finished, he decided all at once that I must stay by and complete the job.



AS FROM THE DEAD.—"'LET ME GO,' SHE SOBBED—'LET ME GO!' YOU CAME TOO LATE! YOU MUST LEAVE ME—FORGET ME—I AM ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO A GOOD AND HONORABLE MAN.'"

I was nothing loath, you may believe ; and when, in the course of a week the squire went to town, he took a note from me to the head of the firm, specifying the materials that would be needed for the completion of the work.

"If you want any extra toggery, young man," he said, standing up in his "rockaway," just before he started, "I can bring it back with me."

I fancied there was a peculiar intelligence in his smile.

I was glad of my best clothes for Sundays—for mother had sent me up a line not to forget church—and with the little fixings with which young men like to smarten themselves up of an evening.

And ah ! the happy days that followed ! How I worked through the long, hot Summer hours, thinking only of the coming evening, when I could sit in the same room with Bessie, and look in her beautiful face.

I was something of a musician then, and possibly a bit of a poet. Bessie played well upon a tiny melodeon, which her father had bought for her ; and what with my flute, her sweet voice and society, you may fancy that I imagined myself in Paradise.

There came a time, however, when my Paradise was exchanged for an Inferno ; and I, from the heights of a bliss I had never supposed possible, even in visions, was thrown into an abyss from which there seemed no possibility of escape, except by death. And how often have I prayed for death with a hearty good will ! Thank God—my prayer was not answered !

One evening—it was during the last week of my stay, and I had made up my mind to speak for myself—a young man, a cousin of Bessie's, came in from further up country. He was an awkward, clownish, good-looking young fellow, and when he met Bessie with a kiss I wanted to knock him down.

A moment before we had been playing some of our sweet, old-fashioned airs, and Bessie had sung for me a tender little love-song, which I had written myself and adapted to some popular air. During the singing I had gradually screwed my courage up to the speaking point, for Bessie's eyes had met mine once, and the crimson deepened in her innocent face, and, unconsciously to herself, her manner told, more eloquently than lips can speak, that I was not indifferent to her.

When this verdant, hulking fellow came in, of course it put an end to sentiment, for presently the little parlor was full, and questions had to be asked, and news from up-country told about the drought, and the corn and potatoes ; and how Aunt Hannah had the newraligy, and Uncle Brooks Parker had the rheumatix in his back, and the new town-house was goin' up, and what people were going to marry or going to die.

I sat there listening to the small talk with what grace I could, finding my consolation in stealing a glance at Bessie's lovely face, always so eloquent.

Suddenly up spoke Jake—for that was his unfortunate name—with a queer side-glance at Bessie.

"I see the *Roanoke* was mentioned in the newspapers," he said. "Got into port a month ago, didn't she ? Captain'll be home in a week or two, eh, Bess ?"

The girl's cheeks were aflame on the instant ; it seemed to me a cloud or a shadow suddenly enveloped her. She darted a frightened kind of glance at me, then at her mother, then went to putting away her music in such a queer, nervous fashion, that I just sat and watched her with a dreadful, unspeakable dread at my heart.

"I guess he'll be here nigh on to the time he expected," said Bessie's mother, going on with her knitting complacently. "He said it would be some time in July, didn't he, daughter ?"

"I—believe so," stammered Bessie, and I could see her hand shake as she put down the little red cloth cover and straightened the edges.

"You b'lieve so ! Come now, that's good," her cousin said, with a coarse laugh, for which I wanted to shake him. "You girls do beat all in trying to blind folks in these matters. You're all alike—never like to own up to things fair and square, as we men do. Jest as if we didn't all know what'll happen when the cap'n comes home from this voyage, or the next one, maybe. I say, Bess, if you don't have a stunnin' weddin' I won't own ye for a cousin, cap'n or no cap'n. The Hardings are all great on frolics, so, mind you, we bespeak a good time and a jolly supper."

While he spoke, Bessie's eyes had been fixed on the floor. Suddenly she raised them, and looked full into mine, and saw what I meant she should. Her lips quivered, and she turned pale as death ; then she rose from her seat, and went past him, smiled faintly as she looked back, saying :

"Ask mother, cousin Jake—mother will tell you all about it," and glided from the room.

"S'pose I've drove her off now," continued Jake, crossing his legs nervously. "She was always jest so strange. Some gals can't be joked on them matters, and Bessie's one of the kind, I reckon ;" and he turned to the squire and began talking about the new house.

As for me, I sat in a kind of stupor, vainly endeavoring to realize what had been going on for the last few moments. What terrible truth was that stamped on Bessie's face to which her tongue dared not give the lie ? Had not her marriage with this man been more than hinted at ? I had watched her beautiful countenance too closely to be mistaken, and read there something that, while it sent the blood rushing through my heart, seemed at the same time to seal my death-warrant.

Oh, how I loved this girl ! My whole soul rose in a tumult of agony at the thought that some other man had won that sweet and trusting maiden. If so, what meant those signs of unmistakable preference with which I had been favored ?—coyly proffered, to be sure, and with reserved maidenly grace, but still pronounced enough to give me hope and the courage to address her. My very soul was torn with the conflict that raged within me, though outwardly I was never calmer.

Taking advantage of a lull in the conversation, I turned to the young man, addressing him for the first time :

"Has the captain been long gone ?"

"Well, about six months, ain't it, aunt ? Let me see"—and he contracted his brows—"he went away when father bought the red steer. That was in Janerwary, and now it's Jewly. Yes, jest six months. Said he wouldn't shave till he come back, 'cause Bessie pulled his whiskers, and he didn't want to git the touch off—wasn't that it, aunt ? My crookee ! won't he grow a glorious old pair of whiskers ! You see, he's a sort o' dandy, anyhow, on shore, and gals is always took with that kind—at least, that has been *my* experience ;" and the awkward fellow actually drew a deep sigh from the profoundest depths of his plaid waistcoat.

It flashed upon me then that possibly he had regarded his cousin with something more than the warm liking of relationship, and with the sympathies engendered by a fellow-feeling, I began to feel a shade more of interest for the ungainly countryman.

That night I was unable to sleep. What to do in this case was the question that perplexed me. I could not tax Bessie with deception, for I had not spoken, and the sweet girl could not help being attractive any more than the rose can who queens it in the garden.

Was there after all anything really serious in all that her cousin had said ? But, no, it could not be mere badinage ;

every word somehow carried truth with it, and so did her manner, though she had not conducted herself like an engaged girl while I had been privileged to enjoy her society.

Not that there was anything in her conduct to which the most fastidious could have taken exception, but gradually she had seemed to draw nearer to me, to enter into my plans, to brighten at my coming, to show all those nameless little signs of pleasure which even those uninitiated in the language of love cannot help but read and understand.

The wretched night passed, and the morning still found me miserable. We met at the breakfast-table, where Cousin Jake was lavish of his robust and rather coarse description of incidents that crowded upon his memory—of things that happened when he was "a shaver."

Bessie looked pale; in her eyes I thought I saw an expression of utter weariness that told she too had kept wakeful vigils through the night. She seemed to avoid my glance, and seldom spoke to me, thus making me doubly unhappy.

Still I hoped, trusting that a little explanation would set matters right. After breakfast, Jake announced his intention of going over to visit another cousin, and from there, of taking his departure at noon.

"Bessie, walk over to Ike's with me, will you?" he asked.

The girl was slowly gathering up the breakfast-dishes. Her troubled eyes sought her mother's face.

"I wish you would, Bessie," said the old lady, "and git Ann's receipt for tomato-catsup. She said she had it all writ down, and it's real good. Couldn't you copy it?"

"I shall want to stay if I go, mother," Bessie said, in a low voice.

"Well, stay till sundown if you like; there's nothing sufferin', I guess. I can put off baking till to-morrow, and I guess I will, if you'll take a kittle and bring home some of Ann's risings. She beats all in her bread; there, go along;" and the old lady smiled as she turned away, till her eye caught my face, and then all of a sudden a strange, bewildered look came in place of the smile.

At that moment, for the first time, I am sure that she divined my secret, and coupled with it, perhaps, the change that, since the night before, had come over Bessie.

What a day that was! I worked with aching heart and listless fingers. A cloud dense and dark had gathered over the fair horizon of my hopes. At the dinner-table I could not speak, and I loathed the generous viands that at other times gave me so much pleasure.

At last the day was over. Bessie had not yet returned. The thought struck me that I would go for her—that I should probably meet her, as it was likely she had started from her cousin's alone.

Accordingly, slighting the summons of the supper-bell, I set off at a brisk pace. Bessie was just entering the path that led through the greenest and sweetest of solitudes, when I saw her. She started like a timid hare at sight of me, and changed color.

"I thought the walk would be lonesome," I said.

"You are very kind," was her reply.

"Bessie," I said, after a few indifferent remarks had passed on both sides, "I meant to say something to you last night—about—about myself; can you guess what sort of a confession your cousin's entrance prevented?"

She put both hands up, her face grew ashy, she shook her head; then faltered, with pale lips:

"Please don't—don't tell me—now."

Then, trembling violently, she paused a moment, as if to gather strength.

"But, Bessie, only let me tell you I love you. God knows I never can say how well!" I persisted, breathlessly.

"No—oh, no, no!" came in faint, gasping accents. "Oh, why did you ever come?—why did I ever meet you? What am I saying?"

She shrank from my gaze; and leaning against a giant oak, through whose branches the sinking sun sent quivering arrows of golden light, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Then I caught her in my arms—I could not help it. I held her against my heart, and for one blessed moment she rested there, as if she had found a haven in her trouble; but soon she resisted the pressure of my arm.

"Let me go!" she sobbed—"let me go! You came too late! You must leave me—forget me! I am engaged to be married to a good and honorable man!"

"But, Bessie," I pleaded, "you do not love him."

"Don't say that!" she cried, with a shudder. "I did—I thought I did, till—but you must never talk about it after to-day," she added, with forced calmness, wiping her eyes. "I am engaged to Captain Needles. I shall marry him; he loves me; he is resting upon my faith—my honor. I have pledged my word; no earthly power can change my purpose. Oh, if I had not been cowardly! If—but you will help me to be true and honest! Oh, you will help me!"

What could I do, with those beseeching eyes fixed on mine? And yet I must plead my cause. I was beside myself to feel how great a joy was about to slip from me for ever; but she remained quite firm. Her word was pledged—her honor at stake; there was no more to be said.

How I passed the remaining week I cannot tell. There was no more music; Bessie avoided me; her mother was constrained in manner; only her father seemed indifferent. I think now that he would have preferred me to the captain, but he said nothing to influence his child.

My secret triumph was that Bessie loved me best, but it gave me no real happiness, since she refused me. Bessie grew paler and paler, and more quiet, and I was glad when the day came which saw the crowning touch of my labor, and set me free.

I returned to my home in a state of dejection which I will not attempt to describe. Life seemed to have left no blessing in store for me. I went and came from my daily toil like an automaton. My mother wearied me with her care and condoling, till she forced my secret from me; no other person knew why I cared no longer for the things that had before made life so pleasant. My flute I utterly loathed, and put it away out of sight.

Six months from that time I received a double shock. I read of Bessie's marriage with Captain Needles in the paper, and returned to my home to find my mother dead in her chair.

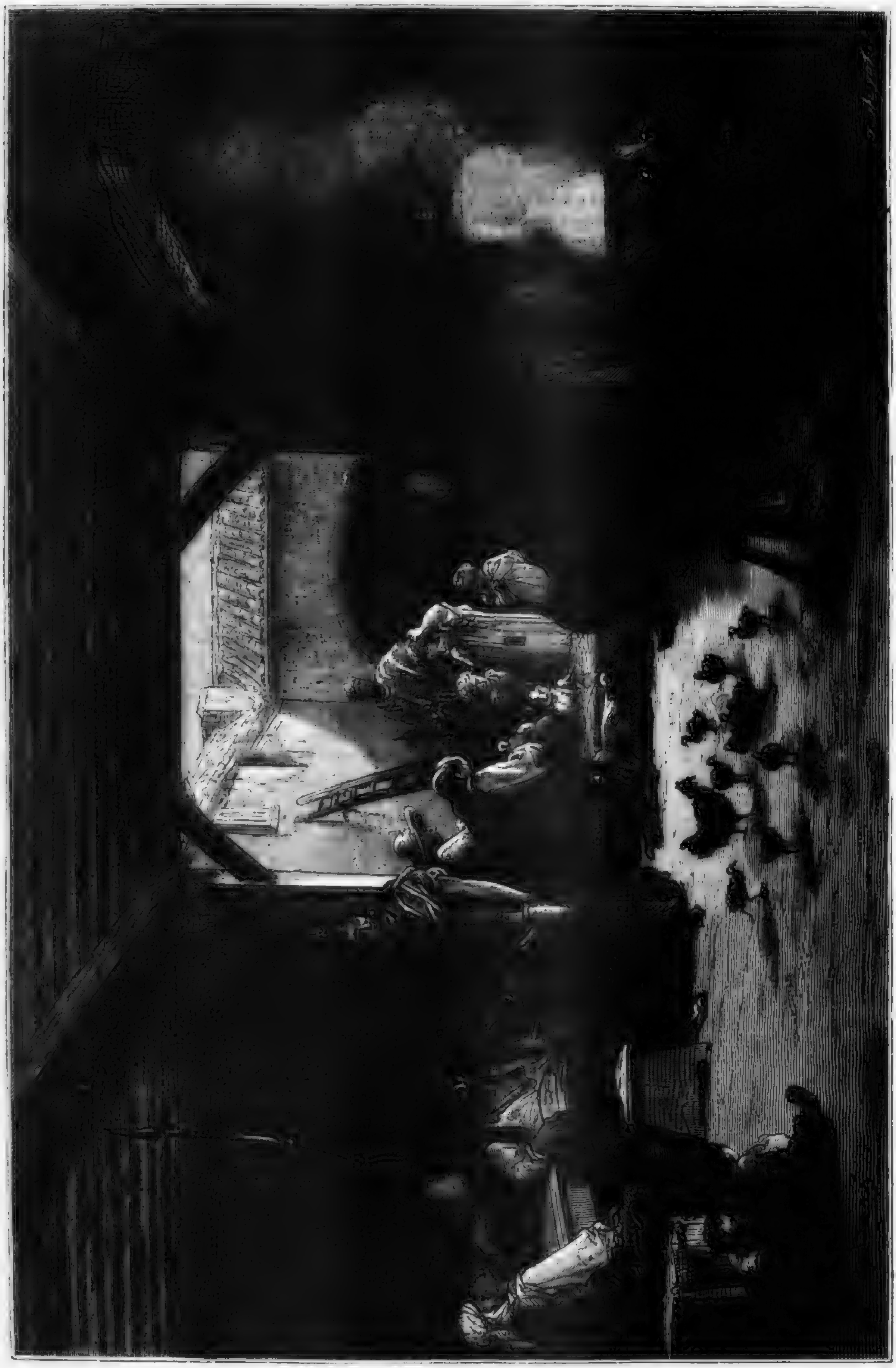
Let me pass over that period of suffering, the anguish of which I sometimes undergo in dreams to this day. My mind was made up at once, after the funeral of my mother and the settlement of her affairs.

With the money she left me, I resolved to emigrate to California, and go into business with an uncle who had long been soliciting me to do so. Absence from the old familiar haunts might, perhaps, soften the pangs of regret, and enable me to forget the sweet image that so perpetually haunted my memory.

Ten years from that day I came back to my native city, a prosperous, wealthy man, but still unmarried.

The second morning after my arrival, while looking over the morning paper, my eye fell upon the following item:

> "Died, at sea, three days from port, of yellow fever, Captain Ezra Needles, of the ship *Roanoke*. The vessel is at present in quarantine, in charge of the late captain's brother, first mate of the *Roanoke*, and a man of experience and ability."

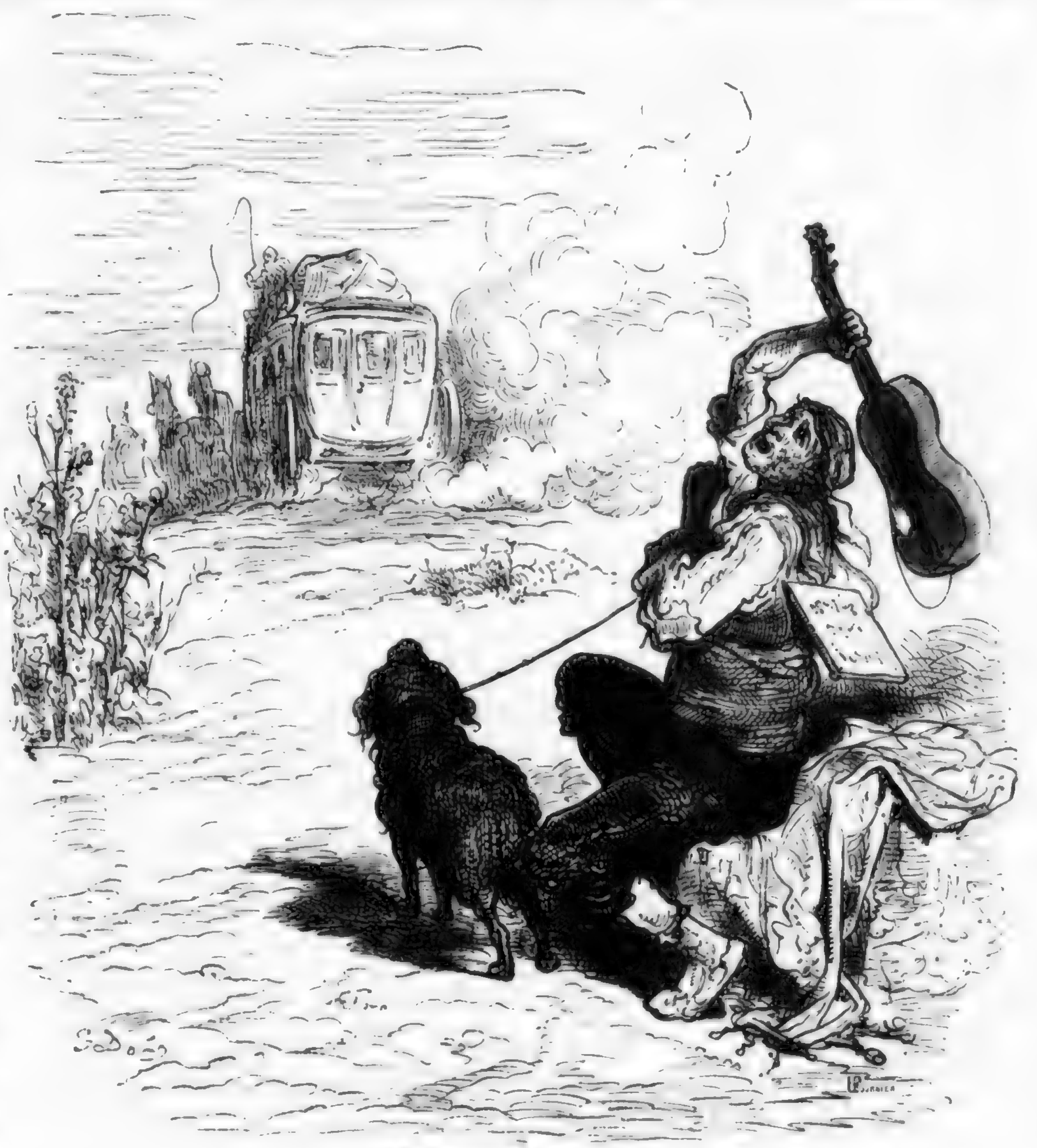


GLIMPSES OF OLD SPAIN.—THE INTERIOR OF A VENTA OR ROADSIDE INN.—SEE PAGE 699.

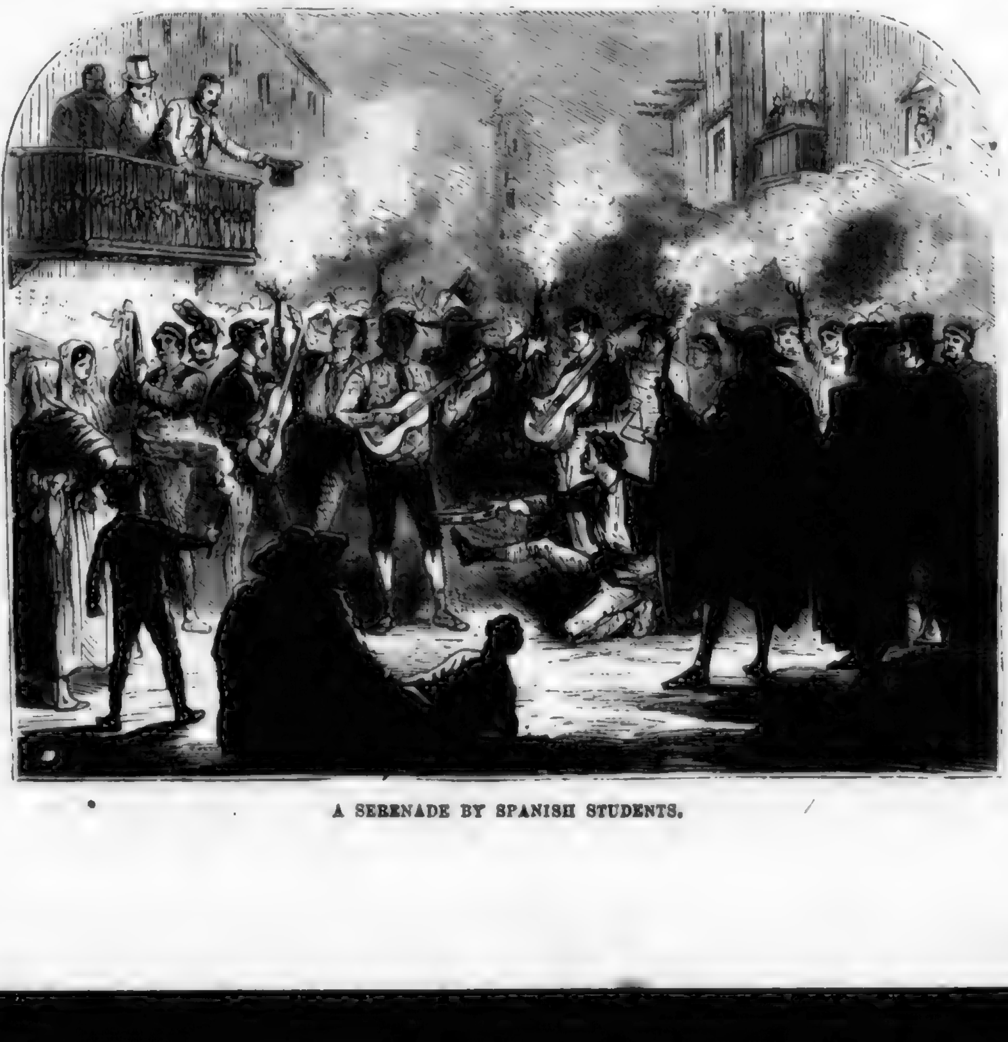
For a moment my heart throbbed as if it would burst. I had never heard a word from Bessie, though not for one moment had I forgotten her. Now she was free, was there any ground of hope for me? Had she deceived herself when she thought that my image had superseded that of the man she felt bound in honor to marry?

I could think of nothing else, and longed to hear from Bessie, so that at times it seemed as if the longing would consume me.

To go there at present, if indeed she still remained at the old place, would not look seemly, and yet my heart was continually prompting me to go. Besides, she had now been his wife ten years. Sailors are proverbially noble, kind and generous. Maybe he had so won her affections that I had faded entirely from her memory.



A DISAPPOINTED MENDICANT.



A SERENADE BY SPANISH STUDENTS.

I mentioned the matter, as if by the merest accident, to one of my friends.

"That was a sad thing," he said. "I knew Needles well. A nobler fellow never breathed."

"Did he—leave any family?" I asked, my heart in my throat.

"Only a wife—no children; a very pearl of a woman. I have met her several times; they boarded in the city, and frequently visited at the house of my brother-in-law, John Dane. It will be a heavy blow to her, poor soul! for she was the very apple of his eye, and her comfort was everything to him. She was one of the prettiest creatures I ever saw, and he, poor fellow, fairly worshiped her. I wonder if he had laid up anything? Not like a sailor if he had. I'm afraid the widow is left poor. Her father lost all his property just after his daughter's marriage, owing to unlucky investments, and I think the captain took care of both parents till the old man died."

"What! Is the old squire dead?" I asked, much shocked.

"Yes," replied my friend, apparently wondering at my agitation of manner. "Did you know him?"

"I did a job of work for him years ago, when Bessie—when Mrs. Needles was a girl," was my reply; and I am sure the man guessed the truth from my manner. "The squire looked then quite able to cope with the troubles of life. I don't think he could have been much over forty."

"Fifty-five when he died. Business losses killed him. It will go hard with the widow, unless the captain insured his life."

While I was pondering over this news, delaying day after day to make more careful inquiry, or even to run into the country to learn for myself, I was fated to see in the paper another item that paralyzed all my energies, and, for the time, made me a wretched and despairing man.

"Died, on the 16th, at the residence of John Dane, Esq., of this city, Bessie Needles, in the thirtieth year of her age. Friends and relations are requested to attend the funeral, which will take place at the above-named residence to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock."

So here was the end of the whole matter. Bessie, my Bessie, loved as faithfully now as when in her radiant maidenhood she had innocently stolen my heart, was dead, and would soon be food for worms.

I shut myself up in my room that day, and all that night I sat by the window, refusing to realize the depth of my despair. It seemed to me that every hope that sprang new-formed in my bosom was doomed to be blighted. Almost unconsciously I had begun to picture Bessie as my own. I went over and over again, with a thrilling intensity of emotion that no pen can paint, the happy days in which I had lived only in her presence. She seemed even now beside me; her breath was on my cheek, her soft, shining tresses were near my lips, her lovely eyes answered my smiles.

I had been living for days in a state of dreamy rapture. By night my visions were of her. I went smilingly among men, and astonished them by my suddenly acquired cheerfulness. Why should I be in a hurry to seek her out? Providence was clearly on my side, and would bring us together.

I felt certain she had never quite forgotten me, even if her life had been a happy one, even if the married love had usurped the master-passion. I could kindle the old, sweet tenderness—oh, yes, I felt sure of my power. And if she had been left to battle with poverty, I had wealth to give her now, even if in exchange she could bestow upon me only the ashes of that affection she had once felt for me. I would surround her with luxuries. Her passion for art would be gratified to its fullest extent. I would live for her alone, and exult in the possession of a treasure so rare in every excellence, so beautiful in mind and body.

But now, how the terrible reality mocked my fancy! Bessie Needles was dead, and I going to attend her funeral!

Like one in a dream, I walked at the appointed time to the residence of John Dane, Esq., a man of some note in political circles, and who had been talked of for Governor. The house fronted on a park, in which the singing birds, ornamental trees and shrubbery, and plats of brilliant flowers—for it was July—made a contrast so pitiful to my anguished emotion, that I could have wept outright at sight of them.

I was on time, for the handsome parlors, darkened for the occasion, were nearly full as I entered. The sight of the coffin on trestles, covered with sombre black, struck a chill to my very marrow, and I shivered from head to foot. A nameless horror took possession of me; I tried to go up to the coffin, upon which weeping friends were placing white lilies and wreaths of odorous flowers, but my trembling limbs refused to bear me. I sank into a seat beside a lady who had just come with bowed head from the coffin. It seemed to me, a moment after, that I was undergoing an intent scrutiny—I felt that this woman's eyes were upon me. The rustling of her garments, the movements of her vail, were painfully distinct to me; but what was the strange tide that seemed pouring into my veins, thrilling me with the old, sweet enchantment of those brief, happy days passed in the society of one who now lay—— ?

I turned, through some overpowering impulse. Gracious heaven! beside me, looking into my face, still beautiful, though pale and sorrow-stricken, sat Bessie—my Bessie!

I gasped with mingled horror and delight. For a moment we gazed at each other, then the dear old well-remembered smile, sad, but yet the same, stole into those beautiful eyes. I grew cold from head to foot, looking from her to the coffin with dilated eyeballs. She divined the cause of my strange agitation.

"Is it possible you thought—yes, it must have seemed so—others were misled. It is Bessie, my husband's only sister. Her name and age are the same as my own."

An overpowering delight took possession of my senses as she spoke. It was so intense that, for a moment, I believe I was in danger of losing my consciousness, and I must have turned pale, for Bessie offered me her *vinaigrette*, and that recalled me to my senses. I had much ado to behave with ordinary propriety, so sudden and overpowering was the transition from absolute wretchedness to hope and the possibilities that might follow. I tried not to show my transports, and Bessie decorously drew the heavy mourning vail over her lovely face, though she still talked to me in a low, soft voice.

Bessie Needles, whose shrouded form slept in the casket before us, was an honored friend of the Danes, the teacher of their children, and a woman known far and near by her good works. Hence her funeral brought together a large concourse of people.

Bessie—my Bessie—had come in from the country that morning, leaving her mother in the same pleasant little cottage where I had met my fate ten years before, and which her husband had bought at the auction sale of the old squire's property. She had not been left in comfortable circumstances, but was dependent upon her needle and the few scholars she taught in music. Her mother was very infirm—her own health delicate. All this I learned afterward.

Life has no more such moments in store for me. In that brief time I tasted the sweets of perfect happiness which only a realization of the bliss of heaven can transcend—pure, exquisite raptures. I suppose I need dwell no longer upon this theme—you see how it all ended.

My wife's mother has been dead this many a year, and we make this little cottage a Summer resort, and call it Paradise Hall.

You may laugh, if you will, and call us two fond old fools, but I tell you there are not two happier people this side eternity than my wife Bessie and I.

NOTHING SO TYRANNIZES over one as the habit of jesting and contempt, real or assumed. Success in the use of sarcasm and ridicule rarely fails to make its practice more frequent and its application more wide than is either justifiable in itself or agreeable to listeners.

GLIMPSES OF OLD SPAIN.

"AFRICA begins with the Pyrenees," saith a cynical writer; and it will be well for all travelers in Spain to refrain from quoting this now celebrated *mot.* It is "owre true" that the land of the olive and vine is, in some districts, two hundred years behind the age we live in, and that French manners, habits, customs and costumes are rapidly replacing those of old Spain. Madrid is now but thirty-six hours from Paris, and with this short connecting link of iron, is it to be wondered at that Donna Inez is desirous of being attired by Monsieur Worth, and that Don Ramon de Castajon de Manresa de Gerona should covet a silk chimney-pot instead of the slouching *sombrero* of his fathers?

Ay de mi Alhama! the traveler who would see Spain in all the glory of its picturesqueness, in all the freshness of tint and tone, in all the *bizarre* contrasts that make so marvelous a whole, had better "hurry up"; for each succeeding year wipes out more and more that quaint, barbarous and delightful idyl, Spain, leaving but a feeble imitation of the Parisian boulevards in exchange—tawdry new lamps for the richly chased and quaintly-mounted old ones.

It is not the purpose of this article to argue how long a time it requires in order to see a country. Some people will discover and enjoy a world of wonders in weeks, whilst others may spend a lifetime without finding them. There are travelers, and travelers. In Spain, the active traveler, if a student of history, an artist or an antiquarian, will see much; the idler will see little—and yet, he will scarcely fail to rub in bits of color upon his memory that may never wear away. Spain abounds in monuments associated with its past history, which require seeking out and investigating. To the enterprising explorer there is a mine of wealth in these national antiquities; to the heedless mind they are but so many unromantic ruins.

A street fountain is ever a centre point of interest and attraction. It is to the women in Spain what the barber's shop is to the men; and the gay colors of their dresses, their superb forms and indolent pose, never appear to better advantage than against the gray carvings of some font that has been flowing since the days of the Cid.

Our illustration represents a street fountain in Saragossa. A *caballero* is giving his horse a drink, an operation in which a scarlet-sandaled dame gayly assists, whilst her companion, setting down her *tinaja,* does a quiet bit of flirtation with the handsome cavalier. The barber's shop, with its golden dishes, the invariable sign, and two bright grotesques over the doorway, is close at hand; Figaro standing on the threshold, listening to the reading of *El Diario,* a small paper published every morning. The balconies are gracefully draped with curtains of every hue in the rainbow, from behind the folds of which the dark-eyed señoras and señoritas will anon, fan in hand, appear to bandy languid courtesies, or to cast languishing glances at a passing *caballero.* The omnipresent donkey is here awaiting the loading of his panniers. A dog, too, belonging to the man on horseback, is in attendance. A woman with uplifted arms, is about to elevate the *tinaja* to her head, where, when once properly balanced, it is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. The pose of the little girl is that which one meets with at every turn in Spain, and doubtless to this system of carrying water upon the head do the Spanish women owe much of that stately bearing and willowy movement for which they are so greatly renowned. A group of three persons occupy a doorway. A vendor of fruit is haggling with a señora over a basket of oranges. His bronzed legs are bare, his garments are white. This dress is much affected by the peasantry around Saragossa, where, Bedouin-like, they dwell out in the tawny sand hills. Their burnished limbs and snowy costume afford superb contrasts, while a group which the writer beheld lolling at the entrance to the Leaning Tower, was one of the most picturesque bits he remembers ever to have beheld in sunny Spain.

The interior of a Spanish *venta,* or tavern, is full of color. To begin with, as in Ireland, the cows, mules, asses, pigs and poultry inhabit it in common with the proprietor. It usually consists of one large apartment lighted from an open Moorish court or yard. It is dark, not to say gloomy, and kept dark in order to render it cool during the blaze of the Summer sun—a sun that would seem to dry up everything before it, save the prickly cacti. Long oaken tables stretch at either side of the apartment, rude forms beside them. The floor is of the earth earthy. The ceiling shows the rafters sustaining the sleeping apartments overhead. From the sleeping room there is a balcony, and on the balcony the señora and her daughter perform their toilets, especially as regards their blue black hair, in the light of the open day, and before all comers.

Suspended from the ceiling is a rude earthen vessel containing *agua,* or water. This vessel is *pro bono publico,* and when a guest feels inclined to slake his thirst he pulls the vessel toward him, tilts it upward, and placing his mouth immediately beneath the spout, allows the refreshing beverage to trickle into his mouth.

Vino tinto, or the red wine of the country, is mostly consumed at the *venta.* It is preserved in large pigskins called *botas,* covered with tar—and the flavor of tar is singularly predominant to the person who imbibes the wine for the first time.

If the guest be sybaritish, and fond of luxuries, he calls for *bolao,* a crystallized sugar, much used in Catalonia. This he dips in his wine, and is happier than Alfonso himself.

Upon one side of the grand room in the *venta* is the fireplace. It is composed of a circle of stones, rudely fitted together, and of two layers. Within this circle wood and peat are burned; a huge iron pot being placed upon the glowing embers, the smoke escaping through a funnel-shaped apology for a chimney. This *pot au feu* is vigilantly attended to by the greasy looking, slipshod landlady, for it contains the *olla podrida,* a little of everything, from rabbit to sardine, from garlic to goats' flesh. She moves around the magic circle, not unlike one of the witches in Macbeth, and when she adds a little onion, or pepper, or seasoning, and at the same time stirring the condiment, and issuing orders in a deep soprano, the picture is nearly perfect.

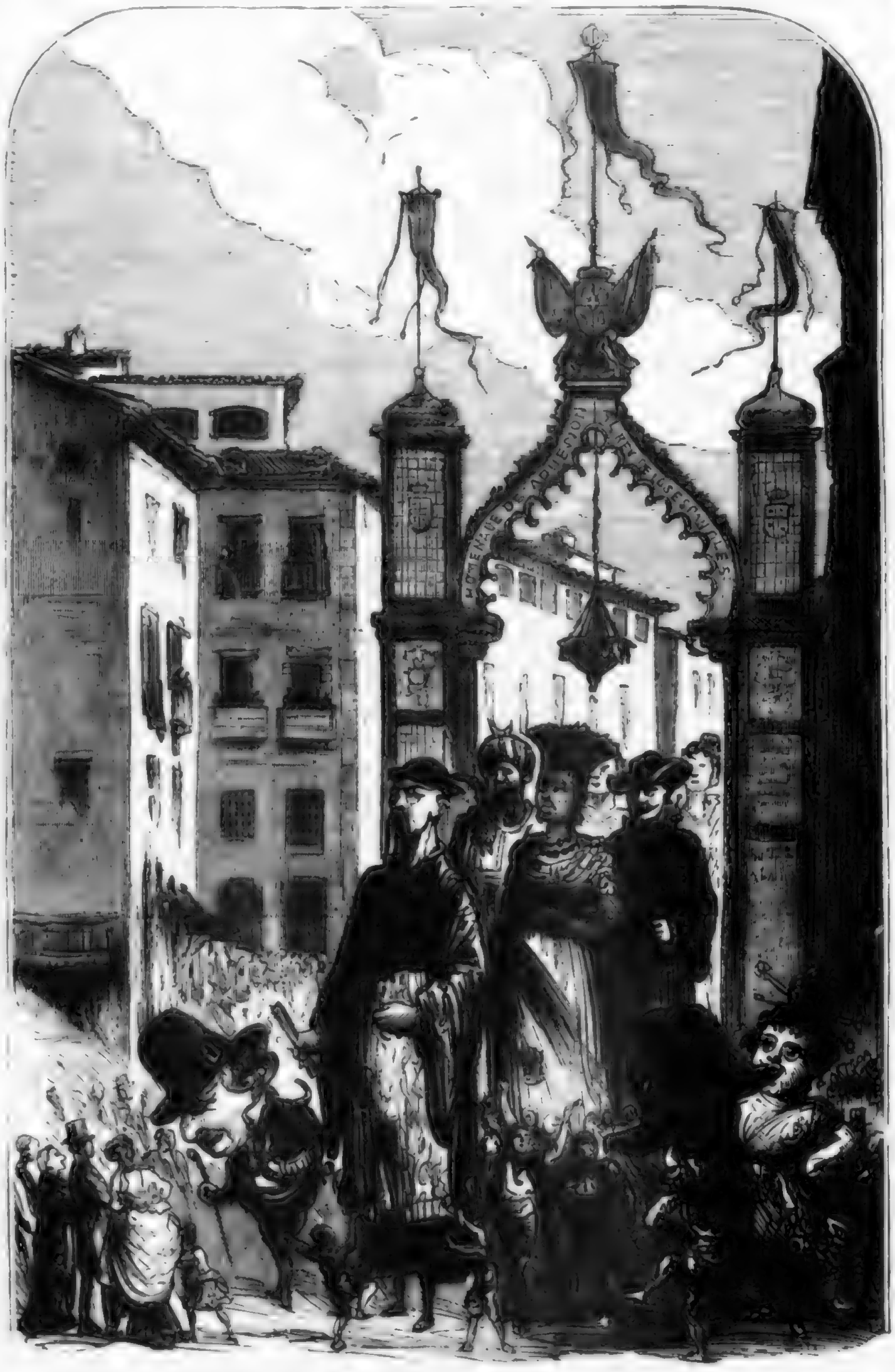
All round the apartment, men in every conceivable attitude await the cooking of the *olla.* Drovers from the hills, shepherds from the valleys, corkwood gleaners, orange gatherers, swineherds, sit, lie, lean, lounge, recline—some in acrobatic postures, some preferring the earthen floor, some the table, some the rude wooden instruments of torture passing muster for stools.

The outer yard or court joins upon the village street. It is full of light—a blazing white, vertical light, that dazes, dazzles, blinds. Here dogs bark, and children frisk, and travelers gossip. On the stone benches placed at the door, the entire population of the village throngs at eventide. If it be moonlight, the castanets will be heard; and even in the dusty road the *seguidilla* will be danced with a grace, an *abandon,* a marvelous charm, which should be seen in order to be appreciated.

The Spaniards do not wait for music; the castanets supply the want, and in default of castanets, the entire company, on-lookers, dancers, old and young, snap their fingers, humming a droning sound, but danceable—ay, as the best waltz played by Grafulla.

XUM

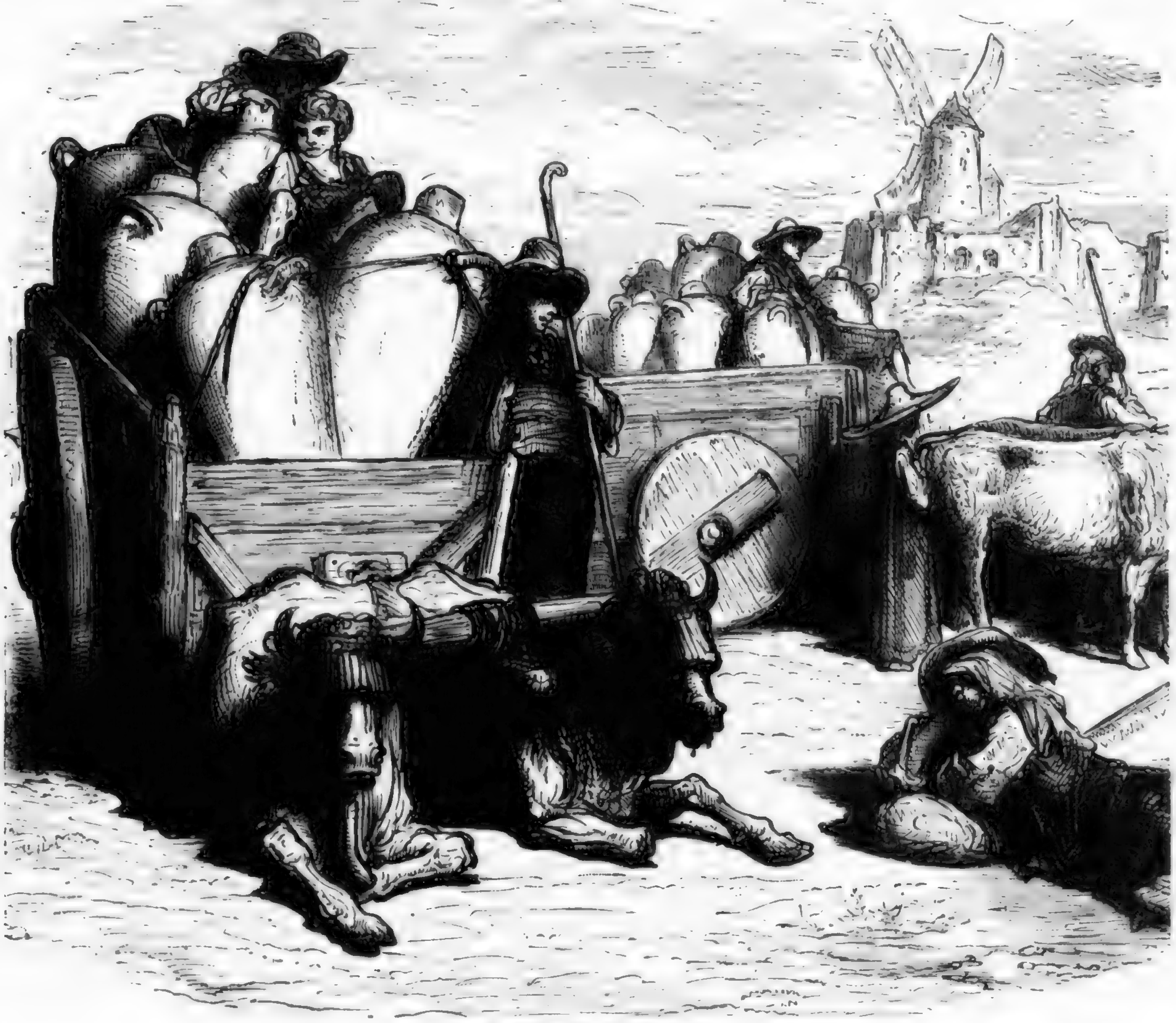
Spain is rich in picturesque mendicants—richer even than Ireland, where the beggar is less fitted to the brush of the artist, though graceful enough in his dirt, squalor and rags. A Spanish beggar whines, rolling out prayers and ejaculations, the majestic word *Dios* coming to the front in a superb way. More loathsome creatures than some of them it is scarcely possible to conceive; while any deformity, any ulcer, any chastisement which it has pleased *Dios* to bestow upon them, is used as a talisman and a trademark, paraded and exhibited until one sickens, as the bleared, palsied and reeking army of martyrs stand as if on parade. It is worthy of remark that a large number of Spanish mendicants are blind. It is alleged that the reflection of the sun from the plains of white sand brings on loss of vision. These unfortunate beings crowd round every church door, at the corner of every street, and literally besiege people who ride in carriages. To miss a carriage along the road is to lose a meal—to starve—since it is to the charity of travelers that the beggars owe their ghastly existence—a charity which stands between them and death from hunger. Our illustration represents the utter despair of a blind man upon arriving too late at the field of action. The carriage is whirling away in the distance, leaving him tearing his hair, brandishing his guitar high in air, and bemoaning "the might have been"; while the dog gazes after the disappearing vehicle, knowing full well, that, like his master, he may have to go to bed supperless, all on account of those dust-raising wheels.


A "FUNCION."

The Spanish students are a class that stand aloof from the "ruck of breathing automata." There is a strong resemblance between them and the knights-errant of the Middle Ages. Poor and proud, poets and musicians, they sing under balconies, stretching forth their hats for a *cuarto* or a *peseta* in exchange for their *jotas* and their *seguidillas.* It is through the students that the ballads of the country are kept from perishing, as they wander from Irun to Gibraltar, now on foot, now getting a lift on passing wagons, now obtaining a seat on a mule, after the fashion of the pillion.

The student who is the spokesman and addresses the public is known as the *moscon.* There is no *ruse* or monkey-trick that he will not practice in order to fill his three-cornered hat with coin. To old women he will pay an appropriate compliment, and if a young one passes him, he instantly drops upon one knee, and, stretching his cloak as a sort of barrier, exacts a tribute. The girl blushes, flings a piece of money into his hat, when the *moscon* allows her to pass, gallantly kissing the imprints of her feet.

This class of student, *estudiantes de la tura,* is now a *rara avis in terris,* rarely to be met with, and the modern tourist may seek for him in vain. This type, so exclusively Spanish, is as scarce as an antediluvian fossil, and the last of this race is destined to join *la manola,* the *fraile,* and other "bits" of picturesque Spain, which have been, alas! relegated to the dominion of the past. The student of to-day is more sedate and less turbulent, although retaining much of the spirit of farce and frolic of his predecessors. In the country

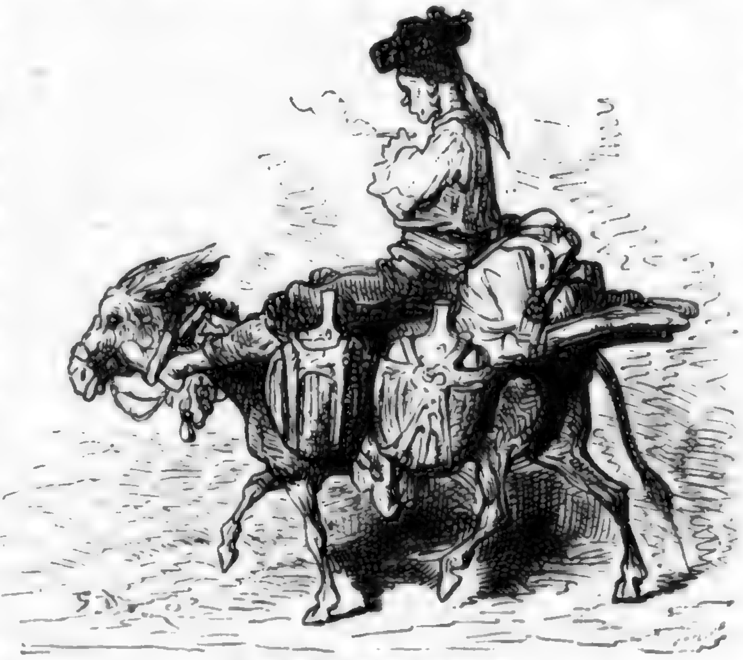


THE HALT OF THE "CARROS."

towns he distinguishes himself at the theatre by applauding or "goosing" the piece or the actors, when he throws invectives and oranges on equally liberal terms. He is an authority and a terror at a bull-fight. He plays the tambourine with a talent and dexterity marvelous to behold, and in a manner that would put the veriest Ethiopian to the blush. He is a proficient on the guitar, also on the flute and violin. His favorite instrument is the guitar, and there is not a community that cannot boast of several magnificent performers on this very charming and melodious instrument.

> "El estudiante sin guitara
> Es una cometa sin cola."
>
> ("A student without a guitar is a comet without a tail.")

Cordova is the city of serenades, and if during the daytime it is sad and silent, at night, the hour for the guitar, it seems to awaken into musical life and love. The serenade, regarded by us as suitable enough for the opera-bouffe, would appear to have retired to Spain, particularly to Andalusia, where the guitar is still seriously practiced. "How does a Northerner"— says a Spanish poet —"an Englishman, a Swede or Dane, evince his affection for the woman he adores?—showing her that for her sake he loses his night's repose? Behold, he twists his mustache, or smooths his hair, sighs a little, and then goes tranquilly to bed—to snore. With us, how different! A *majo*, his guitar in his hand, his mantle on his shoulders, will remain till dawn beneath a balcony, without fear of danger of cold; and his lady love will not believe in his thorough devotion unless he plays



A PEASANT GOING TO TOWN.

his guitar during the entire night." When the *majo* sighs for a cruel fair, he chants couplets like the following:

"Si esta noche no sales
A la ventana,
Cuéntame entre los muertos
Desde mañana."

("If to-night you do not appear at your window, reckon me amongst the dead to-morrow morning.")

Our engraving represents a serenade by Spanish students, the effect by torchlight being marvelously picturesque.

Spaniards love carnival, and although it is not put into practical operation as in Italy and in this country, they lose no chance of "running" a procession, be it feast day or fast day, or saint's day or holiday. The religious *fêtes* at Seville during the Holy Week are the most celebrated and the most curious, comparing with the ceremonies at Rome. They are called *funcions*, and that which takes first rank is the *Paso*—the word signifying, in its strict acceptation, a figure of the Redeemer during His Passion, and as a general term, groups sculptured in wood, of which so many superb specimens are to be seen in the Spanish churches—some of them from the chisels of Becerro, Alonzo Cano, Montañé, and other equally celebrated sculptors. Every church in Seville contains its *Paso;* one of the most curious being known under the name of *Jesus Nazareno de Gran Poder*, which means Jesus of Nazareth of Great Power. It belongs to the church of St. Lorenzo, and is considered the greatest work of Montañé.

But the processions in Spain are not always of a religious character, as will be seen by our illustration. On certain days the *alcalde* announces a *funcion*, and old and young, rich and poor, are on the tiptoe of expectation. Gigantic figures of wicker-work are placed on the stalwart shoulders of some *chulo*, or assistant in the bull-ring, and borne along the streets to the music of a flageolet. Boabdil is a favorite character, and his mahogany-colored mother; the Cid, Don Quixote, and other historical personages figure in the procession, which occasionally halts, when the figures dance a sort of quadrille, to the intense delight of the on-lookers.

The writer happened to be in Barcelona last year during a *funcion* of this description, and followed the procession with the great unwashed, into the courtyard attached to the archiepiscopal palace. In a few moments the archbishop, with pectoral cross and purple soutane, appeared upon the balcony, and, upon a sign from one of his chaplains, the tabor set up its shrill screech-owl note, the drum was tapped, and the great, unwieldy figures, with staring eyes and immovable features, began to dance.

The archbishop appeared to enjoy the thing immensely, laughing until he fairly shook his sides, his chaplains joining in his lordship's mirth. The figures are attired in rich colors, bedecked with a great quantity of tinsel and gold fringe. The ladies are adorned with brummagem jewelry which flashes in the sunlight—"as good as real." This *funcion* possesses the same pleasure for the Spaniards as the 5th of November—Guy Fawkes's day—to Englanders, and, although it never varies, it is always new.

One of the most picturesque objects in Spain is the halt of the *carros*, or market-carts, when the patient, meek-eyed oxen are no longer able to drag the great, primitive vehicles along without a spell of rest. Our illustration represents such a halt—not in the least distasteful to the lazy attendants—the oxen have lain down, and the carts are laden with those enormous earthen jars, or *tinajas*, which the traveler so often encounters in Spain, and nowhere else. The jars are full of oil coming from Mancha, for this province produces olives only.

The use of the *tinaja* is very ancient. Cervantes speaks of those that they manufactured at Toboso, and which made such an impression upon the ingenious hidalgo when he perceived them ranged along the walls in the house of the cavalier Gaban-Vert. The form of the *tinaja* never varies, but, as a set-off against this, it is used for many purposes. It is most employed for the carriage of oil and wine, but it equally receives other liquids, notably vinegar and brandy. Those which contain oil are occasionally buried, as were the amphoræ of Ancient Rome. The *tinaja* is also used for the cultivation of flowers, and for bathing purposes. Theophile Gautier, the French writer, vividly describes a bath taken in one of them.

Before using a *tinaja* for the storage of oil, it is carefully washed many times with water, which renders the earth less porous. It is to the porous nature of the jar that we owe the Spanish proverb—

"El jarro nuevo
Primero beve que su dueno.
("A new jar drinks before its master.")

The *tinajas* are packed in the *carros*, the children seated on top, and ready for transportation so soon as it pleases the oxen to indicate symptoms of being sufficiently refreshed. In the distance are the windmills, just as Don Quixote tilted at them, and the houses, snow-white, against the tawny sand. Nowhere as much as a scrap of vegetation; all is dead yellow and white.

There is not a more happy-go-lucky piece of humanity than your Spanish peasant. Give him his *vino tinto*, his *olla*, his cigarettte, and his dance, and he's as happy as a king. If he can earn in the morning as much as will supply his wants, it never enters his head to work during the day. He knocks off, repairs to the nearest *venta* or wine-shop, and there enjoys himself after his sweet, wild will. If he can earn a *peseta*, well and good; if not, he gaily succumbs to *reales:* and if *reales* are not in the market, he puts up with *cuartos* and—an onion.

To see that man sitting astride his donkey on his road to market, is a rare treat to the observant traveler. The patient animal—laden as to panniers, with wine, olives, or every conceivable description of vegetables, still finds room for its lazy master, who perches himself in the midst of the *impedimenta*, running his feet into a leathern strap fastened round the donkey's neck, close to the poor brute's head. He smokes and sings—such droning! and stops to gossip, or to let his dapple graze, or upon any excuse that may offer; and, his cargo once disposed of, becomes a man upon town. He is good humored, civil, but languid. There is no "go" in him, his vim would seem to have deserted him, leaving nothing but the outward semblance of a man.

Some witty writer has said "Remove a Spanish cloak, and you find emptiness." This applies, in a modified degree, to the Spanish peasant. It is only when dancing that he comes out strong—that he betrays any vitality. He becomes a good soldier under the baton of the drill sergeant, and is brave to rashness. In the Basque Provinces the men are much fresher than down in the south. The climate has much to do with this all-pervading laziness. In the north they are more brisk, more full of *elan;* but their habits as regard work are the same as those of their southern brethren.

Everything is *manana*, to-morrow, with your Spaniard. Anything that can be postponed, is postponed—and everything *is* postponed. He lives to-day on what he earns to-day, let *manana* provide for *manana!*

Another of the sights of sunny Spain is its droves of mules and asses. A great cloud of dust will appear on the horizon, and, as it approaches, the forms of the long-eared animals will develop themselves, laden with charcoal, water, green fagots, fruits and vegetables. They are usually driven by a peasant, whose gay sash and cloak, cast negligently across his left shoulder, gives him that picturesque appearance which delights the soul of the artist. Sometimes a woman drives the drove, singing a low, monotonous sing-song, which is far from being melodious. Spanish women cannot sing, nor can the men either; they would seem to have as much ear for melody as the asses they drive before them. And yet, put them to dance, and never did Mr. Longfellow's "old clock on the stairs" keep better time.

Old age is beautiful! What more delightful than to behold silvery locks, and those seeds sown by the envious hand of Time—the beauty of youth dimmed but still traceable in the sunset; the eye still full of color, although now gazing into that mystic land to which the bark of poor humanity is so rapidly drifting. In Spain an old woman is fearfully old. She is a hag, toothless, wrinkled like the witches of Macbeth, blear-eyed, cunning, hideous. She reveals nothing of the bygone times—nothing to smite the memory in one pleasing chord. She is old—old, and terribly old!

There would seem to be no intermediate stage—no Autumn, no Indian Summer. In one fell swoop, youth, beauty, and bloom disappear, leaving hagdom to grin, and gibber, and mumble, and cast glances that send a shiver of —well, the sensation almost approaches to loathing. She sits at every corner; her wrinkled hands crossed, she sells *cacahuetas*—pistachio nuts—and talks in a shrill, harsh cackle. What chance of living would an old Spanish woman have had when they were burning witches at the stake? Not one!

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, F. S. A.,

Was a friend of mine of many years' standing, says W. H. Harrison; and, although well known as the author of "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland," was probably more distinguished as an antiquarian, and owed much of his celebrity to Sir Walter Scott's mention of him as "The King of the Fairies," in allusion to his diminutive stature. My first visit to him was at Rosamond's Bower, a pleasant little cottage at Fulham, where he had collected a museum of antiquities of all ages and countries. His cabinet of Egyptian scarabei was very numerous and rich, formed of precious stones and some of the precious metals.

After a late sitting of the Literary Fund Committee, we were leaving the house together, when he asked me what I was going to do with myself. I told him that I was very hungry, and, home being a long way off, I must get some dinner. "Well," he said, "we will dine together. Have you got any money?" Whereupon I produced four half-crowns. "That will do admirably," he rejoined; and he took me to Wood's Tavern, the resort of the Noviomagians Club, where we dined and discussed tumblers of whisky punch. And when our symposium was finished he called for the bill, which he slipped into his pocket, and told the waiter he would pay him at the next meeting of the club, and we separated.

On the next morning he called on me, and presented me with a scarabeus, which he himself had taken from the breast of a mummy which was of the time of the early Pharaohs, as a memento of our pleasant meeting. He added that he had a large collection, both genuine and counterfeit; but that this was a true one.

He told me one day that an ancestor of his, in Cromwell's time, lived in a castle with an only daughter, who was unmarried. Cromwell, according to his wont of rewarding his followers, gave a sergeant of his army an order written on his saddlebow (saddlebow-titles, such documents were styled) to take possession of this castle; before which the sergeant accordingly presented himself with his extemporized title, whereupon the young lady burst into tears, and appealed eloquently to his generosity in behalf of her aged father, and hoped that he would not turn him out upon the world at his time of life. Whereupon the soldier suggested the alternative of the damsel taking him for "better or for worse," and thus obviating any necessity for disturbing her venerable parent. The young lady, nothing loath, closed at once with the proposal, and, in the words of the story-books, "they lived together happily ever after."

Crofton Croker was a great frequenter of "old curiosity shops." I accompanied him once to one in Bond Street, where the proprietor showed him a large circle of gold wire, which Croker pronounced to be a "money-ring," and for which the owner was willing to take its value as old gold. We then adjourned to a goldsmith's in the same street, who weighed it, and, the price being paid, my antiquarian friend walked off in triumph with his prize. He told me once of an old fowling-piece, which was purchased —whether by himself or not I do not remember—at an old-iron shop for a few shillings, the mountings of which turned out to be gold.

I add a transcript of a letter from him, characteristic of the man and of his country:

"Admiralty, 5th July, 1836.

"My Dear H——: I arrived safely on Thursday last from the 'Green Isle'—what an isle it is for the absurdity of fun! I have seen much, and the conclusion is that I know nothing of Ireland. I have mixed freely and gayly with men notorious as leaders of opposing parties, and fine fellows in their own way they are. The very first invitation I received in my native city (Cork) was to Derrynane from Maurice O'Connell; the next from Mr. Leycester, the Orange member who was put out on petition with my friend Colonel Chatterton. I have dined at the Mansion House of Cork, the hotbed of Toryism, and with the parish priest of Blarney, who boasts that he was the man who first got up a resistance to tithes in Ireland. In fact, never was a man more curiously placed than I have been. I am just going to the anniversary of your friends the Noviomagians, who, I hope, will do themselves the honor of re-electing their president after his travels. We dine at Waltham to commemorate the restoration of its cross.

"Ever yours, T. Crofton Croker."

I may remark that the epithet "green," though applicable enough to the country, is not at all characteristic of the natives, who are anything but *green*. Sir William Chatterton, Bart., elder brother of the Colonel Chatterton alluded to, was a fine, handsome and most agreeable person. His wife, Georgiana Lady Chatterton, wrote some novels.

THE CRESCENT.

According to an old tradition, the Crescent, the emblem of the Turkish Empire, was adopted by the Turks after the conquest of Constantinople, in 1453, and derived from a Byzantine symbol, which may be traced back to the days of Philip of Macedon. Thus the story is told by Tristan de Saint Amant, in 1644, and it is corroborated by the fact that the crescent occurs frequently on Byzantine coins.

Nevertheless, the attitude which the Turks generally assumed toward everything Greek—a mixture of utter indifference and contemptuous hatred—made it very unlikely that they should ever have adopted a Byzantine symbol for their emblem; and when, in the first half of this century, Turkish language, literature, and history began to be studied carefully for ethnological purposes, it was found out that the crescent had been in use among the

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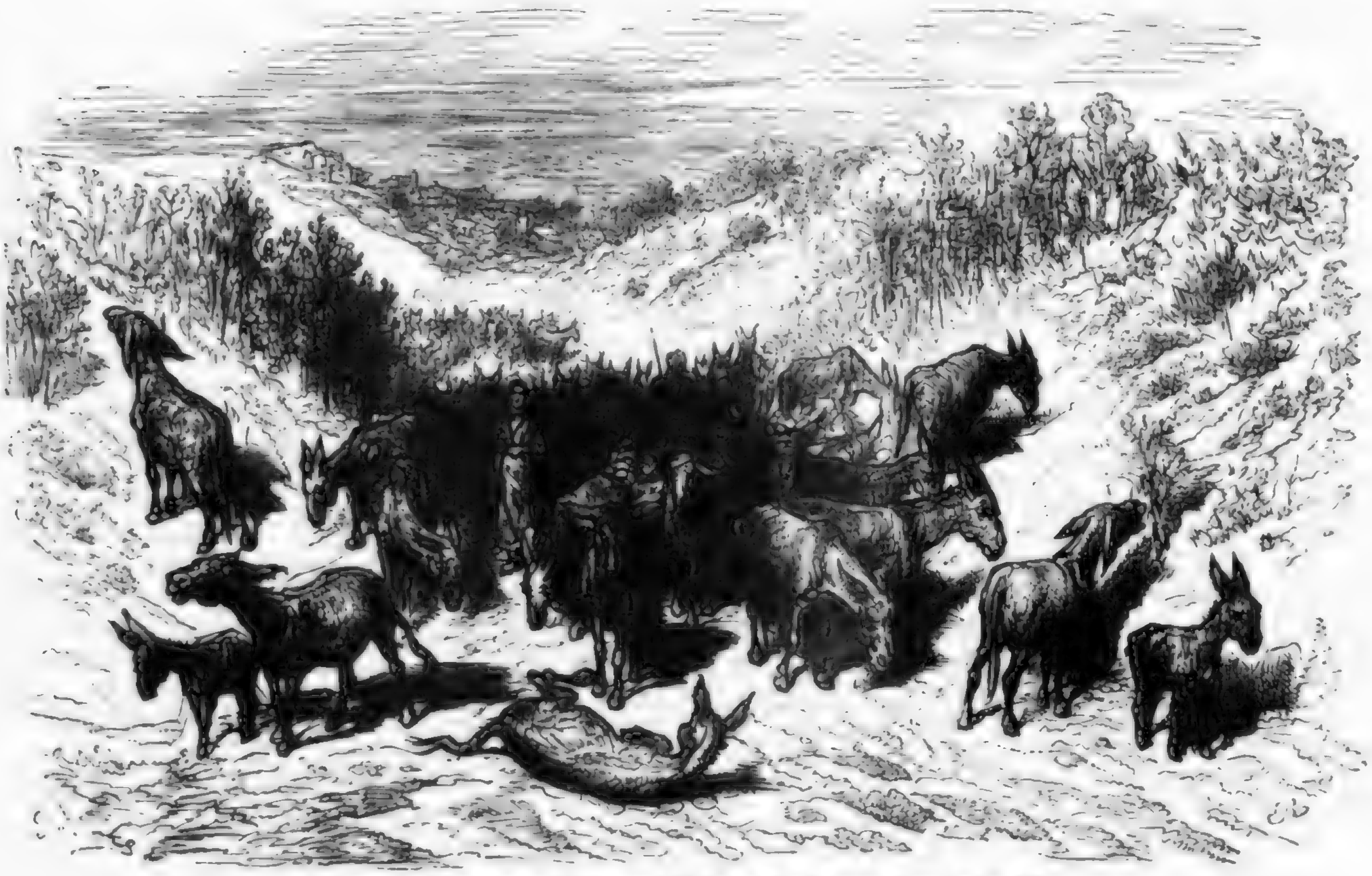
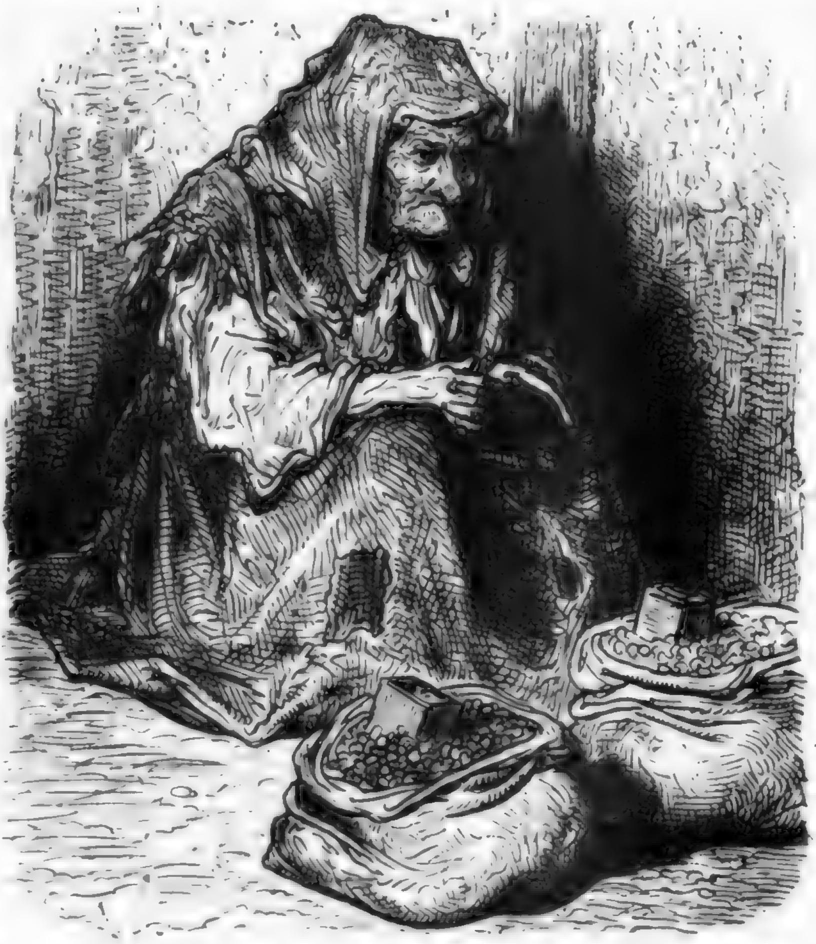


GLIMPSES OF OLD SPAIN.—A DROVE OF MULES AND ASSES.—SEE PAGE 699.

Turks more than one century before their conquest at Constantinople.

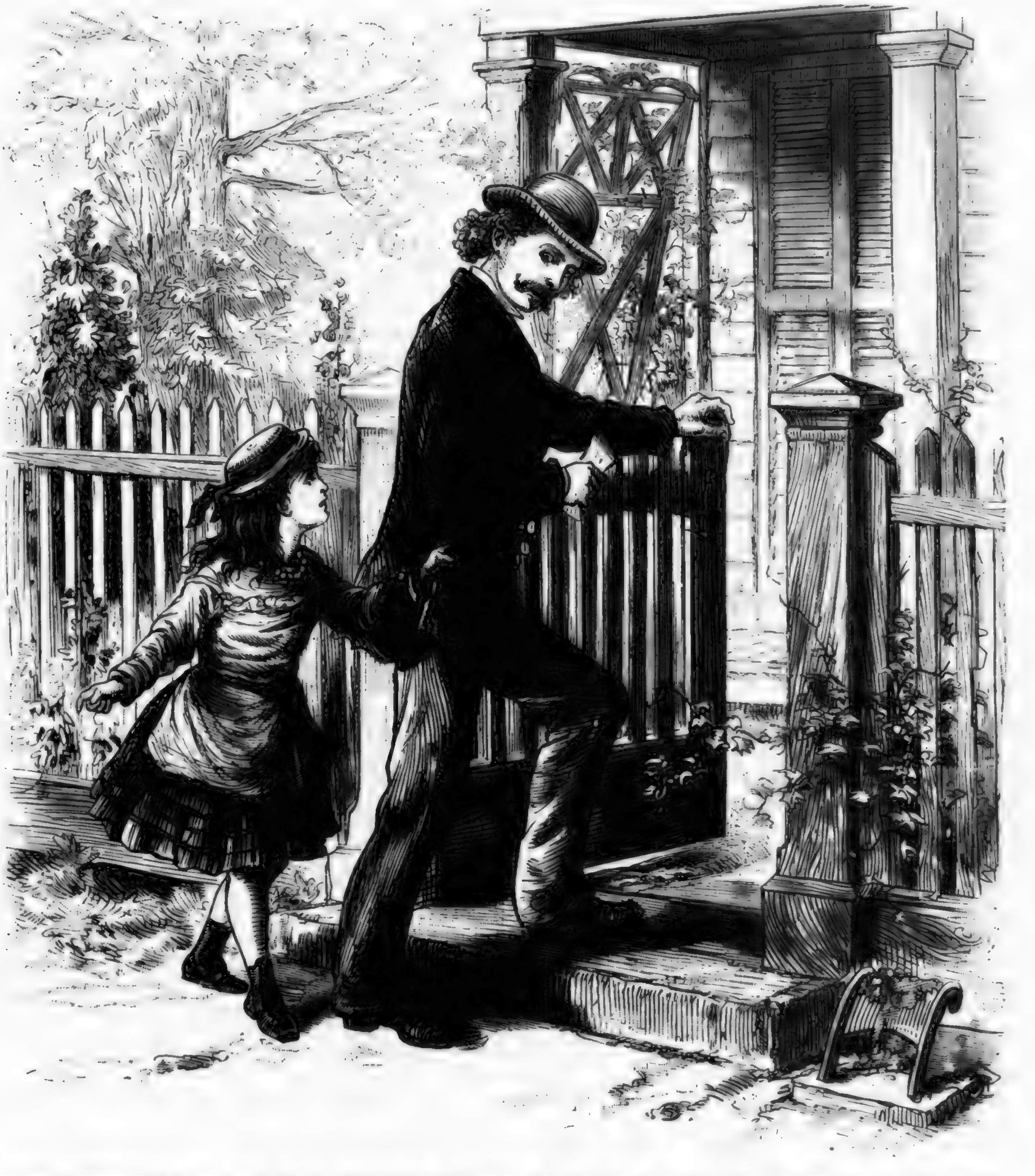
It was then generally supposed that the Turkish emblem had its origin from Islamism, and had been adopted by the Turks when they embraced Mohammedanism, though the original banner used by Mohammed—the curtain covering the entrance to Aïseba's door, shows no crescent, and though it seemed a little singular that Mohammed should have selected one of the celestial bodies for his emblem, since he arose in opposition to the Sabeans, who were zealous worshipers of the celestial signs.

The obscurity which surrounded this curious subject has now been dispelled by a Danish *savant*, Dr. Schjerv, who, in an essay in the *Annals of the Royal Society of Copenhagen*, communicates a narrative by a Chinese historian, a contemporary of Genghis Khan, of the conquest of Peking by this monster, in which the Turkish banner is described as a bundle of seven white horsetails surmounted by a silver crescent; and thus he shows that the crescent is an original Turkish emblem. Also, other peculiarities of Turkish life, as, for instance, the dance of the Dervishes, he proves to be, not genuine elements of Islamism, or derivations from Greek civilization, but fragments of the old religious system of the Tartars, and practiced by the Turks long before they became Mohammedans, and while they were still living together with the Finns, Yamoots, etc., on the other side of the Altai Mountains.



A SELLER OF CACAHUETAS.

Our sons are taught how to make money, and our daughters how to attract attention; but little if anything is done toward imparting to them that instruction which would enable them to preserve and maintain unexceptionable health, without which the admiration of courts is a bare endurance, and the glitter of costliest gems is valueless.



NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"RALPH WAS HASTENING ON THROUGH THE GATE; BUT NETTIE CAUGHT FAST HOLD OF HIS COAT. 'NO, NO!' SHE EXPOSTULATED. 'YOU ARE TO READ IT—YOU MUSTN'T GO UP.'"

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict.

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER LETTER.

Ralph Desborough had passed a sleepless night, too; but he had been up in heaven all the while, and found rest more ecstatic than the brightest dreams that slumber could give.

Toward daylight he went to bed—slept, he fancied, though he could not be certain, since the visions which brightened his pillow were only a continuation of his consciously waking thoughts.

He was roused early by Aunt Betsey Turner's Bill, whom he had agreed to accompany on an expedition to Todd's Corners, a drive of some five or six miles, where he wanted to make a sketch, and, most of all, to please Samantha Dawson by buying for her some young crab-apple trees of a peculiar kind, the merits of whose fruit the spinster prized highly for the making of jelly.

It was past one o'clock when Ralph returned. Mabel's noon hour of intermission would be over—he must wait until four o'clock before he could see her.

He went up to his rooms—occupied himself for awhile with arranging his sketches, gazing at a crayon head he had surreptitiously copied while painting Mabel's portrait, and finally sat down to write a long letter to Gilbert Harrington.

He wanted to tell his adopted father the complete history

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of the past weeks, which had culminated, on the previous evening, in such happiness as Ralph could not believe had ever reached mortal before or would ever be vouchsafed to another.

This letter finished, Ralph sat leaning back in his chair, occasionally glancing over the hastily written pages; reproaching himself because they made so incomplete an exponent of his feelings—told so poorly the tale he wished to render clear—yet at the same time inconsistently wondering that he had succeeded in attaining to any degree of coherency. Even to think of Mabel set his heart beating so wildly that his tremulous fingers could scarcely hold the pen.

But the letter was written—tolerably explicit, too, in spite of its deficiencies, he was glad to perceive—thankful, even, for he had vowed that he would never again keep a secret from his second father. As he had said in his letter, the one attempt to do so had brought too much suffering for him to essay another effort of the sort. He would not, no matter what happened—not even to spare Mr. Harrington pain or to screen himself. Then he smiled proudly at the folly of this thought—he was not likely to commit any act which should cause him to shrink from full and free confession thereof.

But these reflections were broken by frequent watchings of the clock. Only half-past three yet! It seemed as if four would never come, and Mabel had made him promise not to interfere with the proper fulfillment of her duties by appearing within sight of the school until her hour of freedom arrived.

At the longest, he could not consume ten minutes in going to her house. If he started before that time, even with the most righteous intention of taking a walk, he should be sure to find himself on the forbidden ground of her domain; and he could not bear to render her uncomfortable. She was so over-scrupulous that it troubled her even to feel her thoughts wandering from the duty which devolved upon her of making those tiresome little pupils reap the fullest possible benefit during the hours they were her charge. Not that Mabel considered them tiresome—Ralph knew that she loved the children and enjoyed her work; but just for to-day he considered that he might bestow the epithet upon anybody or anything that stood between him and the queen of his dreams.

Yet in spite of his eagerness, the expectancy possessed a pleasure of its own—it would only have been necessary for the dullest observer to look in his face to perceive that.

Such a handsome young fellow, as he sat there, with an expression of mingled impatience and happiness on his countenance, his auburn curls disheveled by the movements of his restless hands, his earnest eyes shining out from under a forehead which betokened a high order of intellect, his mouth sweet as a woman's beneath the curve of his light mustache, yet full of pride and strength, too—and, with all the rest, only three-and-twenty!

Ah, to us older men there is something at once irritating and pathetic in the sight of such extreme youth. We feel ready at the same time to be envious and to say, God help him!

When Ralph Desborough had been a child of barely five years, his widowed mother lay dying—dying burdened by the awful consciousness that she left her little son utterly alone and unprovided for, with neither relatives nor money to save him from becoming a common waif of charity.

She cast about where in all the world to discover some spar to which, shipwrecked, drowning, she might, with her latest strength, attach her boy, and so insure his safety, and found it—as many another in similar strait has done—in the person of the one human being she had wronged; found it in Gilbert Harrington, whom, some years before, she had jilted to marry handsome, dissolute Norman Desborough—a man much nearer her own age than her first lover. He spent her little fortune, broke her heart, rendered himself a criminal by forging Mr. Harrington's name, and then died—up to the last rather pitying himself as the victim of an evil-disposed Destiny.

For the sake of the woman who had injured him so grievously—who helped the natural tendencies of his character to make him a cynical, suspicious, misanthropic man, Gilbert Harrington took the child to bring up as he would have done a son of his own.

"I must either do everything or nothing," he said to his cousin, Charles Reeves. "Away down in my heart I love the boy, because he is a part of her; but the recollection of his being the child of that villain, repels me all the while. The only way to forget is to make myself his father in everything except giving him my name—I shall do it."

"Why not, if you see fit?" returned Charles Reeves.

"I hurt nobody. Now that my poor brother is gone, I have not a relation left except you. In any case, I should never have left you money—you are rich enough, in all conscience."

"And growing richer," said Charles Reeves, quietly.

"I hate charities," continued Mr. Harrington, "and charitable people——"

"How you must dislike yourself!" cut in his cousin.

"Never you mind! Well, the point is this—I have decided! Miriam's boy—I mean my boy—shall have the money. I suppose you don't object?"

"Not in the least. You are competent to manage your own affairs; and no doubt you know what you want," returned Mr. Reeves.

"No doubt in the world."

"Certainly I never expected anything from you," Reeves continued. "You are only fourteen years older than I, so it would be absurd to count on it—even if I wanted your old shoes, which, thank the Lord, I don't!"

"You see," observed Mr. Harrington, meditatively, "it might have been different if that wife of yours would have any children——"

"Just let my wife alone!" Reeves interrupted, for his cousin had touched a wound that always ached. "For some utterly incomprehensible reason, or, rather, without reason, you never liked her, and you never will——"

"No, please God!" cried Gilbert Harrington, interrupting in his turn.

"Nor she you," continued Reeves; "and that is easy to understand, for you always show her your most unpleasant side—deuced unpleasant it is, too!"

"Yes, I think so," said Mr. Harrington.

"But, ill and suffering as she is," pursued Reeves, resolutely, "my wife is worth ten thousand women like that wretchedly weak creature you have fretted about for years past!"

"I know it," said Mr. Harrington; "that is the very reason I do not like her! Come, Charles, we'll not quarrel over either our loves or hates."

"Never!" Reeves answered. "We shall argue and dispute, as we always have done; all the same, we shall continue to wear on tolerably."

"At least, you are honest and straightforward, and you have common sense," said Mr. Harrington.

"Yes, more than you, though you are a much cleverer man than I," retorted Charles Reeves.

"You are stiff and priggish, and you aggravate me beyond endurance twenty times in a week——"

"And you are tyrannical and hot-tempered, but you can't aggravate me, though you try hard," spoke in Reeves.

"But somehow, if we don't meet often, I miss you dreadfully," added Mr. Harrington, after they had both paused to laugh; "I do, you stony image of virtue, you!"

"And I miss you, old porcupine!" was the answer he received; then the pair shook hands.

"And so," continued Mr. Harrington, "Miriam's boy shall be mine."

"I have no objection in life to Miriam's boy becoming yours," answered Charles Reeves, anxious to deal a thrust in return for the fling at his wife. I hope he will grow up honest, but I don't expect it."

"And he calls me a misanthrope!" exclaimed his cousin.

"I make you a promise now," continued Reeves; "I will always try to judge him as leniently as I can, and don't you ever let my opinion influence you against him. I tell you frankly, that as he grows up, whenever appearances are suspicious, I shall be sure to believe him culpable."

I could give no better idea of the terms upon which the two cousins had always stood, than by transcribing the conversation which had occurred when Ralph, scarcely more than a baby, had been taken into Mr. Harrington's house—a sadder house than ordinary just then, as Gilbert's beloved half-brother had only lately died.

Any description of the years which had elapsed would be singularly uneventful. Ralph Desborough had been a very happy child—as a boy, an enthusiastic, dreaming fellow, living so much in an ideal world of his own that the quiet life he led did not fret and pall upon him as would have been the case with most youths.

From childhood he had shown such marked talent for drawing that his future career seemed to settle itself—Mr. Harrington having the sensible idea that no matter what worldly expectations a man might have, it was right for him thoroughly to master some profession.

It had often seemed to Mr. Harrington that the struggle in his mind between affection for Miriam's son and repulsion toward Norman's boy had never ceased, but he realized how well he loved his winning, impulsive, impatient charge, when, some months before the date at which I began this narrative, he had found reason for the first time to fear that some of the father's evil traits were developing in the young man.

Ralph had been drawn into debt during his college course, and feeling that he had done wrong, he had endeavored to arrange matters without making known the facts to Mr. Harrington. He was enabled to do so because only a short period before—about the time of the paralytic shock which had made his adopted father suddenly a feeble old man, physically—a small fortune had fallen to Desborough in the most unexpected manner.

A distant relative of his father's—a man who had been unheard of and supposed dead for at least twenty years—died in Australia, and left Ralph a competency which produced a rental of twelve hundred dollars. The young man could not touch the principal until he was five and twenty, but he had made arrangements to pay his indebtedness gradually, giving a hold upon his property. His largest creditor had betrayed the matter to Mr. Reeves, and he, wishing no harm to the young fellow, had felt in his uncompromising sense of duty that he ought to inform Mr. Harrington, and had done so.

However, the disclosure had only served to bring Ralph and his adopted father more closely together, and the weeks before Desborough set out upon his pilgrimage to the Adirondacks had been among the happiest Mr. Harrington had known for years.

Now with the best intentions, it is a little difficult for any mortal who has been brought up to consider himself the heir to a vast fortune to be very hard working. Mr. Harrington had never made any secret of his intention to leave his wealth to Ralph, so it spoke well for the young man that he was striving as diligently to cultivate his talent for art as if his future entirely depended upon his efforts in that line. Though, perhaps, I should have put the explanation in another form—he was so full of enthusiastic devotion for his profession—so ambitious—so determined on great achievements, that neither pleasure nor temptation could interfere to dispute its claims, though certainly in his place many young men would have contented themselves with dreaming of the wonderful things they meant to do; never accomplishing more than enough to prove the capacities within them for producing something higher and better had circumstances made labor a necessity or their characters possessed force enough to resist the siren spells which assailed them.

Ralph had worked diligently and hard; his master, one of the most famous among our painters, prophesied great things of his future. He had, too, been already rewarded by a gleam of the sunshine of success—a taste from the inspiring draught of praise. A couple of little pictures which he had sent anonymously to the Spring opening of the Academy had attracted the attention of a noted critic, who, perfectly unaware of the artist's identity, pointed them out to public notice in terms of commendation, which caused visitors to the exhibition to discover that they, too, hugely admired the studies; and what was more, the two were purchased by a wealthy collector and hung in his gallery.

If would have been difficult to say whether the young artist or Mr. Harrington had been the most delighted, but their combined satisfaction fell far below the triumph which filled the soul of old Waters, who considered that Mr. Ralph had floated at once nearly, if not quite, to the highest pinnacle of fame. Not that there was any cause for surprise at this elevation—the boy had always been a marvel, and a marvel he would continue!

So there, in his quiet room, sat Ralph—watching the clock, glancing now and then at his letter, indulging his broken fancies—broken and varied from very excess of happiness, though, through each, whether a recollection of the past or a dream of the future, Mabel's image shone—the sun that lighted life into such new and wondrous splendor.

At length he began to fold up his letter and write its direction on the envelope, thinking:

"Odd, how much more freely I can write than talk to the dear old Uncle Gilbert! He will be pleased. Why, he has talked to me about the advantages of marrying early ever since I was eighteen, and——"

The clock struck.

"A quarter to four!" cried Ralph, springing to his feet. "By Jove, I thought time had made up its mind to stand still!"

He seized his hat, forgetting the letter in his haste, and hurried out of the house. Away he went, through the village and up the hill to the schoolhouse.

The place was deserted—not a child in sight—and it still lacked a few moments of the hour of Mabel's freedom.

Ralph rushed on toward the gate which led to her dwelling, not conscious that any feeling of apprehension stung his soul—only breathless and excited, it seemed to him.

Little Nettie Graves, who was on the watch, saw his approach, and ran forward, holding up the note which had been intrusted to her, and calling, as she came toward him:

"Mr. Ralph! Mr. Ralph! Schoolteacher has *such* a headache! We'd no lessons this afternoon. Here's a letter for you."

"Thanks—you're a good little Nettie!" Ralph answered.

XUM

and was hastening on through the gate; but the child caught fast hold of his coat.

"No, no!" she expostulated. "You are to read it—you mustn't go up."

"Mustn't go up!" he repeated, in wonder.

"No," said Nettie, firmly.

Staring at the child, while the latent apprehension sprang up sharp and bitter in his mind, Desborough tore open the note and read the half-illegible, pencil-traced lines:

> "Come to me at six o clock—I cannot see you before. I am in bed with a terrible headache—did not sleep all night. Do not come till six, please—not even to inquire. MABEL."

"When did she give you this?" he demanded.

"Oh, quite a while ago," replied Nettie.

"Why didn't you bring it to me at once?"

"Miss Mabel said I wasn't to, till you came up at the usual time. Oh, don't go on!" she added, tugging at his coat as he tried to pass. "Wait! wait—let me tell you! Miss Mabel's asleep; if you woke her and made her head worse—and then you'd be sorry, you know.

"So I should," said Ralph. "You're a wise little thing! But she is not ill—not really ill?"

"Oh, no; you mustn't be scared," replied the miniature woman, impelled by the instinct of her sex to try and offer some comfort to the anxiety she read in his face; remembering, too, how earnestly Miss Mabel had impressed upon her the necessity of making him understand that her ailment was not serious. "It's only a headache. Grandma haves them sometimes, till she can't stand up, and so do I. Mostly they go with the sun, and I guess school-teacher's will, for Samantha says she's strong and healthy as spinach."

Even in the midst of his anxiety, Desborough could not help laughing at the odd comparison, so characteristic of the old maid; and the sound of his own laughter helped to quiet him—it was silly to have felt such exaggerated apprehension!

"I'll go up and speak to Samantha," he said. "I can go round to the kitchen door without making any noise."

"Oh, don't!" cried Nettie. "She would be so cross! She followed me out to say I was to tell you if Miss Mabel didn't sleep she might be sick. Anyhow, I expect she's up-stairs—Samantha, I mean—and you know how she *can* sputter when she's put out!"

"Indeed I do!" returned Ralph, laughing again. "And you're quite sure it's only headache?"

"Oh, yes—Miss Mabel told me so," replied Nettie.

"You saw her, then?"

"Oh, I was up in her room, and ——" Nettie broke off abruptly, recollecting Mabel's command not to make Mr. Desborough anxious. She must not mention the fainting-fit, nor the white face that had frightened Samantha so sorely. "You'll see she'll be all right when the sun goes down. There's nothing like sleep, grandma says. She calls it—oh, what is that word?—I know it grows in our garden."

"Why, you little wool-gatherer! What do you mean?"

"Not catnip, nor spearmint, but—oh, I know—balm!" cried Nettie, in triumph. "She says it's just balm—and so it is."

"You're a real comforter," said Ralph, suppressing his merriment, lest the child, a sensitive little creature, should feel hurt—"a real comforter, my Nettie!"

"Why, that's a quilted thing grandma and I have on the bed in the Winter!" exclaimed Nettie, with considerable disdain. "I thought everybody knew that—and you don't! What *would* Miss Mabel say! When you come from the city, and all, and old Aunt Betsey Turner says you're a—a—oh, I can't forget—I mean remember. Yes, I do—a fly-higher!" she shouted, tumbling the compound word out upside down in her haste to utter it.

"Then let us see if you can fly too. We will have a race down the hill," said Ralph, eager to be doing something—if nothing else, at least to have some sort of physical exertion to occupy him, and so keep aloof the dread that Mabel might be really ill; telling himself all the while that it was impossible. She had been perfectly well last evening—that heavenly last evening!

So he took Nettie by the hand, and they ran down the steep descent into the village. Ralph left the little girl at the gate of her grandmother's cottage, and went on, meaning to have a brisk walk. As he was passing the inn where he lodged, the fat, shiftless landlord—Aunt Betsey Turner's perfectly useless moiety—chanced to be sunning himself on the porch.

"I say, Mr. Desborough!" he called, as the young man was going by with a careless nod of recognition—old Turner's indolence being almost as exasperating to energetic Ralph as it was to industrious Aunt Betsey herself—"oh, I say, Mr. Desborough!"

"Say it quick, Uncle Jake. I'm off for a tramp."

"I never see sich a chap for allays bein' in a hurry!" grumbled Turner. "It's right to be ac-*tive*—I'm ac-*tive;* but you mustn't allays be on the hurry-skurry, else you wear out the *ma*-chine—fur you see the human frame——"

"Now, Uncle Jake, I've no time to listen to one of your philosophical disquisitions," interrupted Ralph. "What do you want?"

"I don't want nothing," replied Uncle Jake, divided between irritation at this slighting treatment and satisfaction at having his claims to being a philosopher duly acknowledged. "Nothin' whatsumever."

"Then what the deuce did you stop me for?"

"Ah, that's the p'int!" said Uncle Jake, complacently. "Now you're a gettin' philosphery yourself! It's you wants sumpthing, and it's a waitin' for you—a letter that come a while ago, and I was so busy about that consarned cow-shed the boys is a-shinglin', it went teetotally out of my head. Ef I ain't on the spot every minute there's nothing done, and——"

"But where is my letter?"

"Why, I jest sent the gal up-stairs with it—I didn't know you was out. Ef I don't do every mortal thing myself it's never done! I says to Mirandy Ann when I give it to her, says I, 'Never was a man so plagued by a lot of loony, do-nothing creaturs!' Says I, 'Ef I was dead, I actilly believe ef I wanted to be buried'—and it's human natur *to* want it when so be the flame of life shall fail—says I, 'I should have to get up and *per*-form the job myself, for you're all so *con*-sarned lazy you'd take till the Day of Judges to get a hole dug deep enough to bury me,' says I——"

But by this time Uncle Jake perceived that his eloquence had no listener—Mr. Desborough had disappeared into the house.

So the old man filled his pipe, and sat waiting till some member of his family should be unfortunate enough to stray within reach, and afford him an opportunity to finish his grumblings and complaints—offering which was old Turner's part in the household duties, though, like many other people with similar tendencies, he firmly believed that his own shoulders supported the whole burden, and were so sorely fatigued thereby that nothing but firm determination and a philosophical turn of mind enabled him to stand erect under it.

Desborough rushed up-stairs in his usual impatient fashion, and opened the door of his sitting-room, which Aunt Betsey and her handmaid, the much-enduring Miranda Ann, delighted to keep in a state of order which nearly drove him mad, as they invariably secreted with great care objects that he wanted, and he could not even have the comfort of finding fault, as both the old woman and the young one lived in a state of humble admiration of him which was positively heathenish.

Ralph saw the letter lying on the table, propped up against a little vase of Autumn flowers, such as poor Miranda placed daily in his apartment, and seized it eagerly.

A letter from Gilbert Harrington, he knew, for the address on the envelope was in old Waters's writing—an ordinary circumstance since the master's paralytic stroke, though the obstinate gentleman utterly refused even Ralph's aid in the fabrication of his epistles, in spite of the fact that his arm and hand were so stiff and unruly that often his chirography was almost illegible, even to eyes accustomed to its vagaries.

"The dear old governor!" thought Ralph. "I am so glad his letter should have happened to come this day of all others—I'll read it to Mabel—it's sure to be very nice; when he hasn't written for some time, he always sends an unusually nice letter."

He threw off his hat—sat down in his arm-chair near the open window to read the missive. The day had been capricious—now bright, now overcast. Just at this moment the sun came out from behind a cloud and illumined the chamber with its glory; the breeze brought up the scent of late flowers and falling leaves from the garden and the woods beyond; a robin, perched on the topmost bough of a pear-tree that stood just beneath the casement, seemed singing his very heart out in rapture.

Ralph opened the envelope and unfolded the page. The writing was more blotted and hieroglyphic-like than ordinary. He paused to shake his head compassionately—at the same time vaguely noticed the glory of the sunshine, the robin's melody, while Mabel's image started up afresh. Then he carefully smoothed out the sheet and began to read. He glanced at the opening lines—stopped—stared about—held the letter at arm's length, involuntarily pushing his chair back, as if retreating from some dreadful object; then began again.

This time he did not falter or shrink until he had read the whole. The face changed from its fresh beauty till it looked as if he had died suddenly, under the horror of some supernatural fright; but he read on—read to the end.

This was the letter:

> "You are a forger and a thief, like your father before you—take the knowledge of his crimes now, to add to your own—I have kept his secret long enough. I need not be surprised at your villainy—at bottom I am not! I know now that when I tried most eagerly to believe in your truth, I felt that you were your father's own son—my reason warned me—his fitting son.
>
> "This is the last communication you will ever receive from me! I have covered up your crimes; you stand in no danger of exposure and punishment, unless you molest me. Come near—annoy me by so much as a letter or a message, and as sure as there is a God in Heaven I will have you arrested and pursue you to the bitter end!
>
> "Your debts are all paid—that is the last I shall ever do for you. Your own property is in your hands; it is enough to enable you to live decently and honestly—I mean it would be if you were an honest man.
>
> "You deceived me so easily about this matter in the beginning that, in your boundless audacity, you may hope to do so again. For your own sake, do not try it! I have sworn an oath, that if you approach me or write to me I will consign you to the justice of the law—you know I never break my word!
>
> "I have every proof—not only Robert Sloane's books, but the letters you wrote—the altered checks. Fool! you did not do your work well; your father would blush at your clumsiness, though he might appreciate the boldness you have shown; no matter, doubtless with time you will grow more expert—if you are not hanged too soon, you may even live to equal him; further the invention of devils could not go.
>
> "One thing more. Do not try to solace your wicked fancy by thinking that I shall miss and grieve over the loss of the man I endeavored to believe you—tried against every intuition of my soul. This parting—this casting you out—this making you in my life, not as one dead, but as one who never existed, leaves no void.
>
> "I find that I never really cared for you! I took you, a pauper, out of pity! Son of a mother so weak that one could have respected her more had she been deliberately wicked. Son of a father so vile that only in his own offspring could his counterpart be found! I have done. GILBERT HARRINGTON."

Still the sunlight flooded the chamber with its radiance—still the wind laughed and whispered as it bore in the scent of leaves and flowers—still the robin sang on the topmost bough of the pear-tree beneath the window.

A human soul flung into hell—a segment of eternal life cast down to torment; and the pitiless sweep of infinitude undisturbed—dumb—deaf—unmoved as the Greek Fate. Nay, the deity of mythological days were the kinder; at least it did not demand love—only submission!

Ralph Desborough read and re-read the page—the awful words burning and searing his sight—every sense so concentrated in the perusal that he seemed to hear the terrible sentence shrieked by a thousand condemning voices!

Then the letter dropped from his hand.

When coherent thought returned, he knew that he had been near madness. Some blessed angel had averted that crowning calamity by whispering her name:

"Mabel! Mabel!"

CHAPTER X.

THE MESSENGER.

PRESENTLY Mabel was able to sit up, to drink some water. She kissed Nettie, telling her not to be frightened, and tried to smile at Samantha.

"Was it your head?" asked the spinster, making such horrible contortions in her efforts to keep from crying that her face looked more like a gutta percha doll than a human countenance, and caused Mabel to burst into a fit of nervous laughter.

"Oh, don't!" groaned Samantha.

"You look so funny—you are making such faces, Miss Dawson. You don't know—a body can't help laughing!" exclaimed Nettie, and to prove how sincere her merriment was she burst out crying.

"You needn't be a little noodle!" retorted Samantha, and the outburst did her good. "I didn't mean it," she added; "you're a good little body as ever was! Now, Mabel, let me help you home."

"Oh, I can go well enough," Mabel answered, nerved anew by recollecting the strong necessity there was of keeping Samantha from getting an idea that anything more than physical ailments had caused her state.

But at the first step she attempted to take, the dizzy whirl in her head caused her to tremble so that she had to catch Samantha's arm and hold it fast to keep from falling.

"Walk, indeed!" exclaimed the spinster, trying to speak gruffly in order to conceal her alarm. "Howsomever, luckily I'm strong enough to 'tend to the business! You jest keep hold of me with both hands; and, Nettie, do you walk on the other side of—we'll do that fashion."

So Mabel allowed Samantha to take her home—almost to carry her; the moment she yielded an inch, for a time every possibility of independent action deserted the girl as completely as if she had lain for weeks on a sick bed.

Little Nettie Graves accompanied them and helped Samantha to get Mabel up-stairs to her room and lay her on the bed.

"Only let me alone for a little," the sufferer pleaded; "shut out the light—oh, shut out the light!"

Then the wild sound of her own voice made her sensible of the fright she must be occasioning Samantha. If she did not take care some neighbor would be summoned—the doctor sent for; and unless she could be quiet for a while she should go mad.

"If the room is dark I can sleep," she continued; "that is all I want—to sleep. I shall be quite well after that, Samantha."

She closed her eyes, pretending to be sleepy; she heard little Nettie whisper:

"Grandma always says a nap cures her when she has such a headache, and nothing frets her like having us stand about. We'd better go down, Miss Dawson! We'll leave the door open, and we can hear her if she stirs. I've nothing to do at home, and I'll just sit on the stairs. I'll call you the minute I hear a sound."

So Samantha was persuaded to quit the chamber, and once alone in the gloom Mabel fell into a sort of stupor—conscious always of her suffering, but only vaguely, save when the tones of the village bell striking the hours roused her momentarily to the reflection that she had something to do, but she could not remember what: yet if she did not succeed and accomplish her work dreadful consequences would ensue—and she could not remember—she could not! Twelve o'clock! The very effort she made to think dulled her senses after the keen agony caused by the bell which seemed tolling in her brain had passed, and she lay half insensible until the clock struck one. Then she started up on her pillow and tried to call aloud, but her voice was gone—her last strength gone too.

Whether she fainted or slept she did not know, but she heard nothing, had no connected reflection, though aware always of her pain in a half delirious fashion, which made her feel as if she possessed a distinct duality and each part of her suffering, and the soul pitying the body and the body the soul.

And this partially comatose state lasted until the bell struck the third time—two o'clock—two! The tones brought a spasm of agony which restored her faculties—, the bell struck on her ear like a warning that brought her memory back.

She knew what she had wanted to do—write a line to Ralph Desborough lest he might stray up the hill, discover her absence from the school and so come on to the house to find her; she must have yet a few hours to herself. She would see him—see him before the day ended, for ere its close she must break off every association with the dream-life of the past weeks.

What would come after? She tried to think. Useless! Only she realized that by some means she must put the relief of distance speedily between her and this home which had become the tomb of her girlhood. Speedily—there must be no delay; though what she meant to do or where to go she did not even attempt to consider.

She recollected Nettie's promise to sit upon the stairs. She found voice to call the child's name, and in a moment the little watcher was beside her.

"Are you better, Miss Mabel?" she asked. "Samantha's in the kitchen, keeping hot water against you want some tea."

"Not yet," said Mabel. "You know where my writing-desk is—bring it here."

The little girl obeyed without hesitation. Accustomed to visiting her schoolmistress frequently, she was well acquainted with the room. She brought the desk, and opened it upon the bed. Mabel managed to write her note, fold and seal it, and give it to Nettie.

"I want you to go down by the schoolhouse and wait till Mr. Desborough comes," she said. "I can't see anybody yet—the note tells. But I am better, Nettie—better. I only want to sleep again for awhile. After you have seen him, run away home, little Nettie. I don't like you to stay shut up in the house, and there is nothing to do for you—nothing."

"Then I may come early in the morning?" Nettie asked.

"Yes, early in the morning, dear, only go now—go. Tell Samantha I am better—I want to sleep."

So Nettie stole down-stairs and informed the spinster that Miss Mabel seemed "quite bright," and mentioned the errand upon which she was going. Her words were a relief to Samantha. After all, she had been mistaken in her fears that Ralph Desborough was in some way connected with Mabel's suffering. Just a sick-headache—nothing more.

But it was a favorable opportunity, while Mabel was still awake, to fulfill her duty as nurse. She had steeped a decoction of herbs, nauseous to taste and smell, but prepared after a receipt of her grandmother's, along with which treasure Samantha had inherited a boundless faith in the efficacy of the potion for every possible human ill, bodily or mental. She poured the mixture into a cup, and went up-stairs with laborious caution, her shoes creaking dolefully at every step, meaning to persuade Mabel to swallow the draught. But when she entered the room, the girl was lying back on the pillow, with her eyes closed. Samantha thought she had dropped into a doze again, and placed the cup on a stand by the bed, in order that Mabel might find it when she woke; then retired, creaking, with a virtuous sense of having performed her duty—happily unconscious what a caricature of Fate she appeared as she offered her bitter mixture.

Oh, the hours, the hours! Four o'clock, five o'clock! The afternoon was drawing toward its close. Time no longer seemed to Mabel to stand still; the moments were barbed by the thought of what so soon awaited her—the interview with Desborough. She had no excuse to give—none! All she could do was to make him comprehend the interview was the last. If he would curse her, kill her, so much the better—why, then there would at least be an end. The real truth, neither he nor any human being should ever learn from her lips—never!

She rose, and began to arrange her dress. The fact that a crisis was so close at hand brought her a kind of force—the strength of desperation. She felt cold and stony, as if her heart had died in the terrible struggles of the past night and this endless day.

Samantha appeared again, with a tray—Samantha impersonating Destiny anew—bestowing physical comforts to solace a soul in torment.

"I heerd you stirrin' about," she said, in an unearthly whisper, which, like many other people, she considered adapted to the presence of any person who was ill or suffering, though the tone might have made the blood of a Hercules run cold. "I had the hot water all ready. I've made you some tea the way Harvey used to like it when his nerves was upsot—Ruzhian, or Pruzhian, he called it—but no matter. Persian and welcome, if only it does you good."

"Thanks, Samantha."

"Oh, it ain't a case of 'thanks, Samantha.' The thing is, are you better?"

"Oh, yes—better."

Samantha set the tray on a table, and turned to look at her. She was frightened by the girl's appearance, but had the good sense not to say what she now dreaded might be the case—that this suffering was the commencement of a serious illness.

"There's rum in it, and lemon, and if you want more sugar, here's the bowl—and an onnat'ral mixture it is, though it ain't to say bad to the taste," she went on, rapidly; keeping to the subject of the beverage just to prevent herself from betraying her perturbation.

To avoid discussion, Mabel took the cup and drained its contents, while there flitted through her mind the wild, wicked thought which is so prone to come to the very young when a sudden whirlwind has made what seems an irredeemable wreck of existence—the wish that it were poison so potent that its drinking would stretch her dead on the instant.

"If I could get away—get away!" she moaned, not conscious that she had spoken audibly until she heard Samantha exclaim, in a startled tone:

"What on earth! Get away!"

"Yes, if I could—to-morrow—not letting anybody know where I was gone," pursued Mabel, unable to restrain herself now that she had once spoken; while Samantha stood staring, convinced that the girl was raving with fever.

"Don't look as if you thought I was crazy!" cried Mabel, impatiently. "I wish I could go! Do you remember that Canadian lady who was here in the Summer—Mrs. Temple?"

"Why, of course I do."

"She wanted me to come and visit her. I have quite a sum of money laid by from that last translation," pursued Mabel, in a strange, excited tone, carried away by the sudden idea which had seized her. "Nobody need know where I have gone. Just a few weeks! I'd come back when—when—I mean merely to go for a visit, and I'll write to you regularly, Samantha."

She was delirious—her listener felt certain of that.

"There's the school," Samantha said, snatching at the first objection she could find which would not be irritating. "Though to be sure, there's Lizzy Turner, Aunt Betsy down to the tavern's niece, on a visit to her folks—she'd be glad and willin' to take the place, and if she can't teach the little plagues, let 'em go unteached," she added, thinking that at least she could persuade Mabel to find a substitute to undertake her duties without delay; anxiety rendering her more peculiar than ever in her mode of speech.

"Yes—yes!" cried Mabel. "And I could go—I could go! You wouldn't tell, Samantha; after he was gone—after——"

"What!" broke in Samantha.

"No; I did not mean that! Well, no matter. Later I shall have something to tell you; not now, Semantha—don't ask me questions—not now!"

Samantha had dropped into a chair—for the moment the confusion in her brain almost equaled the whirl in Mabel's own. Had her first fears been correct? Was it mental trouble instead of physical illness which had taken possession of the girl? Did "he" mean Ralph Desborough? Was this his work?

"Mabel, Mabel!" she cried, in a voice of mingled suffering and wrath.

At this instant, through the open window there came the sound of wheels. The vehicle stopped before the gate.

"See who it is—see who it is!" covering her face with her hands and running to and fro like a demented creature, and afraid to look herself; beset by the idea that it was Ralph come before his time; dazed by a wild impulse to hide—to escape.

Samantha hurried to the casement, and saw a gentleman get out of the wagon, open the gate, and walk up the path.

"It's a stranger," she said; "I never saw him afore—must have made a mistake. Oh, what does he come bothering here for?"

She left the room and went down-stairs, thinking not of the visitor whom she could hear knocking at the door, but of her sudden dread caused by Mabel's words. This was Ralph Desborough's work; what had he said or done? His work, she knew! All her early repulsions and suspicions rushed back with redoubled force; she felt a fierce rage toward herself for having allowed her dislike to be conquered against her will.

She stopped short in the passage, forgetful of everything in the misery and passion of that thought. She was brought back to the needs of the moment by a second knock.

Samantha added to her conflicting emotions a sharp anger toward this untimely interruption. She hurried through the hall and flung open the door; confronting the newcomer with a face so tragic and a bearing so fierce that, absorbed as he was by troublesome meditations of his own, her strange manner did not escape his notice.

A tall, stern-looking man of middle age, stiff rather than stately, yet with something prepossessing in his appearance, from the expression of sincerity in his rugged features.

"Miss Jordan lives here—Miss Mabel Jordan," he said, quickly, in a tone that was an assertion, not an inquiry.

"Yes," replied Samantha, grimly, coming far enough away from the agitation of the past moments to feel a keen curiosity as to what could bring the stranger.

"I wish very much to see her at once. My business is urgent," he said.

"Mabel's ben abed all day; she ain't fit to see nobody," returned Samantha. "Mebbe you can tell me what you want? I live with her—have, ever since she was—— But that's no matter," she wound up, abruptly.

"Yes, I know—you are Miss Dawson," said the gentleman.

"I am," replied Samantha; "but you've the advantage of me. I never see you afore."

"My name is Reeves—Charles Reeves," he said.

"I've heer'd the name, I'm sure I have!" exclaimed Samantha, staring at him. A sudden recollection seized her, and a hot wrath blazed into her light blue eyes as she muttered: "I knew I had! That young scapegrace—that Desborough!"

"Miss Dawson," pursued Reeves, who had caught her words, "I should like a few minutes' conversation. I am sure you are a very sensible, resolute woman. Just let me explain something of my errand. I know after that you will urge Miss Jordan to see me the instant she is able."

Samantha moved back through the passage, opened the sitting-room door, and beckoned to the visitor.

"Come in," she said; "there's nobody to interrupt."

Charles Reeves followed her into the house, entered the sitting-room, and closed the door behind him.

CHAPTER XI.

NEARING THE CRISIS.

Only the evening before, when, to Ralph Desborough and the girl he loved, life had looked so bright that, in the arrogance of youth, they would have almost been ready to challenge Fate to disturb their happiness—when the idea that a crisis could arrive where either would voluntarily relinquish any hold or claim upon the other, must have appeared a supposition beyond the limit even of possibilities—Charles Reeves had set out upon his journey.

At the very time when that young pair stood together in the moonlight and let their hearts talk, while earth and sky shone transfigured with a glory which human eyes never see but once, Reeves started upon his errand like a messenger sent by Fate to overwhelm these dreamers in the midst of their bliss.

In his whole life he had never undertaken a mission fuller of pain to himself; but he could not resist Gilbert Harrington's entreaties. Indeed, he knew that a refusal might be a matter of life and death to the excited old man, and, besides, Reeves's personal duty was plain—to save this innocent girl from Ralph Desborough.

Mr. Harrington's directions had been very explicit; he arranged for every contingency; foresaw every possible complication. If the girl loved Ralph Desborough, to go to her with the story of his guilt would be worse than useless; either she would not believe, or, woman-like, would cling the closer to her lover in his wretchedness and disgrace.

The letter which Harrington had written to Ralph was placed in Mr. Reeves's hands—the intention had been for him, when he reached Hillside, to send it to the young man's lodgings, give him time to reflect upon what the consequences of a refusal to comply with its commands would involve, then seek Ralph and wring from his terror of exposure a voluntary renunciation of the girl if, as Harrington felt certain, he had told his love, or if not, to depart at once.

At a wayside station Mr. Reeves misunderstood the call; he thought there was a halt of ten minutes. He went into a restaurant for a glass of beer—heard the train start—rushed out—it was already moving off at a rapid rate. He pulled the letter from his pocket, wrapped it in a five-dollar note and flung it on the platform where he saw the conductor.

"Mail it!" he shouted.

He reflected that it was well the letter should reach the young man in advance. He found that, by hiring a carriage, he could be driven to the lake—some twenty miles distant—to a village where the boat touched, and reach Hillside a few hours later than the letter.

He crossed Champlain, and on the opposite side hired a conveyance to carry him to Hillside—a drive of some fifteen miles. He discovered that his coachman knew the village well—had lived all Summer there, and only came away a few days before to accept a more lucrative situation in a livery-stable in a town on the shore of the lake.

It required no great expenditure of diplomacy to win his confidence; a "drink" before setting out roused in his bosom kindly feelings toward his passenger; a real Havana cigar and judicious praise of his driving did the rest.

Long before they arrived at Hillside, Reeves knew everything about Ralph's stay in the village, Mabel Jordan and her mode of life, down to a specially detailed account of Samantha Dawson, who had once given the youth a good trouncing for stealing apples out of her orchard. Every word in his highly-colored account added increased conviction to Reeves's mind that the first person to deal with was Samantha Dawson; a woman such as she must be would not be difficult to have her suspicions aroused, even without his absolutely revealing Desborough's guilt.

Reeves felt that his wisest plan was to go at once to the house; he could decide later as to his interview with Ralph—an interview from which he shrank. To see the young fellow overwhelmed by discovery of his guilt, was a thought full of dread; it seemed to Reeves that the very fact of his having always had doubts of Norman's son made it more painful. He had been the one to bring Ralph's silence in regard to his college debts to Mr. Harrington's notice; his coming now would look like a wicked desire to exult over the exposure of the young man whom he was conscious of always having regarded with suspicion—a mode of treatment which Ralph, not dreaming of its cause, had repaid by haughty coldness, though all the while the pair could not dislike each other. Reeves could not always help hoping that he was unjust—Ralph that he took offense at mere stiffness of manner; for at bottom each recognized, however unconsciously, the sterling qualities of the other—the mind of each was too open and honest for this not to be the case.

Mabel sat still in the chair upon which she had sunk when Samantha left her. She forgot Samantha, the stranger, the future—everything, in the thought of the interview which she must so soon have with Ralph Desborough. She knew that to attempt to escape it would be useless; and if she tried, sooner or later it must come; if she were to fly then and there, he would follow. Only from her own lips would he credit the tale—only her own voice could make him believe that they were separated for ever. And she—what was she to say? In what words couch her dismissal and hold her secret fast? Ah, no matter! She could not think. Some words would come—the falser, lighter, the more incapable of having prized his affection they made her appear, why, the better—the better—the completer his cure.

And it was the thought of his suffering which drove her so near madness. If she could bear the whole! He was so strong, so brave, so proud, so full of scorn for deceit and weakness; oh, if he could believe her both false and weak—a mere coquette—at once his pride would come to his rescue; he would despise her so heartily that he could not suffer! She, the real Mabel, would be a vile creature, so distinct, so separate from his ideal, that though he might lament for his perished dream, she, the woman, would make no part of his grief! Better so—better so! the one way out—the one means to employ!

Some break in her meditation left her space to become aware of the murmur of voices in the room below; but she could not even wonder who the visitor might be.

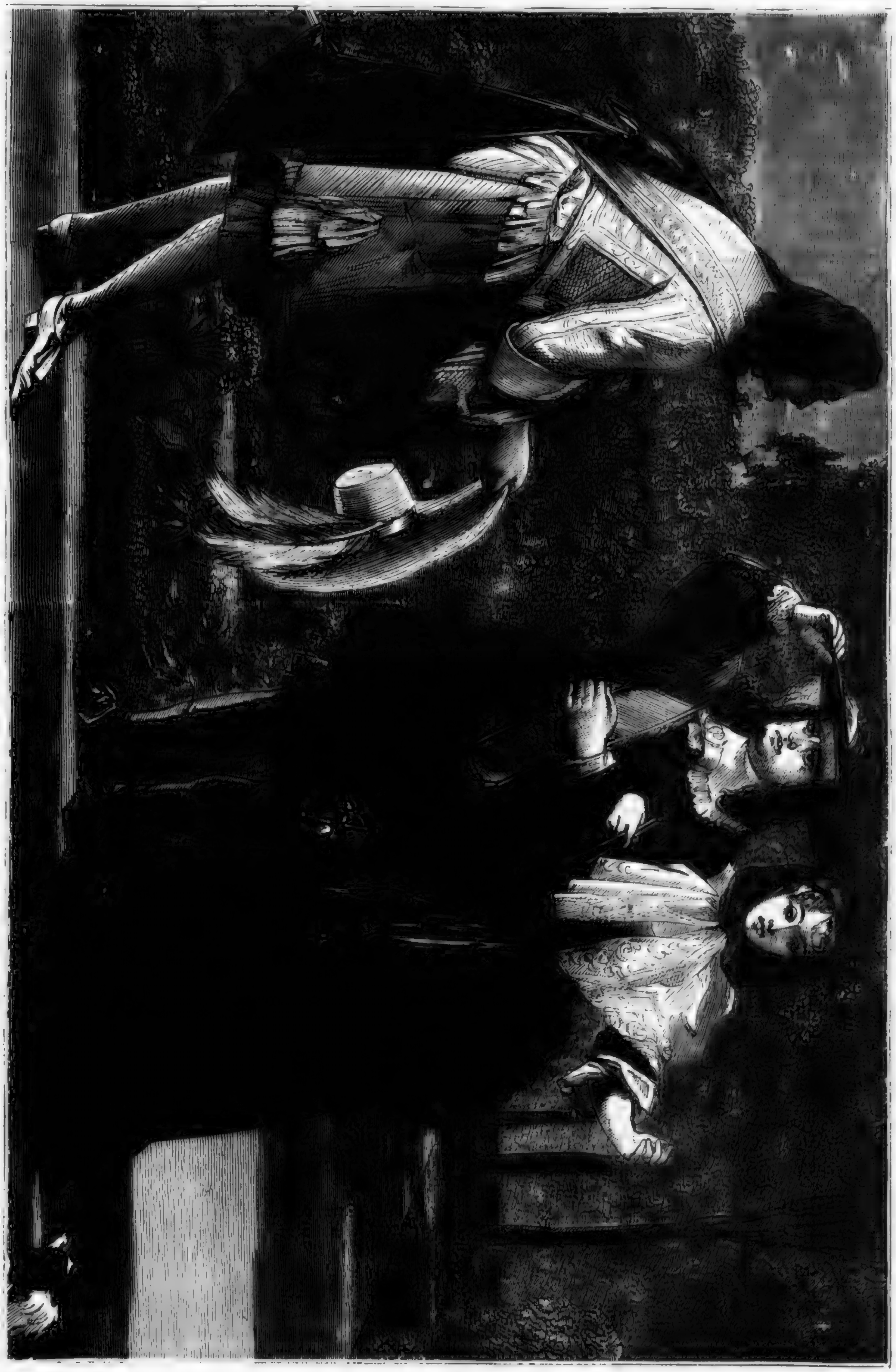
Again her confused thoughts flew off like wounded birds seeking shelter and finding none. At length she was roused from her aimless reverie—resembling rather a vision caused by narcotics than actual reflection—roused by the opening of the door with a fracas which caused every movable object in the apartment to shake violently. Samantha bounced into the room and flew round and round more like a puppet set in motion by some artful internal machinery than a rational human creature obeying the dictates of her own will. After a few seconds of these extraordinary gyrations, which were accompanied by strange gurglings in her throat, arising from abortive attempts to articulate intelligibly, she danced at Mabel in wild excitement, and fairly shook her to and fro, as she cried, breathlessly:

"He might have knocked me down with a feather as easy as wink! The world's gone topsy-turvey, and the bottom has fell out! Good Lord, Mabel, don't stand there like a stock made out of a stone, as if you was Lot's wife in a salt pillory, and all his family into the bargain!"

"You talk so loud!" said Mabel, piteously, shivering from head to foot, and putting up her tremulous hands. "What has happened! what do you want!"

"Oh, it's not me—I'm not to bear the blame; nor he, for that matter," replied Samantha.

"Who! who! Oh, for Heaven's sake, explain!"



"WHO CAN THIS BE?" THE INWARD COMMENT OF A SURPRISED FATHER.

"When I tell you I'm that moon-struck I can't explain, nor understand, though it's clear enough if you'll only listen to what I say! He's come from goodness where to see you—haven't I told you already six times! And his name is Reeves—and he brings such offers as I never heard of, nor you neither; and we're both to be taken at once——"

"Taken—taken where?" Mabel broke in.

"Oh, good gracious, I'm that upset I couldn't understand whether it's to the land of Goshen or the grave of Nod any more than if I was Cain or Abel murdered a dozen times over by which ever it was did it; for it's even drove the Bible and all the patriarchs clean out of my head and——"

"Samantha, be still!" Mabel interrupted again, pressing her hands hard against her temples. "Oh, what do you mean by coming and talking such nonsense to me?"

"Oh, nonsense!" repeated Samantha. "Now for pity's goodness don't be a bewildered zany whatever you be, but hurry down-stairs, and try to understand clear what it all means; or where's the use of edication, with books in heaps all about? else I shall go as cracked in a minute as you look, and then he'll have to make the house a lunatic asylum and strait-jacket us both back to our senses."

"Go away!" Mabel moaned. "Go away!"

"Of course we're going away! Here's the very chance you wanted!" pursued Samantha. "I tell you he's a connection—or, not he, but the one that sent him! He wants you—t'other one, I mean—and me too; and he's sent a letter by him to tell you everything, so that you won't wait; because he's got a disease, and may die any moment before we get there."

"Samantha!" groaned Mabel.

"Yes, indeed! And now, if you can't understand when I've explained till I'm choked with asthma as if I was a puff-ball, I don't know how to make you!" cried Samantha.

A stranger to trouble her! Ralph coming! Oh, she should lose her last gleam of reason! What was Samantha saying? This person wanted her—was come to take her away? Had Heaven sent some gleam of light into her grave? Was the way opened—the clue found? It was too much to hope. Anyway, she could not dwell upon the idea now—could not question nor listen. She must be alone; every remaining capability of strength must be reserved for that interview with Desborough. And he might come now at any moment; and a stranger below; and Samantha standing before her, talking, gesticulating; and she so spent and faint that half the woman said might have been uttered in some unknown tongue, for all she understood of its meaning.

"Don't you hear, Mabel!" cried the spinster, for once in her life so excited that she lost every trace of the common sense and practical turn of mind upon which she so justly prided herself. "If you're deaf and dumb, for pity's sake say so, and let's go into a synagogue for the blind at once; as if we were both the whole tribe of lost Jews and half-a-dozen Judases Iscariotses into the bargain!"

"Go away, Samantha!"

"I can't, till you tell me what I'm to say; for he has got to get back to him, and has no time to spare. Do try to understand, Mabel!" exclaimed the old maid, dancing at her again. "I mean the visitor—Mr. Reeves; and he comes from him, I've told you over and over!"

"Send the man away!" Mabel heard herself saying.

She seemed to be speaking from a great distance; Samantha looked very far off.

"Send him away!" echoed the woman.

"Tell him to come back in an hour, if he likes. I can't see him now—I won't see him!"

"Can't see him! Why?" persisted Samantha. "He's not a young man, to make a stranger of. Anyhow, I'm sure the way that Ralph Desborough has been allowed the run of the house——"

"Be still! don't you speak his name!" Mabel broke in.

"What!" exclaimed the spinster.

"I tell you to be still! Send that person away. Tell him, if you choose, to come back in an hour. Only get him away now—go away yourself. He is coming——"

"Land's sake! he wouldn't come up here!" interrupted Samantha, not knowing what she said.

"Ralph—Mr. Desborough—I expect him. I must see him alone. It will be for the last time!" cried Mabel.

And the agony of that utterance seemed almost rending body and soul asunder.

"The last time!" repeated Samantha, in a bewildered tone.

"Yes. Don't say it over! Be content. You never liked him."

"I knew, I knew!" muttered Samantha, with a ferocious look.

"I tell you after this once, I would walk miles on burning plowshares to avoid his sight——"

"Since there's a opening—since Mr. Reeves come for that!" broke in Samantha, sobbing in mingled anger and fright.

"I hear—yes! Go away with him? Anywhere, anywhere! Only let me alone till I have seen Ralph, then bring anybody you like—anybody who will take me away for ever!"

"Mabel!" groaned the woman.

"Be still! I tell you I shall go mad if you do not let me alone—mad! Go, send that man away—go yourself. Don't let me see a soul when I come down-stairs. Don't be in sight or hearing. Do you begin to understand? Not a word more! I'll not answer—I'll not hear! Remember, from this hour, never mention Ralph Desborough's name in my hearing—if you do, that instant we part for ever. Go!"

The woman crept out of the room in silence. Some perception struck her at last that she stood face to face with an agony which went beyond sympathy or aid on her part; and she was positively afraid of the burning eyes from whence Mabel's maddened soul looked out.

Samantha went down-stairs, white and trembling; her very suffering rendering her more composed in appearance than she had been all day. She entered the room where Charles Reeves awaited her return.

"You must go away," she said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "She says you must go—go, and come back after he has been. I tell it so bad—she frightened me so."

"You mean she expects Ralph Desborough?"

"Yes; for the last time, she said. I don't know what he has done, but oh!" cried Samantha, with sudden fire, "I'd like to tear his eyes out for the trouble he has brought on my dear!"

"Tell me what she said," urged Reeves; "I shall be able to shape my conduct by that. Don't hesitate—it is most important I should know. You can trust me, Miss Dawson—you are already sure of that."

"Indeed I am!" exclaimed Samantha. "Oh, if ever heaven sent a body straight to the place where they was wanted, heaven sent you here this very day."

"I believe so too," Mr. Reeves answered. "But remember, the doing the work is left to us. We must make no mistakes, for her sake."

"And I'm acting like a fool!" groaned Samantha; "a baby would be more help than I am! But I was scared—I was, and I ain't easy scared—she looked at me with such eyes—oh, a face that looked as strange to me as if I hadn't seen her for years!"

"She is suffering terribly; but don't be frightened," Mr. Reeves answered. "Tell me just what she said."

"Not much—only that she would go anywhere to keep out of *his* sight; that if ever I mentioned *his* name she would never see me again. Oh, it wasn't the words so much," sobbed Samantha; "it was the way she looked that scared me."

"Was that all?" Mr. Reeves asked, after an instant's reflection.

"Yes; only you were to go at once—oh, you must! If she should come down and find you here, I don't know what would happen!"

Mr. Reeves's course was rendered very clear. He need not even see Ralph Desborough—at least it was something to be spared that additional pain.

"Please go—please!" repeated Samantha, with a beseeching humility which would have astounded any person who knew her well.

"I am going," Reeves answered. "When I see him leave the house I will come back; do you be on the watch to let me in."

"I will—I will!" cried Samantha.

Mr. Reeves left her without another word. As the outer door closed behind him, Samantha thought she heard Mabel's step on the stairs; she hurried down the passage and hid in the kitchen; she dared do no less than carry out the girl's commands to the very letter; for once in her life the resolute old maid was completely subdued.

When Mabel found herself alone again, she was able to recollect that she must be strong till after the meeting had taken place. She sat muttering broken prayers for help; all the while she seemed to hear demon voices whisper that such appeals were vain, and that she knew it—Heaven itself had deserted her!

But this coming trial would be the last; this parting once over, Destiny would have no power to bring her a fresh pang. The old misery must remain—always, always—but no new suffering could touch her soul; she should have exhausted every capability of feeling another blow.

Seconds passed—minutes; seconds and minutes which held eternity in their round. Ah, thank your God if you cannot understand! Then the click of the garden gate—then hurried steps upon the gravel walk. The crisis of her existence had arrived!

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLOW FALLS.

THE chime of the clock had roused Ralph Desborough to a consciousness that the twilight was gathering. The moment had come when he was free to seek Mabel—for what?

Her name had whispered itself to his soul during that awful vigil, like a hope flung across the bottomless pit of his degradation; but the hope died speedily out. Condemn her to share his infamy, even if she were willing? The thought was too monstrous. If he were to permit such sacrifice on her part, he should be a baser wretch even than circumstances had made him appear in the eyes of the man who had loved him.

Ralph realized already that he was powerless to clear up the mystery which looked so like guilt that an angel of mercy would have accepted the evidence.

But he must go to Mabel—tell her the whole. Ah, she would believe his words. Though in all the stretch of earth or heaven no other faith in his innocence could be found, she would believe.

He must leave her—even if he broke her heart, he must do it. To bind her fate to his would be a sin so terrible that the sweep of eternity would not hold sufficient space for expiation; but she would believe that he was innocent. Only to hear her say that, then go—no matter where. At least, he should take with him the recollection of her trust.

He hurried out of the house, on up the street. The day, which had begun so bright and beautiful, had grown overcast and dreary before its close. A great pall of gray clouds mantled the sky; the wind blew cold; the evening had gathered before its time. For once nature herself seemed to participate in a human being's despair.

Ralph had passed beyond the limits of the village; he was mounting the hill. Through the gloom of the twilight shadows he suddenly perceived a spectre!

Was he losing his reason? For an instant he fancied he beheld Charles Reeves, the man whom he knew now he had always felt to be his enemy.

He stopped short.

"Reeves!" he shouted; "Reeves!" he cried out, with such force that the echoes answered loud and clear.

Then he closed his eyes for a few seconds, opened them, stared about again. There was no human being in sight.

Ay, he was so near frenzy that his disordered imagination had conjured up a phantasmical likeness of the foe whom, during the wild fancies of the past hours, he had been associating with this awful blow.

He hurried on, reached the gate, dashed up the path. He opened the house-door without stopping to knock, entered the hall, and called aloud:

"Mabel! Mabel!"

He heard a voice from the little parlor make answer—not her voice—surely not hers.

Another instant and he was in the room. At the further end he saw Mabel standing, her eyes fixed upon him—oh, an expression therein which warned him that he had come too late to tell his tale!

He was quite near her now. He stood still. The look in those eyes froze the very blood in his veins.

"My God! you know?" he muttered.

She caught the words. What did they mean? Why, that he had in some way learned the story of her shame. Ay, that was it, that was it—he had learned the whole! And in her faintness and weakness she could not realize how impossible her thought was.

"I know," she answered, without pause; "I know. Why did you come, since there was no longer any necessity? Go away! go away!"

Then she heard him whisper:

"She believes it! she believes it!"

And, without volition on her part, she heard her own voice echo: "She believes it! she believes it!"

"My God!" he muttered, once more; "oh, my God!"

"You might have stopped away," she moaned. "What was the use of coming, since you knew? Did you want to stare at me—see how I looked? Do it—I can bear anything—do it! Then go, when you have stared your fill. Oh, isn't the earth wide enough for us both, so that we need not meet——"

"Be still!" he broke in. "Not a word more. Leave me one memory. You are right. Never to meet on earth again—oh, never hereafter, unless eternity is as merciless as time!"

"Never!" she echoed.

There was a second's silence, so awful that when a withered trumpet-flower and leaf dropped suddenly from the trellis on to the porch, the sound, coming through the open window, was like the blow of a hammer in their maddened brains.

XUM

"So I did not dream it!" he exclaimed. "He has been here—I did see Charles Reeves."

She answered him by a faint cry. She had forgotten that the means of escape were at hand. If he would only go without putting into plainer words his cognizance of her shame—his submission to the ban which separated them.

"Charles Reeves!" repeated Ralph.

"I forgot him!" she exclaimed. "Go away! Don't speak to me—go away!"

She tottered back into a chair. When she opened her eyes again, he was gone.

Cowering in a corner of the kitchen, her head hidden in her apron, Samantha sat waiting for the conclusion of the interview between Mabel and Ralph Desborough. Between anxiety about her darling, sympathy for her suffering, and fierce wrath for the man, Samantha's mind was in a state of complete chaos.

She was ready to start up, enter the parlor, and wreak vengeance of some kind on the handsome demon who had brought trouble to Mabel; but she dared not—Mabel had bidden her leave them alone, and she did not venture to disobey the command. Never in the whole course of her life had the resolute woman feared any human being; but she was afraid of Mabel this day—positively afraid.

Misery of suspense endured for a very brief space—not moments enough to seem long even to her excited imagination—a faculty which had so suddenly developed in her mental organization, that had she been a person given to psychological theories, she might have wondered greatly over this new possession—as new as it was uncomfortable.

She heard the door close behind Ralph Desborough.

"He's gone!" she exclaimed, flinging the apron off her head, and staring about the room as if searching some sentient object that could comprehend and share in her varying emotions. "Actilly, he's gone a'ready!"

The gray cat asleep on the hearth roused up at her voice and uttered a plaintive little "mew." The clock struck. A tin cup insecurely hung on a nail above the sink, took that special opportunity to fall and to make noise enough for a dozen cups double its size.

Samantha glared at each offender in turn, and exclaimed:

"I believe the house is haunted, I vum I do!"

She began the sentence in anger. Short as it was, the ideas conjured up by her own words gave her a superstitious thrill before it ended.

"Plague take everything!" she added, and ran out on to the grass plot at the back of the kitchen. The gray cat followed, and once more uttered a dolorous appeal. It was her hour for having a saucer of milk, and her stomach craved its usual nourishment; but Samantha forgot that and called:

"I believe you're Old Scratch—I do!"

"Mew!" said the gray cat, in an injured tone, turned tail and retreated into the kitchen, gazed about, and espied a plate of cold meat on the dresser; and though she had been from the earliest days of open-eyed kittenhood the most conscientious feline animal that ever existed, she leaped without hesitation upon the shelf, and devoured the mutton with an air of relish which showed that the taste of forbidden enjoyments was as gratifying to her as if she had been a human being.

Samantha hurried round the house, passed beyond a clump of bushes which would hide her from the parlor window, and stood waiting. Her hair, disarranged by the carelessness with which she pulled the apron off her head, got loose and fell about her shoulders; the wind blew her garments to and fro. In the excitement of her thoughts she unconsciously waved her arms right and left. Altogether, as she peered eagerly through the gloom, she looked like some medieval witch performing some unholy incantation; only her face was so haggard and despairing that it would have seemed her magic rites had recoiled upon herself, and had smitten her very soul with their demoniac strength.

Presently she saw Mr. Reeves come back down the road. She caught herself calling his name; pressed one hand hard against her mouth to repress the sound and waved the other in the air without the slightest consciousness that she was doing so.

The visitor opened the gate and walked up the dahlia-blossom bordered path. Even when he was close to her, Samantha did not speak—she could not; her voice seemed suddenly to have deserted her in the rush of relief aroused by his return. Her dear one was safe—safe! God had sent this messenger to carry her beyond Ralph Desborough's reach!

"I saw him go," Mr. Reeves said. "Let me see Miss Jordan at once."

Samantha beckoned him to follow, and ran back toward the kitchen; became aware of the disarrangement of her locks, paused an instant to wind them about her head as best she could, remembering, even in her agitation, that Mabel might notice their confusion; then conducted the visitor through the passage to the parlor.

The door was partially open. They could see Mabel's white face as she sat dumb and motionless among the shadows. Samantha glanced back at her companion, as if asking advice—desiring to be told what to do—she, the hard-headed woman who had always been ready not only to act herself in any emergency, but to direct others also!

"Go in," Mr. Reeves whispered. "Tell her I am here. Say I want her to read this letter before she sees me."

Samantha took the epistle and went slowly into the room. Just then Mabel looked up and saw her standing in the place Ralph Desborough had occupied. Beyond, in the doorway, the girl fancied she caught the figure of a man; but there was such confusion before her sight, such strange shadows, so many objects which she felt to be unreal, went sweeping slowly along, like the shapes in a phantasmagoria, that what was substance, what the creation of her brain, she could not decide.

"Mabel!" Samantha whispered.

"I hear you—I see you," she answered, though the words were addressed to herself rather than to the woman—a sort of assurance to her mind that she was able to control her wandering fancies. Then, in a second—though the time had seemed so long to her that a wonder as to why Samantha kept silence crossed her brain—she added: "I say I hear. Is it you, Samantha?"

"Of course it's me," returned the spinster; and in her effort to speak unconcernedly, she croaked in a dismal fashion. "Who else should it be, I want to know?"

"Who else?" echoed Mabel.

"He is here—Mr. Reeves is here," faltered the old maid.

Mabel straightened herself in her chair.

"Let him come in," she said, in a cold, hard tone; "I told you he might. I have not forgotten. Let him come in."

"He—he wants you to read this letter first," replied Samantha, holding out the missive; "it will make everything clear."

"Can't he speak? Must he write what he has to say?" she moaned.

"No, no—it's a letter from the gentleman who sent him——"

"Oh, give it to me!" Mabel broke in, impatiently.

"I'll fetch a lamp," said Samantha, and ran away.

But Mabel did not wait for her return—indeed, had not heard her words. She crossed the room to a window, opened the envelope, and, by the faint gleams of light which stole through the casement, began to read:

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY: Although you do not know me personally, I think my name will not be unfamiliar to you."

She read on, not even turning the sheet to look at the signature; she was past curiosity or interest.

"I am an old man, and ill; I write with difficulty, and I do not choose to confide the duty, even to the trusted friends about me.

"Your mother was the relative of a person very dear to me—a person who was herself a distant connection of my own; so that, without tampering with the truth, I may call you my connection also.

"I told you that I could not write much; what I can do must be devoted to one purpose. In your mother's name I bid you come to me without loss of time—without hesitation. The reasons for this haste I cannot set down here.

"When I tell you that I have had one paralytic stroke—that my physicians have informed me it is quite possible any great mental shock or excitement may bring on another, which would prove fatal, you will excuse this abrupt letter—you will understand that compliance with my wishes is more urgent than it might be under ordinary circumstances; you will obey my request—nay, my command!

"Mabel Jordan, remember that this is your mother's voice calling through me; and as you hope her soul to find peace in the existence to which she has gone forward, obey—come!

"You will find in my house, if you choose, a home—occupation; but these matters can be left for future consideration on your part—on mine the offer is made in all earnestness, and will not be retracted.

"The bearer of this letter, Charles Reeves, is my cousin and valued friend. I could have confided the charge of seeking you to no one but some member of my family. Nothing short of the danger which might result, in my present state of mind and body, from undertaking the journey, prevents me from coming in search of you.

"I know that you are an orphan. You have, doubtless, near you some female relative or friend of sufficient years to act as a fit guardian—bring her with you; if not, any woman servant or neighbor who will do you this favor. That you can easily arrange.

"One explanation more. You are acquainted with Ralph Desborough. I am aware that he is, or was lately, in the neighborhood of your home. I tell you frankly that from him above all others you must keep this letter and your journey a secret. I think it probable that from him you may have heard my name, if it never before reached your ears.

"From him above all others, I say—mark it well!—you are to guard the secret. My reasons therefor I cannot give here; be satisfied to know that it is in a measure for his sake that I demand this.

"If you do confide in him—if by any means he should prevent your coming, as he may try to do (I cannot tell); but if he should succeed, I warn you that the consequences will fall upon his head, and they will be terrible!

"You are a woman, and would not willingly—nay, willfully, bring trouble upon another; so obey! I am a man, therefore you will not wonder that I should be hard and unforgiving if circumstances compel me. I always say exactly what I mean, and my word once given, I never retract!

"I repeat, that if you do not come, and Ralph Desborough has anything to do with your refusal (and be certain that I shall know it if he has) he shall suffer, and the fault and the regret will be yours.

"It seems a pity to end with such harsh words. They had to be written! I am too weary now to write further, and, besides, time passes; I want my messenger to start on his journey.

"Oh believe, my girl, that no human being ever received a summons more imperatively necessary than this; believe that if your dead mother could return, she would hasten to your side to warn you not to hesitate—not to delay an hour—a moment!

"I can write no more. God have mercy on us all if you do not come! But you will obey—I feel it—I am certain—you will come.

"GILBERT HARRINGTON."

Mabel read the letter to the end; blotted and illegible as it was, she read it without difficulty. Rather it seemed to her as if the strange significance of the message were flashed straight into her soul than a page of written characters deciphered by her outward sight.

As her gaze fell upon the signature she cried out.

"Yes, deary, yes!" Samantha's voice responded from the passage. The old maid entered, bearing a lighted lamp in her hand.

"What is it, Mabel—what is it, lovey?" she asked, in the piteous, croaking voice so unlike her usual firm tones.

The sudden glare of light flung in upon the gloom where she had cowered so long, blinded the girl for an instant. She put her hands before her eyes to vail the brightness.

A way of escape—a way of escape! That was all Mabel could think of at first. In her abnormal state of mind, nothing in the letter struck her as strange—neither the manner of writing, at once pleading and imperious, nor its revelation that some tie connected her through the dead with the writer. But as she read on, the mention of Ralph Desborough's name, the open threat that a refusal on her part to obey would bring trouble upon him, gave her a new eagerness to be gone.

No such cruel menace was needed; she would have obeyed; but now, if she had known it had been a journey to danger, death, she would have been as wild to depart. Had she not caused him trouble enough already? Ah! he had given her up without a word—a plea! Well, that was right! Surely no man would take her, nameless—disgraced! She had feared that her task might have been more difficult. He had made it easy, that was all.

Then she realized that Samantha was speaking.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The gentleman—Mr. Reeves, you know."

"Let him come in—quick!" Mabel answered.

Charles Reeves could hear the summons where he stood in the passage; he entered at once. Mabel moved slowly toward him. He could not repress a slight start at her deathly pallor—the despairing wildness of her eyes.

"You are Mr. Reeves," she said.

"Yes," he replied; and again he felt himself start. The voice, though a woman's, had a ring of determination which made it sound so strangely like Gilbert Harrington's. "That letter you have just read has told you my errand, Miss Jordan."

Samantha retreated a little, and stood resting her arms on the back of a chair, intently watching and listening.

"Plainly enough," she answered. Again, not only the voice, but the manner of framing the sentence were so like Gilbert Harrington, that Reeves was conscious of a score of wild conjectures passing through his brain. And her face—of whom did it remind him? He could not tell; but although he could be certain that in its present pallor and suffering, it was very unlike its usual buoyant beauty, the likeness to some countenance with which he had been familiar forced itself upon him so strongly that even in the midst of his sympathy for her pain—his desire to hear her decision—he could not help but wonder over it.

She remained silent after making her brief reply. Looking curiously at her, he perceived that she had already forgotten his presence. She stood, gazing straight before her, perfectly motionless; not so much as an eyelash quivered! There was something awe-inspiring in her complete immobility.

Samantha was stationed behind Mabel; troubled by the silence, she made a quick, impatient signal. Reeves caught it; the sign recalled him to the exigencies of the moment.

"I must tell you, Miss Jordan," he said, "that I am very anxious to start on my journey back with the least possible delay. I left my cousin in a state of great excitement, and I fear for the consequences. I do not dare waste an hour."

"I need not hinder you," she said, in the same cold tone.

He glanced at her, then at Samantha, in a sudden fear that the girl did not mean to accompany him. A second quick gesture from the old maid bade him ask the question that trembled on his lips.

"Miss Jordan," he said.

She started as if he had suddenly called her thoughts back from a great distance.

"I had forgotten," she muttered. Then, after a brief struggle, she added: "I beg your pardon—you were speaking?"

"The answer—excuse me if I seem abrupt. The moments may be of vital importance," he said. "You have read Mr. Harrington's letter? I am sure you will not let me go back to him alone."

"I have read his letter. I am ready to obey his commands," she answered, in a tone that was like the sound of an icy wind.

"Thank God!" Charles Reeves involuntarily exclaimed.

"Thank God!" Samantha echoed, and, before the words left her lips, felt guilty of a mortal sin. Preachers in the pulpit might utter that name, but outside of that sacred tabernacle the repetition must be wicked.

"Samantha, where are you? Samantha!" called Mabel.

"Here, deary," the woman replied, in the same tone of humility and terror which had rung through her voice for hours.

"Don't ask me questions!" cried Mabel. "Get ready—I am going away. Ask me no questions——"

"I ain't a-going to ask questions," broke in the spinster. "I'm ready—that's all."

"I have already explained to your friend that Mr. Harrington will expect her too," Mr. Reeves said to Mabel. "He is in present need of a housekeeper. Be your stay long or short, he will be glad to have her with you; and, of course, in any case, she must accompany you on the journey."

"There's nothing to be said about that," observed Samantha, in a voice that held a nearer approach to her ordinary decision than she had reached since yesterday.

"That good Samantha!" exclaimed Mabel, absently.

She held the letter near the lamp, and began to glance over it again.

Had Mr. Harrington knowledge of her mother's secret? No matter—she must go. Ralph Desborough's welfare in some way depended upon it. She must go. At least her mother was safe in heaven. If further exposure came, it could only fall upon her, Mabel. She must go—go at once.

Then she heard Mr. Reeves, who had been holding a brief consultation with Samantha, call her name.

"Miss Jordan, can you start to-night?"

"The sooner the better," she answered, quietly. She was less agitated than the pair who were watching her. Then a sudden fear seized her. If she waited she might be too ill to go—she was near illness, she knew. "At once—let us start at once!" she cried.

"Miss Dawson and I have settled everything," Mr. Reeves said. "The carriage which brought me here will take you and myself down to the lake. We must spend the night there——"

"And I'll get there before daylight," interrupted Samantha. "I'll pack up, see Lizzie Turner about the school—do everything—don't you be afraid!—and get there not so long after you, if Joe Marsh down at the livery stable has to kill his best team to manage it."

Samantha was wild to see them start—to get her lamb out of reach of the wolf, as she termed Ralph Desborough in her thoughts.

"So there is nothing to detain us," Mr. Reeves said.

"But you both want some supper!" cried Samantha; even in this hour of supreme agitation her housewifely instincts asserted themselves.

"We can have that at the lake," said Mr. Reeves. "If you have wine, bring some. Miss Jordan needs it."

"Yes—the best of old sherry—sent to Harvey."

Samantha flew off, brought wine and cake, got thick wraps for Mabel, almost carried her down to the gate, and put her in the carriage, with hurried, tender farewells.

"Safe!" muttered the old maid, as she stood watching the vehicle disappear at the turn of the road. "Safe! Now come within my reach, Ralph Desborough—Ralph Devil—only come!"

Hours after, Desborough found himself far out of the village. He had wandered on, unconscious of surrounding objects or the road he had taken. He heard the church bell strike nine. The wind had died; the moon was rising large and bright, making earth almost as beautiful and peaceful as the blue heaven which bent so caressingly over it.

A sudden longing for vengeance broke like a fiery tide across Ralph's soul, and absorbed every other sensation. To go back, find that man, kill him where he stood—at least add a righteous crime to the guilt charged upon him.

He turned toward the village; he ran, though his feet seemed leaden weights which dragged him back. He staggered like a drunken person—twice fell heavily, bruising his hands and face against the sharp gravel; but he gathered himself up and ran on.

He reached the old house; the door was locked. All dark save a light which gleamed from a partially open window in the dining-room. He remembered now—he had not meant to come thither. No matter, he must look in.

He saw Samantha busily packing a trunk. He pounded furiously on the sill, calling:

"Tell me where he is—you know. Tell me where he is!"

The woman approached the window, holding the lamp in her hand. Its rays lighted her countenance, full of rage and fear.

"I see you!" she cried. "How dare you come back, you—you devil, you! Go away, or I'll rouse the neighborhood! You needn't think to find her! She's gone beyond your reach! Mr. Reeves has took her to a safe place, and you'll never see her again!"

She closed the window fiercely in his face, slammed the inside shutter over it, and left him alone there in the night.

(To be continued.)

TOOLE'S TALE.

The favorite comedian, at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, lately told a little story of the profession that is well worth reproduction:

Three years ago, when my dear friend and old professional comrade, Henry Irving, had the heavy responsibility I have now to discharge, of proposing from this chair the toast of the evening, he told how, twenty years before, a boy had stood at the door of the London Tavern, eagerly watching the guests as they assembled for this Fund's dinner, delighted when he recognized the face of some popular actor or celebrated man. That boy was Irving himself, who has continued his early hero-worship until he, too, has become famous.

I, gentlemen, have to ask your forbearance and sympathy for another boy—a different kind of boy. My boy attended the first festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund three and thirty years ago, also held at the London Tavern, when the late Mr. Charles Dickens presided, holding every one spell-bound by his graceful allusions and charming humor except the commonplace boy I am introducing to you, who, in spite of his admiration for acting and his early reverence for Mr. Charles Dickens, was too busy cramming himself with jellies and cream behind a scene to be spell-bound. He was the son of a well-known city toast-master, who was often taken by his father to public banquets, to sit in the gallery with the ladies, or be slily fed by the waiter in some secure hiding-place within convenient distance of the sweets.

That same boy has, in the way of business, eaten a good deal of pasteboard food of a less toothsome character since then, for the benefit of a great variety of theatrical funds, and is now rather bewildered at his own boldness in presuming to occupy this chair—a position which he has seen filled by so many distinguished men—and in having to appeal to you seriously in behalf of the Profession we have met to serve.

It is not for a boy with this early training—a jelly-boy, in fact, ahem! no connection with Dickens's Mrs. Jellyby and Borrioboola-Gha—to take you over the ground which has been so skillfully, so eloquently, and so pathetically traveled by the illustrious men who have preceded him; but this boy wishes to touch your pockets through your hearts, and induce you to give large subscriptions to a most admirable Fund—a Fund which preserves self-respect by enabling the actor to help himself, and to make some provision against the day of disaster and misfortune.

Dropping third person metaphors, gentlemen, perhaps you found out who my boy was as soon as I mentioned him; for as I left my cab this evening, I heard a voice from a little crowd at the door say, "That's Toole!" and another voice reply: "In coorse it is, stoopid; everybody knows Toole."

So as disguise is impossible, I will, in my own name, tell you of an experience of a stage supper, which the name of Mr. Charles Dickens recalls to me, and which is not without its bearing on the subject before us.

I was playing *Bob Cratchet* in "The Christmas Carol" at the Adelphi, under Mr. Webster's management, and every night at eight, for forty nights, I had to carve a goose and a plum pudding. Mr. Webster generously provided a real goose and a real plum-pudding, which were served smoking hot, for *Mrs. Cratchet* and the seven little *Cratchets*, of course including *Tiny Tim.*

The children always had enormous portions given them, and they all ate heartily every night; but what really troubled me was the conduct of the little girl who played *Tiny Tim.* That child's appetite appalled me. I could not help noticing the extraordinary rapidity with which she consumed what I gave her; and she looked so wan, and thin, and so pitiful, that her face used positively to haunt me.

I used to say to myself before I began, "Well, *Tiny Tim* shall have enough this time, at all events," and I'd pile her plate more and more each evening, until I remember she had on one occasion nearly half the bird, and potatoes, and seasoning, and apple sauce, until I scarcely knew how she could carry it away to the fireplace, where she sat on a low stool, in accordance with the story, far less eat it. To my amazement she cleared her plate as quickly and was as eager as ever, pushing forward for plum-pudding with the others.

I grew alarmed, and spoke to Mrs. Alfred Mellon, who was playing *Mrs. Cratchet*, respecting this strange phenomenon.

"I don't like it," I said. "I can't conceive where a poor little delicate thing like that puts the food."

Besides, although I liked the children to enjoy a treat—and how they kept on enjoying it for forty nights was a mystery—I got into a condition that if I dined at a friend's house and a goose was on the table I regarded it as a personal affront.

But I said, referring to *Tiny Tim*, "I don't like greediness. It is additionally repulsive," I said, "in a refined-looking, delicate little thing like this. Besides, it destroys the sentiment, and when I, as *Bob*, ought to feel most pathetic, I'm always wondering where the goose and the pudding are, or whether anything serious in the way of a fit will happen to *Tiny Tim* before the audience, in consequence of her unnatural gorging."

Mrs. Mellon laughed at me first; but eventually we decided to watch *Tiny Tim* together. Well, gentlemen, we watched as well as we could, and the moment *Tiny Tim* was seated and began to eat, we observed a curious shuffling movement at the stage fireplace, and everything I had given her, goose and potatoes, and apple sauce, disappeared behind the sham fire, the child pretending to eat as heartily as ever from the empty plate.

When the performance was over, Mrs. Mellon and myself asked the little girl what became of the food she did not eat, and, after a little hesitation, frightened lest she should get into trouble, which we assured her should not happen, she confessed that her little sisters—I should mention that they were the children of one of the scene-shifters—waited on the other side of the stage fireplace, and the whole family enjoyed a hearty supper every night out of the plentiful portions to which I, as *Bob*, had assisted *Tiny Tim.* When I told the story to Charles Dickens, he replied, "Toole, you ought to give that child the entire goose."

COLONEL GURWOOD.

The death of this gallant officer and very estimable man, by his own hand, created much sensation at the time; and, although many conjectures were hazarded as to the cause of the act, the mystery was never cleared up.

A gentleman—an old and very intimate friend of my own, who had a government appointment and a handsome official residence on Tower Hill, where I have spent many happy hours, and who knew the colonel, and who was also acquainted with his brother—informed me that the latter had told him that the colonel had been in the practice of writing down the *memorabilia* of his chief, the Duke of Wellington, the Constable of the Tower, he being in constant and intimate communication with the Duke. These notes had expanded into two large MS. volumes. The Duke, by some accident, heard of their existence, and sent to the colonel in a great rage, demanding their immediate surrender. Gurwood received the message at Brighton, where he was staying at the time. He returned to the Tower, carried the volumes down into the kitchen, and there, leaf by leaf, committed them to the flames. He then returned to Brighton, and there committed the act which deprived his country of a distinguished officer, and society of a most worthy man. He had been offered £4,000 for the MS., the destruction of which is to be deplored as a national loss. The displeasure of his chief, acting upon an honorable and sensitive mind, was too much for him.—*W. H. Harrison.*

Make the bridge from the cradle to manhood as long as you can. Let your children be children as long as they will. Let them be children, and not little apes of men and women.

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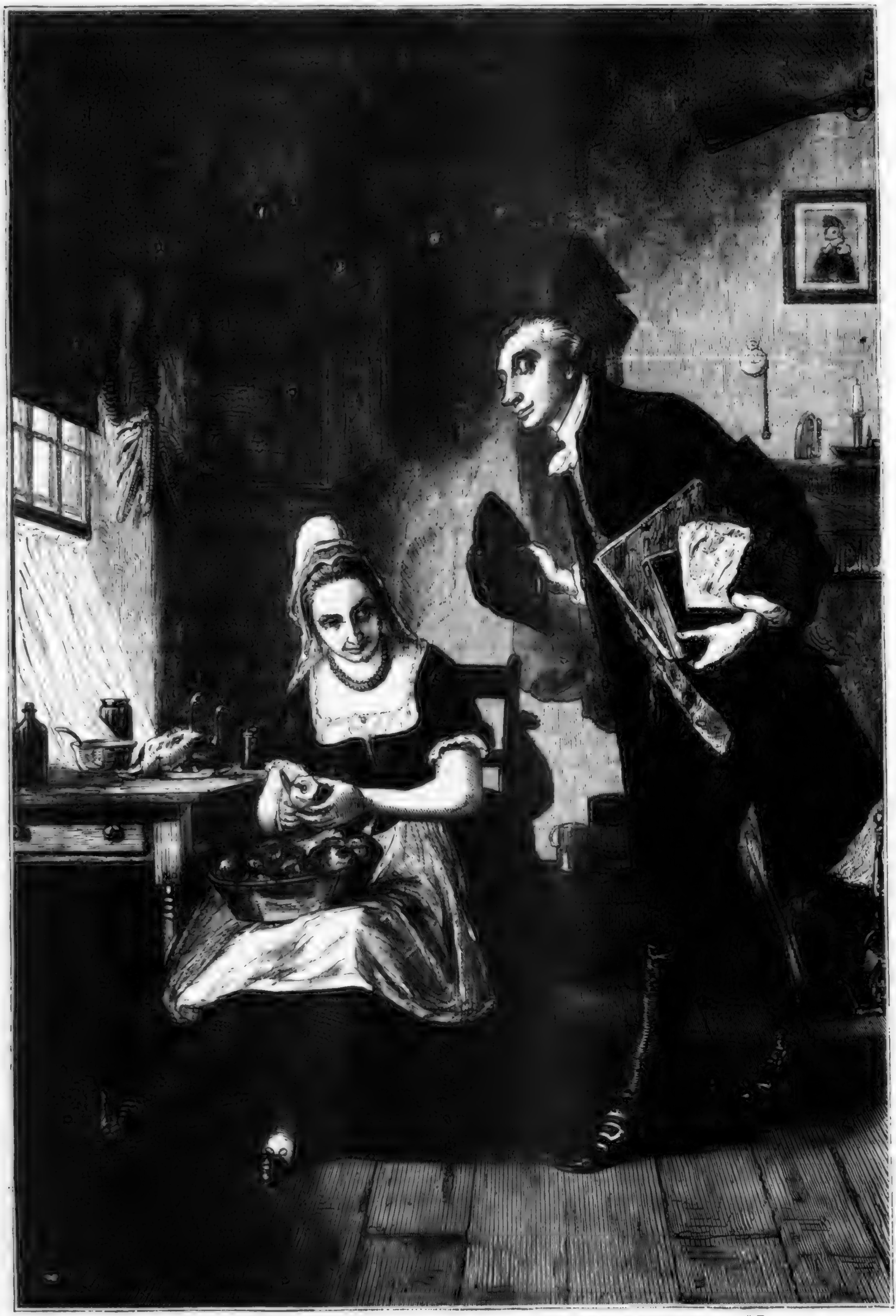


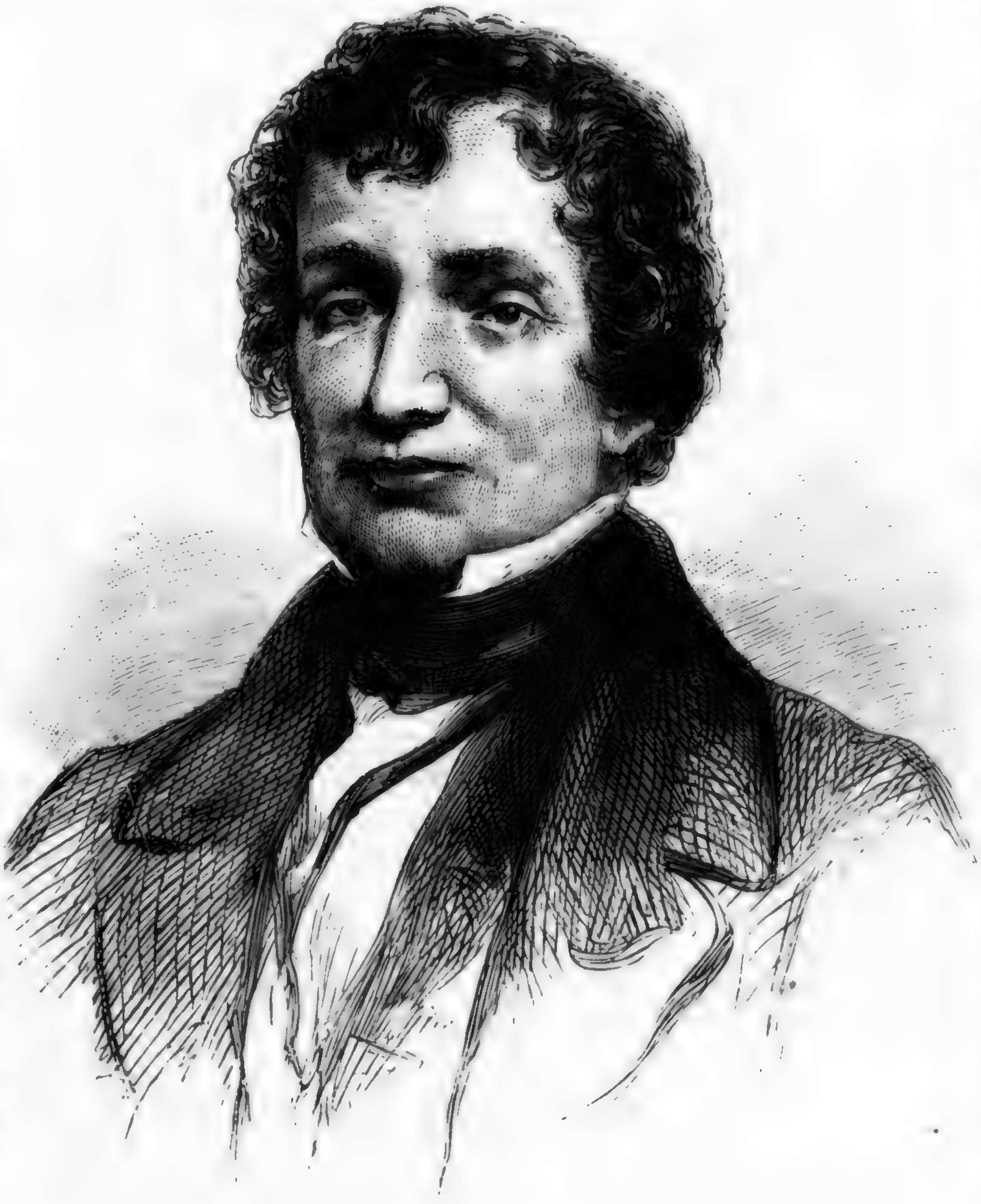
ICHABOD CRANE AND KATRINA VAN TASSELL.—FROM THE PAINTING BY D. HUNTINGTON.

SOME PERSONALITIES.

By Richard B. Kimball, Author of St. Leger, Etc., Etc.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is an inextinguishable quality of our nature to pay respect to what is believed to be superior, and the advocates of the theory of natural selection should make the most of it. No matter in what compass of knowledge or action the performance lies, to achieve distinction is to challenge the world's admiration. But the world is not content to know what certain people have thought or done and honor them for it. The world is curious to be further informed not only about the private lives, habits and peculiarities of these people, but it is eager to pick up and commit to memory every bit of gossip, scandal, and small talk which can be discovered about them, a great deal of which is ingeniously invented by those who deal in such matters as their stock in trade. This craving has given birth to quantities of books under all sorts of titles, such as "Personal Reminiscences"; "Conversations with ——"; "Six weeks with——"; "My Note Book"; Gossip about Authors"; "People I have met," etc., etc., etc.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is claimed and perhaps generally conceded that these productions form an agreeable addition to our lighter literature; agreeable because the Public demands it. Is the Public wise in the demand? My judgment is, it is better to let eminent men alone. We have the best of an author in his books, of a statesman in his political record, of a great commander in his achievements. Does it serve any good purpose to learn that a distinguished orator, who by his eloquence "sways us to virtue's side," sometimes yields to an unfortunate appetite, or that a man we honor for political purity and wisdom, is not blameless in his private life? To what end to be told that John Bright, the "humanitarian," is a hard taskmaster; that Howard, the "philanthropist," was cruel to his wife and tyrannical in his family; or that Nero, in trifling matters, was of an amiable turn of mind and exceedingly fond of music? The record of these men, for good or for evil, stands unimpaired by all such gossip, whether it be true or false.

A writer in a contemporary publication tells us, while parading afresh the reputed vices of a great man, that the world knows but half the history of such individuals. I am glad that it is so. The world is apt to learn with unerring sagacity the aims and aspirations of such men, and is witness to their strivings, and the world honors the grand results. To mouse after and describe in detail spots and blemishes which, on minute scrutiny, disfigure the picture, is an unhappy and unenviable occupation. Moreover, it is a foolish business to seek a passing acquaintance with distinguished people for the purpose of making a book or preparing an article about them. It is not in the nature of things that any correct knowledge of the person or his characteristics can be obtained in this way. If the writer be ingenious he may produce a verisimilitude, and shelter himself under the assertion, "If not true it is well invented"; but generally these efforts are miserable failures. I repeat, it is the achievements the world takes cognizance of and honors.

Should scandal be busy with the private character, the world may sneer, or be amused, or it may grieve, but the record stands unaltered. If indeed the *entire* life could be presented; if with the achievements and the gossip, there could be brought to light a third constituent part, to wit, the story of the inner life, the rounded whole could work no injustice, and would point always some useful moral; for it is this inner life that makes our identity. Whatever a man achieves outside of himself, whether he become a

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famous lawyer, physician, priest, a subtle philosopher, an engineer of repute, a renowned soldier or sailor, a cunning inventor, a great statesman ; whether engaged in one pursuit or another, within all the busy paraphernalia of labor, shut carefully in its own casing, utterly disconnected with its own machine work, is *egomet*—the ME. Furnish its history and we will accept the small talk and the scandal. It is because this history can never reach us, I say, let eminent men alone, especially authors.

It is true, we naturally desire to meet the person whose books have afforded delight or instruction, but the chances are equal that on an introduction he is discovered to be on the surface (for it is only the surface we encounter), a creature of inordinate conceit, or a crabbed, morose fellow, or with disagreeable characteristics which appear unendurable, and we go back to the works which have charmed us so much with a sigh of regret that we ever sought the author's acquaintance.

With this general introduction by way of caveat, so that no one may be misled by the title to expect any retailing of personal scandal of any sort, I observe I have yielded to the request of several literary friends, to furnish some papers referring to my acquaintance with men who have occupied prominent positions, whether as authors or otherwise. These papers will be anecdotal in their character, and I will record what has come within my own observation. I shall endeavor to avoid all formality, and treat my readers as if we formed a pleasant company at the house of an agreeable friend, where I was expected to do my part toward the evening's entertainment.

No one could say of Washington Irving that you had the best of him in his books He formed a rare exception, possibly, in this respect The man was better, finer, more charming than anything he ever wrote. In 1842 he was appointed Minister to Spain. The packet ships at that time still held their own against the ocean steamers. Mr. Irving sailed for Liverpool early in the month of April of that year, in the *Independence*, a favorite packet, commanded for the trip only by Captain Henry Holdridge, with whom Mr. Irving had previously crossed and to whom he was much attached.

I was at an age when the fresh, new power of life makes us feel everything with an almost superhuman zest ; when WONDER (*θαυμαστον* of the old Greek) fills the soul and quickens every sense ; when the glamour of inexperience protects from distrust and apprehension, and cares yet to be born are not even conceived ; when no trouble flies around the house-top (*tecta volantes*), because we are burdened with no house. It was at this period I embarked with two or three young fellows, on board the same vessel that was to carry out the author of "Knickerbocker's New York" and of the "Sketch Book."

I was well acquainted with Captain Holdridge, and to this fact was owing the circumstance that as soon as we reached the deck from the steam tug which had brought us to the ship the captain called our little party to him and presented us without ceremony to Mr. Irving, saying, "You must make the most of your time, as you are to have but fourteen or fifteen days together." "I will compound for twenty," said Mr. Irving, and we thereupon separated. I was now in a state of nervous expectation. By report Mr. Irving was understood to be shy of general society, and diffident in the extreme when forced into it ; with little or no faculty of expression before a large company, yet a charming companion and full of conversation with his intimate friends, who bore witness to his pathos and humor and rare power of description. How was it to be on shipboard ? Would he spend his time like a recluse in his stateroom, or thoughtfully pacing the deck, or were we to have proofs of his genial nature and companionship ? We were soon to know. The dinner-hour would decide. The captain had arranged the seats to our satisfaction. Mr. Irving was placed on his right, and we young fellows directly around him. The first day at table passed a little stiffly, but it was evident Mr. Irving felt at home and was disposed to be sociable. After that first day a general hilarity prevailed in our little set. Mr. Irving did not appear in the least annoyed by the exhibition of our curiosity or admiration, which, in older persons, would doubtless have been disagreeable to him. We sat down to dinner punctually at four, and it became a habit with him to remain with us till ten or eleven in the evening. All this time he would give full play to his resources of anecdote and reminiscence, making free comments on past and passing events.

"I think you lost one passenger, captain," was his first remark at dinner. "How's that ?" asked Captain Holdridge. "I came to the ship for a few minutes yesterday," said Mr. Irving, "and saw a fop of a fellow bearing down upon her. When he got alongside he began examining the hull with his quizzing glass, then he inspected the stern, then he pranced up the plank and got on deck. He walked as if he was afraid of breaking through into the hold. After that he brought out his quizzing glass again and overhauled the rigging. He finished by looking down the companionway and then rapidly retreated to the dock and walked off. He stopped twice and looked back. Shook his head as if it wouldn't do, and that is the last I saw of him."

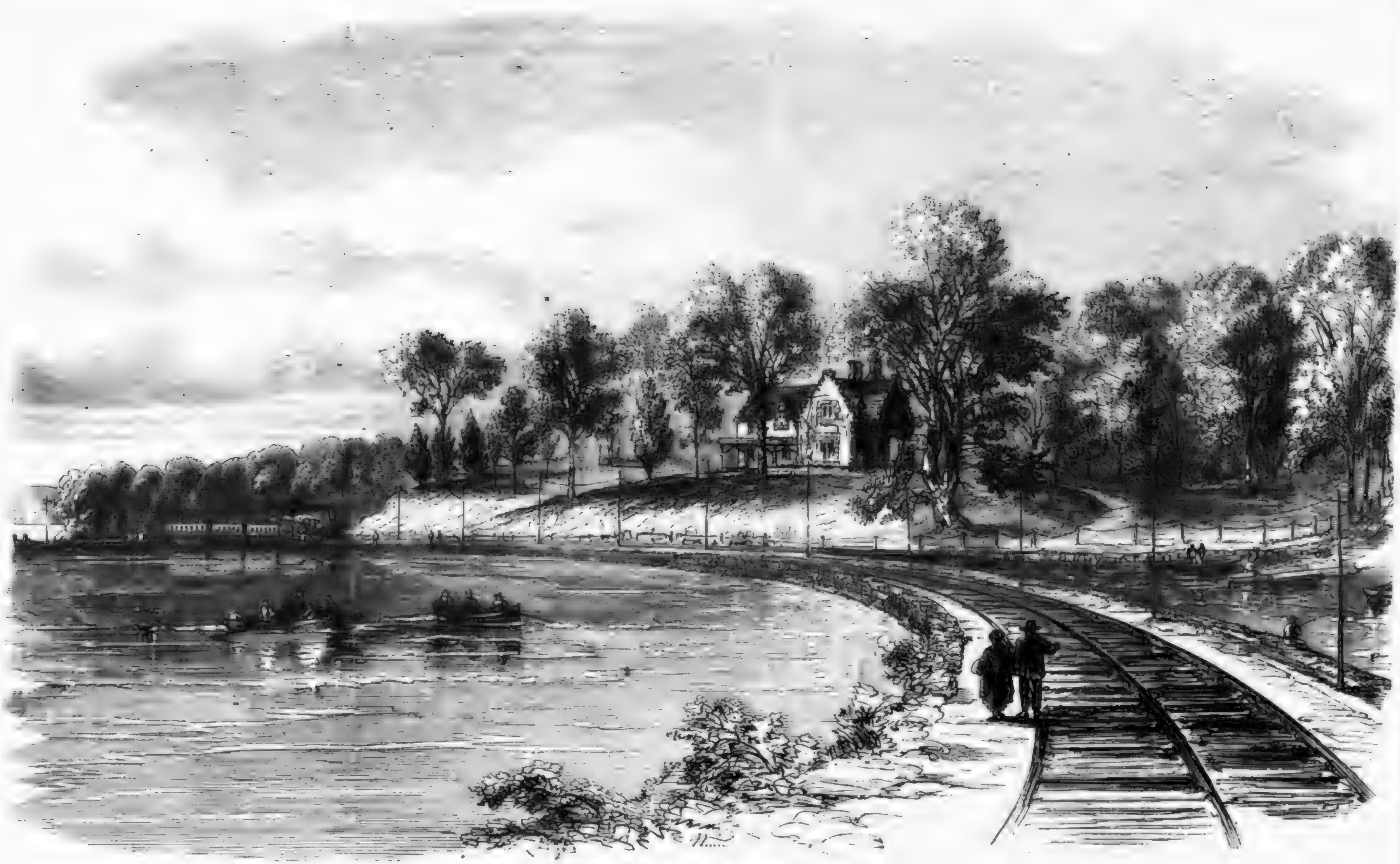
When on deck, Mr. Irving was continually on the alert. Nothing appeared to escape his notice. The first exhibition of this and of his sense of the ludicrous was about the second mate. "I have been watching that fellow all day," he said to me, "and I am at loss to decide whether he is blind of one eye or not. One is always shut, but I don't think it is always the same eye." A little while after he exclaimed, "I have solved the mystery. He opens both eyes when he speaks to the captain ; I am certain of it." The man possessed a sort of fascination for Mr. Irving, for the next day he remarked with great *goût*, "I have had a talk with the mate with the occasional eye. His name is Whitfield. He asserts that he is a direct descendant of the great preacher, and I am inclined to believe him. He spins an eloquent yarn. Why, he is a regular Sinbad. I thought I would follow up the eye question. I asked him about it. He says in Summer he knocks off shutting one eye, but the rest of the year he only keeps his weather-eye open." It is impossible to represent the humor with which this was told Mr. Irving was then in his sixtieth year.

As I came up the companionway one afternoon, I saw Mr. Irving standing far aft looking wistfully westward. "I was thinking," he said as I joined him, "with what different feelings I take this voyage from those on my first trip. Then I was looking eagerly forward ; now I stand here and look back and think of the friends I am leaving behind me. I was just one-and-twenty, then," he continued. "I enjoyed everything. I shall never forget Genoa. I went there to stay a few days and remained two months. It was quite in my habit. I have always enjoyed what comes unexpected and without planning. At Genoa I was introduced to a charming English circle, of which Lady Shaftesbury was the most prominent. The 'Napoleon Edict' found a large number of English in the place, and her ladyship with the rest was a 'prisoner at large,' that is, not permitted to leave Genoa, but otherwise enjoying full liberty. Her house was open to me at all hours, without ceremony. She occupied one of the magnificent old establishments which you can find only in Italy. The rooms were very large and high and were covered with wainscoting. In the evening, dimly lighted, their appearance was very impressive. There was staying with her the Lady Barbara Ashley Cooper, a charming girl of eighteen or nineteen, full of fun and frolic, with whom I was on the best of terms. Lady Shaftesbury was very fond of philosophical conversations, and received many visits of the learned ecclesiastics of the place. One evening I dropped in and found her ladyship sitting bolt upright in her stately chair, listening with great seriousness and dignity to a disquisition from a learned abbé who sat equally stiff and dignified on his side of the little table. There were no other guests, and Lady Barbara welcomed me with great satisfaction. She protested she was nearly bored to death. As we did not dare interrupt the conversation by our levity, we began a game of battledoor and shuttlecock at the other end of the spacious apartment. The game went on with much spirit, till by an unlucky blow the shuttlecock struck on a projection of the wainscoting near the ceiling, and there remained. It barely lodged, the feathers were visible, and I thought I could bring it down by a well-directed shot. We were at loss for a missile till Lady Barbara espied the three-cornered chapeau of the abbé, which she managed to abstract unobserved and hand to me. I fired and brought down the shuttlecock, but in its place lodged the three-cornered chapeau over the top of the arras, quite out of sight. We stood a few seconds stock still, looking each other in the face; then, without exchanging a word, by a sort of mutual understanding we noiselessly quitted the room, she retreating to her apartment and I to my lodgings. I would have given a good deal to have witnessed the search for the chapeau by those two dignified persons, but I feared I could not command my countenance and neither of us would dare confess the truth. The next day I nearly killed myself with laughter at Lady Barbara's account of the search as told by Lady Shaftesbury. The abbé, protesting continually that he entered hat in hand, was loath to abandon the pursuit, but at last was forced to do it and the mystery, as far as I know, has never cleared up, neither can I tell what became of the hat. Twenty years later I met Lady Barbara in London. She was then married, and we had another laugh over the incident."

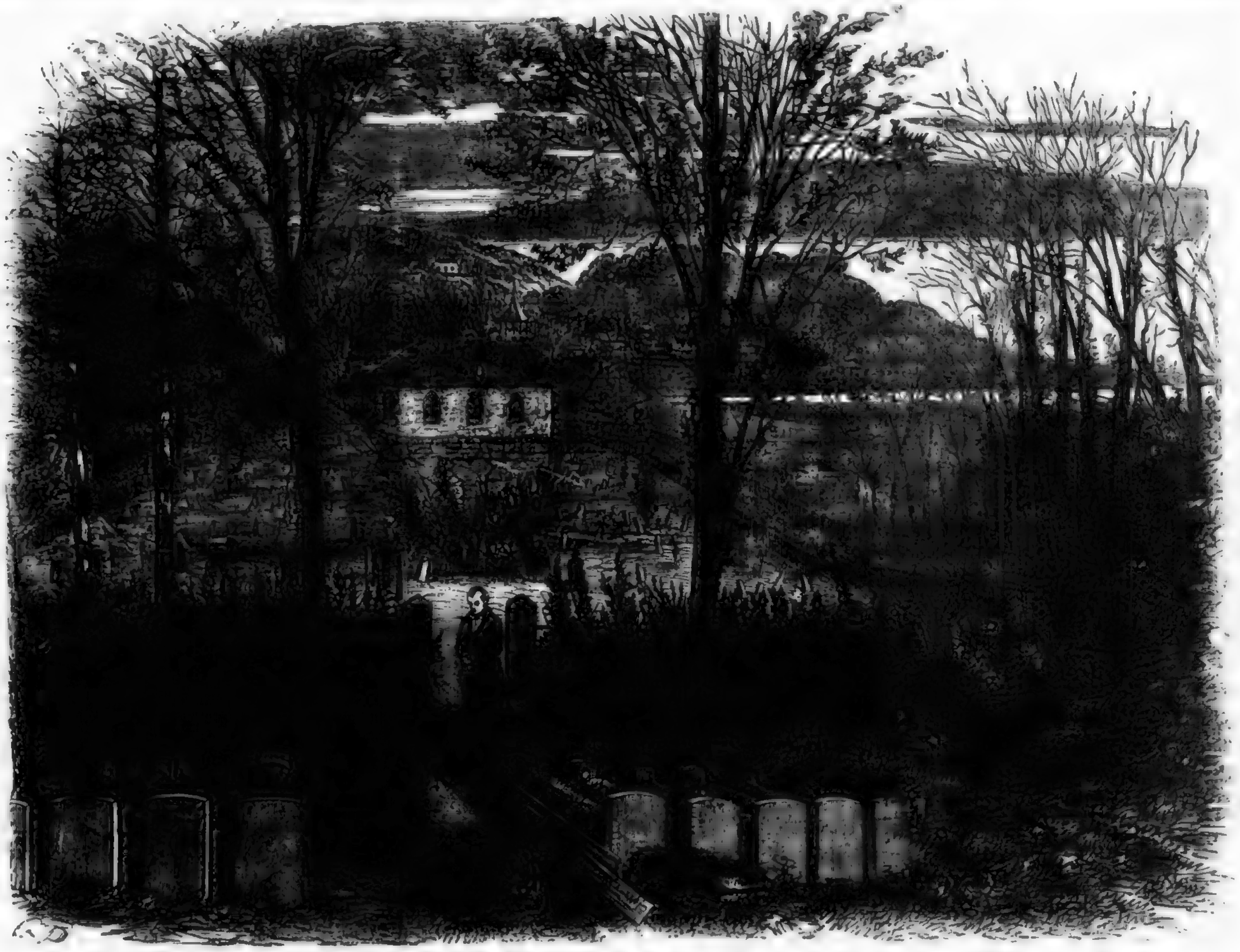
Mr. Irving liked specially to dwell on the events of his early life and of his first visit to Europe. "My tastes were desultory," he said; "I was not fitted for a profession nor for any occupation requiring forced application. I undertook to study law. I have not the least idea why. I was a student in several different offices, one that of Mr. Cutting, who was a grave, imposing-looking man. A young gentleman by the name of Wilson was a fellow-student. Of my career in that office I recall nothing more important than an unlucky mistake I made a short time after I entered. Wilson and I were very intimate. One morning when I came in he was already seated at his desk with his back toward me. I stole up behind him, seized him firmly by his ears and chucked his chin down on the table with no little force. To my consternation the person whom I had taken for Wilson raised his head and disclosed the dignified and astonished countenance of Mr. Cutting. I doubt if I recovered from the shock while I remained there. I abandoned the law and joined my brothers in business. This took me to Washington, and my stay, like that at Genoa, was prolonged to several months. I became acquainted with the leading statesmen of the time. I was greatly attracted by Clay, Webster and Calhoun. Oh, they were noble fellows, unhackneyed in the ways of political life, unsullied by the dust of the arena. They were really and truly patriotic in their aims. Even their ambition was pure and lofty. Strange as it may seem I got to be intimate with John Randolph. I can scarcely explain it. I was fascinated by his erratic brilliancy, and he never exhibited any of those characteristics which made for him so many enemies. In short, we always got on well together. He was a most difficult man to deal with, stubborn, despotic and unreasonable.

It was about 1830 that Randolph was appointed Minister to Russia. The papers were full of his extraordinary career while there. It was alleged that when he had his audience with the Czar he presented his credentials on his knees; but it was flatly contradicted and the occurrence explained. In my opinion, there were times when he was not altogether sane. He soon resigned the office and returned home. He came to London on his way and remained there awhile. Mr. McLane was at the time the American Minister and I was Secretary of Legation. When it was known that Randolph was coming, McLane said to me, 'Irving, you are acquainted with Randolph—I shall put him in your hands. You must take charge of him. I shall be on thorns till he quits the country.' He arrived and took the oddest sort of lodgings, quite obscure and grotesque. I called on him at once. I found him greatly reduced in strength and suffering much from continued ill health, but unchanged in every other respect. It was not long before a "drawing room" came off and Mr. Randolph was invited of course. I took it on myself to act as escort. The court rules for dress were strict and I had doubts of Randolph's being *en regle*. Mr. McLane and I drove to his lodgings. We found him arrayed in a close-fitting black dress coat and vest, with black knee breeches, also very tight and fastened with old-fashioned buckles; next came white stockings, and shoes with immense gold buckles which he assured us were 'no d——d Brummagen ware, but real Rundell & Bridge, by ——!' His legs looked about the size of a pair of candle molds. A huge trooper's sword, secured around the waist by a heavy belt, dragging and rattling on the floor, and an opera 'clack' hat completed the costume. Altogether, with his tall, lank emaciated frame, he was the most extraordinary looking figure my eyes ever rested on. Randolph at once began to put on his gloves. 'Irving,' said he, in his shrill, treble tone, which once heard was not easily forgotten, 'Irving, do you see these gloves? These are the gloves, sir, in which I was presented to His Majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias. They were intact, by ——, sir. I drew off the gloves I was wearing and took these from my pocket, intact, by ——, sir, and put them on in the Emperor's presence.'

"My first attempt at any change in his outfit was to request Mr. Randolph to have the silver sprig with the eagle worn by our ambassador attached to his coat-collar. On this point he could not be moved. 'I wear no man's livery, by ——, sir. Gentlemen, I wear no man's livery,' was all I could get from him. I explained that the only object was to insure his admission without a disagreeable interruption. 'No man's livery—no man's livery, by ——, sir,' was his only reply. I next attacked his cavalry sword. At first he was as obstinate about it as he had been about the "livery." 'Gentlemen, my father wore a sword and I will wear one, by —— !' was his only answer to my urgent protestations. 'The very boys in the street will hoot at us,' I said; 'if you must wear anything of the sort, it should be a rapier. You will upset half the ladies in the room, with that dragging after you.' He finally permitted me to send the sword down to the carriage, and I took good care that was the last he saw of it. When he reached the antechamber he was stopped, of course, and I had some difficulty in getting him through. When he entered the room every eye was turned on him. As we passed along, the



SUNNYSIDE, RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.



THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

old Duke of Sussex (brother of the King), called to me in a loud whisper, 'Irving—Irving, come here.' I went to him. With a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder toward Randolph, he exclaimed, 'I say, who *is* our friend Hokey Pokey, he! he! ha!' 'That,' I replied, 'is our Ambassador to Russia, the great American statesman, John Randolph.' 'O-h, a-h' he drawled out with a droll grimace, and I passed on. Soon Randolph was invited to a dinner, I think at Brougham's; there was a rare collection of distinguished men present; Sydney Smith was among the number. On this occasion Randolph was master of the situation. Not a topic was started that he did not lead in it. He astonished the company by his information, which seemed universal, his learning and his marvelous brilliancy. He was nobody's laughing-stock after that.[*]

"By a strange coincidence," said Mr. Irving after a pause, "two or three years later, having returned to America, I left Washington by the same train which conveyed Mr. Randolph to Philadelphia on his last journey to that place, where he soon after died. At that time a boat was taken at Havre de Grace, and passengers were an hour or so on the Chesapeake. Mr. Randolph had been carried on a mattress to the forward part of the boat in order to catch the full benefit of the breeze; I went and sat down by him. He was in a very fretful state of mind and complained bitterly of some attacks which had just appeared in the newspapers. I endeavored to appease him; I remarked that no one escaped attacks; that I had lately myself been criticised as being too much of an Englishman, or something of the sort. He exclaimed, 'Oh, no, Irving, Oh, no; nobody abuses you. You have been all honey to the world, and I have been all gall.' The report soon spread that Randolph was on the boat, and while we were talking ladies would walk to the bow as if to enjoy the air and turn and fix their eyes on him as he lay at full length. Mr. Randolph was evidently much annoyed. Presently he took his cane, and thrusting it quietly under the blanket which extended over the mattress on to the deck, he gave a sudden turn of his hand, which threw the blanket back and disclosed to full view a large urinary. The promenade of the ladies was at once suspended, and Randolph was subjected to no further scrutiny on their part. He, meantime, never moved a muscle."

Mr. Irving's habit on shipboard was to read after he had turned in. He almost never spoke of any contemporary author. One morning, however, he came on deck with Bulwer's "Zanoni" in his hand. "There," said he, "I have finished it. Bulwer is not honest; he has no heart; I would not read that book again for a thousand pounds. It is like a piece of music full of false notes. Dickens is an honest fellow. Bulwer is all false show. He creates an excitement which is unhealthy. It is painful to read him." "But you enjoy reading Dickens?" I said. "Very much," he replied; "thus far he has written but two books, 'Pickwick' and 'Oliver Twist.' I say that because his characters are after one pattern. His good people are all so exceeding good and his bad ones are perfect demons. The etchings bear one stamp only." At this time Fenimore Cooper was involving himself in lawsuits with certain newspaper critics and his name was mentioned in this connection. "Ah,"

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[*] I have been careful, in furnishing these memoranda, to omit any anecdote or incident already recorded in Pierre M. Irving's "Life and Letters of Washington Irving." But I have decided to give Mr. Irving's account, as narrated to me, of Randolph's visit to London, because it is much more minute than the printed one, and because it directly contradicts the statement in the book, that Randolph "did not shine," and was "not in his best" in London society.—R. B. K.

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said Irving, "Cooper is a pugnacious fellow—not at all intimate with him — you must admire his pluck, though. Curious to see the hunted turn on the hunters. It reminds me of the manager of a theatre, who, when his audience undertook to hiss down an actor, called up his supernumeraries and hissed down the audience."

As I grew better acquainted with Mr. Irving, I ventured to ask him about his habit of writing. He told me he used always to carry a memorandum-book with him in which he would describe a landscape literally as it appeared to him, and in which he would put down actual conversations between all sorts and conditions of people, exactly as he heard them. These lessons from nature helped to make his style simple. He would use the descriptions sometimes verbatim, and always put them to use in one way or another. The materials for the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," so far as they relate to English rural scenes, were gathered mainly in the vicinity of Birmingham, where his sister, Mrs. Van Wart, with her husband, resided. It was his habit to take long strolls into the country in the haying and harvesting seasons, and throw himself down by a hedge and pick up the literal conversation of the peasants—lads and lasses — then make his way into the cottages and see for himself what was going on. His introductions gave him access to the gentry so that he became familiar with all classes. [After we landed I visited the Van Warts, near Birmingham, and was shown some of Mr. Irving's favorite haunts, and was told many anecdotes about him which it is not within the province of these memoranda to record.] Mr. Irving told me he drew the old Uncle of *Buckthorne* from an old miser near Birmingham. *Ready Money Jack* was from the same neighborhood. He said he did not invent his stories, but picked them up and dressed them to suit himself. The story of the young Italian in "Tales of a Traveler" he had from Newton, the artist, who had it from Alstone. Of the "Sketch Book" there were four different translations. In one or two he was applied to for corrections, and the errors of translation were very ludicrous. In his long residence in Europe his recollections of England and of Spain afforded him a genuine and lively satisfaction. He did not like France or the French. His notable reminiscence of Paris was encountering the Duke of Wellington quite by himself in the Rue de la Paix. He was standing quietly looking at the column of the Place Vendôme. Not a soul happened to be present. He was in citizen's dress; he wore a blue frock coat, a stovepipe hat, and carried his inevitable umbrella.

The four volumes of the "Life and Letters" of Mr. Irving go fully into the detail of his experiences abroad, and abound in charming anecdote and in gossip of the most agreeable kind. I have been careful not to produce twice-told tales. In instances where the volume has but a meagre account of an interesting scene, or where my own account differs from it materially, I have been tempted to give what I had verbatim from Mr. Irving's lips. For this reason I put down his narrative of his first meeting with Sarah Siddons in London, in 1820.

"Shortly after the 'Sketch Book' was published I attended a large party at the house of a well-known personage in London. In the course of the evening an old friend approached me and said, 'Do you know Mrs. Siddons is here?' 'Indeed!' was my reply. 'Yes,' he continued, 'and what is more, she wishes to become acquainted with you, and I am deputed to bring you up.' I was seized with my customary perturbation. 'I will go with you by-and-by,' I said; 'not just at present.' 'Nonsense,' he answered, 'I came for you expressly. See! she's looking toward us now.' I submitted to be dragged to the shrine around which a number of worshipers had congregated. They made way for us as we came up. I beheld a lady superbly seated—occupying the whole of a small lounge. I have no recollection of anything but her eyes. They were large and lustrous; very black—perfectly magnificent. She fixed them on me as I was presented, and without the slightest return to my salutation, exclaimed, in a deep tragic tone, which had in it a touch of reproach, 'You have made me weep!' I was confused and confounded. I could have crept through a keyhole. I believe I opened my mouth or tried to do so, but not a word escaped my lips. Fortunately others were pressing forward to be presented, and I quickly gave place to them, only too glad to escape from the "presence." It was one year later—'Bracebridge Hall" had meantime been published — the London season was again at its height, and, as usual, I was accepting a good many invitations. I was at another large party, and while wandering about the rooms I was accosted by an acquaintance, who said, 'Mrs. Siddons is here; she has been inquiring for you; she says she knows you. I told her you were in the room, and volunteered to find you.' What was I to do? There was no escape. I hesitated, but the gentleman was not disposed to wait, and I never could have ventured alone. I occupied the brief space of time before we reached the spot where Mrs. Siddons sat, in conjecturing how she would on this occasion adress me and in endeavoring to frame a reply. Standing once more before her, I lost all presence of mind. I recall the same wonderful eyes which were thrown on me as she exclaimed without other tokens of recognition, '*You have made me weep again!*' I did manage to stammer forth some incoherent reply in which I spoke of the emotions she had excited in me, and hastened to make my escape. In the course of the season we met several times at the house of a mutual friend, and afterward we were visiting at the same house in the country for several weeks, and I became well acquainted with this remarkable woman, to whom England accorded a place in Westminster Abbey. In fact, we got to be excellent friends. At that time she must have been at least seventy."

* * * * * * *

A few days before we reached the Irish coast we were threatened with heavy weather. "Things are not going to be satisfactory," said Mr. Irving to me as he came on deck. "Don't you see the captain's lips close-hauled. Depend on it, there's a squally time ahead. See him look at the sails. The wind is hauling ahead, but he won't admit it to himself, and I will be bound you can't get a word out of him." We had made a capital run, performing one-half the distance between New York and Liverpool in the first seven days. But we caught a head wind before we entered the "Chops of the Channel," and Mr. Irving was quite right in saying there was trouble brewing. We could do little but beat about the Channel, and there was an end to our hope of a fifteen-day passage. As good luck would have it, on the nineteenth day we spoke a steamer from Waterford, bound to Bristol. She came alongside and took off those of us who were desirous of getting speedily to land. The next afternoon as we came to anchor in the Avon, waiting for the tide, a deputation headed by a member of Parliament came on board to welcome Mr. Irving to England.

We soon after reached Bristol, where all Custom-house rules and technicalities were laid aside in favor of the distinguished visitor and his friends, much to the delight of my companions, who were trembling for their cigars. We were soon pleasantly ensconced at the best hotel, and we took an English tea together. The next day was the first of May—May-day in Merry England, and in the society of the author of the "Sketch Book."

As is well known, Mr. Irving gave his undivided attention to literature only after the failure of Van Wart & Co., in Birmingham, of which house he was a member. His elder brothers seem to have regarded him with indulgent affection. He went to Europe in 1804, at the age of 21, and remained two years. Some time after his return his brothers offered him a partnership in their lucrative business, evidently for the purpose of relieving him from a sense of dependency, while he was following his own tastes and spending his time after his own fancy. In 1815 he went again to Europe and was absent seventeen years. He went ostensibly as a partner in the house of Van Wart & Co. The failure of that house two or three years afterward was the most fortunate event of his life (though it subjected him to the mortification of going into bankruptcy); for it threw him for the first time on his own resources, which proved to be rich and abundant. After publishing the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" and several other things which were very remunerative, he went to Spain, where he resided three years; a period of preparation and performance, as witness his "Life of Columbus," and the "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," and his inimitable stories and miscellaneous productions about that romantic land.

Mr. Irving told me he had accumulated a respectable sum besides owning his place at Sunny Side. He invested his money in the stock of the New United States Bank (called Nick Biddle's Bank) and was advised by a judicious friend to sell out. He did so and saved his money, for the bank stock afterward became worthless. Unfortunately, his next investment was in Western lands which brought him no returns and were at this time unsalable. "So," said Mr. Irving "I have still to depend on my pen to make up an adequate income."

Mr. Irving returned from Europe in 1846, after four years' sojourn in Spain as Minister. It was at this time that Mr. George P. Putnam, the notable and accomplished publisher, made a proposition to him to bring out new and complete editions of all he had previously published, and to publish any subsequent work in the same uniform style. It is not saying too much, nor is it any derogation to Mr. Irving's merit or fame, to assert that he owed notably to the enterprise and ability of Mr. Putnam the revival of a demand for his works. I mean of a large and current demand. They were in requisition, certainly, for public libraries, and even sought by people of cultivated tastes; but the popular demand had died away when Mr. Putnam took on himself to re-create it. In this connection I wish to say—for I was intimate with both — that Mr. Irving fully appreciated what his publisher accomplished for him, and his affection for Putnam lasted as long as his life.

CASCADE IN THE COMORO ISLAND OF MOHELI.

The Comoro Islands, embracing Comorin, Moheli, or Mohilla, Mayotta and Anjouan, or Johanna, are situated 11° 10′ and 13° S. lat., and 41° and 43° E. long., in the Indian Ocean, in the Mozambique channel, between Madagascar and the African continent. They are inhabited by about 80,000 Arabs and negroes, Mohammedans of the sect of Ali, their sultan residing at Anjouan. There are in this latter island three towns, of which the houses, built of stone, are high, with solid walls. The sultan's palace is said to be elegant, especially as regards the interior.

These islands abound in many small rivers, and produce nearly all the plants and fruit trees of India. Vegetation is most luxuriant, and the scenery is as startling and singular as it is beautiful.

As the islands are mountainous and the vegetation tropical, the traveler is often reminded of similar scenery in South America and Central India. Serpent-like vines twist about the trees, whose crooked forms seem lizard-like monsters writhing in fear; while dark caves are half hidden by overhanging and strangely varied verdant drapery, as the black face of some native emir is overshadowed by his green turban.

The meadows of these islands are fertile, and maintain large herds of cattle. The Arabs still manufacture much coarse jewelry and many small weapons; but their commerce is no longer what it was in the days when it extended to India. Mayotta was ceded to France in 1841, which cession was confirmed in 1845.

A TORNADO ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Our steamer had touched at Memphis, Tennessee, on a sultry evening in June, 1858, and, having discharged freight and taken on passengers, we put out, and headed up-river under full steam.

I was chatting with a gentleman who was engaged in the Santa Fé trade, when suddenly there fell upon us a thick darkness, preceded by a spattering of large rain-drops. I should rather say that we were enveloped in a thick blackness, as if the scene had been almost instantly vailed by a velvet pall. The next moment, and with a roar and a thunder-crash so terrible, so deafening, as to almost suspend the action of the heart—a tornado was upon us.

Pushing back my chair involuntarily, I felt the deck cant up to starboard, so as to unseat me; and, scrambling toward the weather-rail, I heard a terrific crash through the hurricane deck overhead, as the two great smoke-stacks (or funnels, measuring some twelve feet in circumference) were broken off close to the upper deck, their strong iron stay-rods snapping like hempen cord, and the entire upper works of the vessel strained out of position.

The rain had become a blinding deluge, the roll and crash of the thunder deafening, and the horrors of the scene rendered more awful by the rapid flashes of sheet-lightning which momentarily lighted up the tumultuous river, now raging like a mad whirlpool.

Fearing that the whole upper works of the boat would go by the board, I crawled to the larboard stairway leading to the hull deck, and proceeded to pull myself down, which it required all the strength of desperation to do, against the solid force of the wind; but, on gaining the lower steps of the flight, I found a group of the deck-hands, and the mate (a herculean man of iron courage) urging them with terrible oaths to do something which he wanted done, but which their wild terror rendered them powerless to execute.

Some four or five of their number had been blown overboard and lost, and the remainder were now deaf to anything but an impulse to cling for dear life to something or anything in the darkness and terror of the time.

The conviction instantly flashed on me that, in the event of the vessel going down, there would be no chance for life in my then position; so lifted, rather than crawling, up the stairway, I regained the cabin deck, where, on my hands and knees, passing round the larboard side, I came to a doorway leading into the saloon.

Entering this, I found everything in confusion, the furniture being all displaced. But the pendent lamps were still alight, and the relief of being able to see was very great, though counterbalanced by the feeling that, at any moment, the whole cabin or boat might heel over and be swallowed up in the maddened river.

I crawled into my stateroom to secure a life-preserver

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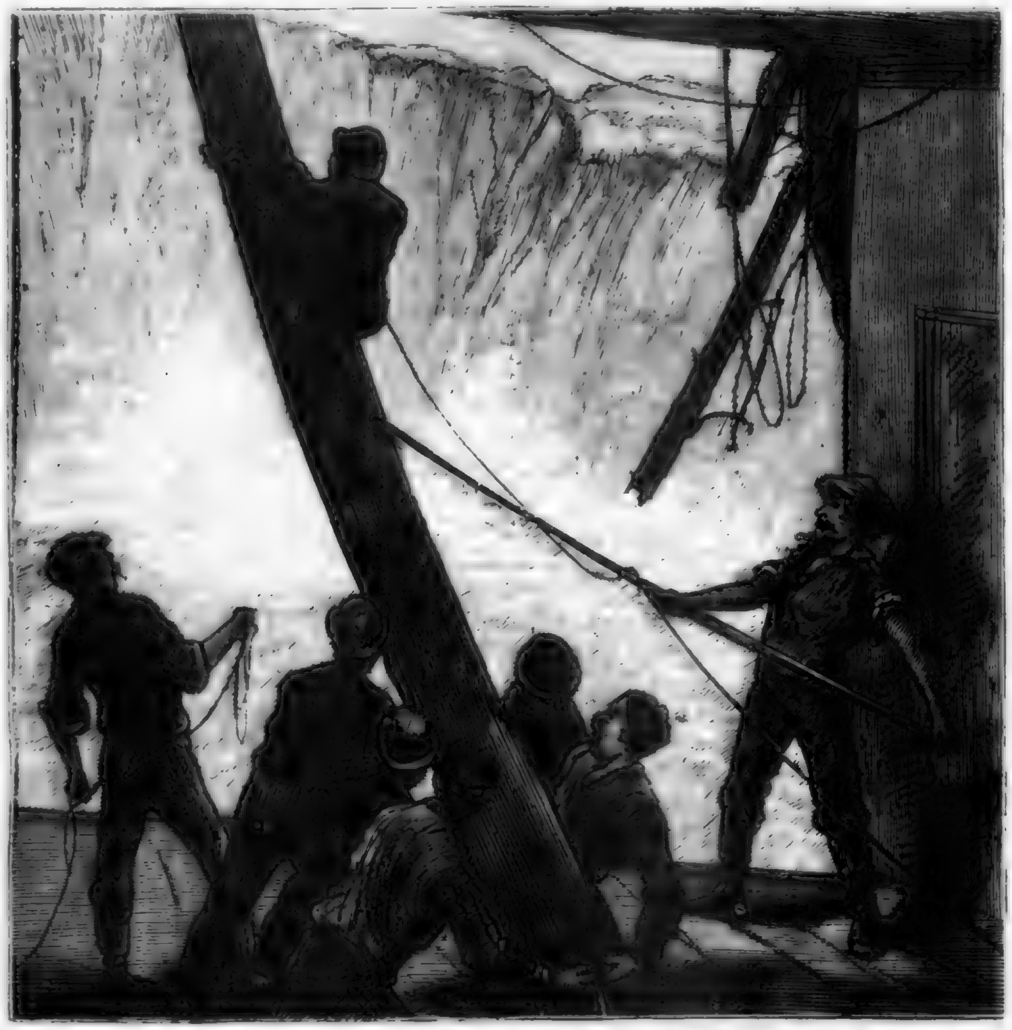
(two of which were in each boat), and on coming out saw, seated against the lower side of the cabin, one of our passengers—an invalid far gone in consumption, who had been in California, and was now returning home to die.

He sat calm and collected amidst the outcry and wild confusion that prevailed throughout the saloon; and, addressing me, asked if there was another life-preserver there.

"Yes," I replied, "there is."

"Will *you* give it to me?" he continued, "as I'm not well able to help myself, and the folks here are so mortal skeered I can't get any of them to do me that favor."

Returning quickly to the stateroom, I procured a life-preserver, and, handing it to him, asked, hurriedly, whether he would take his chance in the cabin, or if I should help him outside.



A TORNADO ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—"'UP WITH YOU!' SHOUTED THE MATE, FIERCELY, AT THE THE SAME TIME PUSHING HIM ON THE PLANK, UP WHICH, THUS URGED AND HELPED, HE SCRAMBLED ON HANDS AND KNEES."—SEE PAGE 727.

"No," said he; "I am obliged to you; but look out for yourself. I'll stay here. It don't make much matter, nohow."

On reaching the opening to the upper deck, I found that one of the smoke-stacks, in falling, had crashed through a portion of the steering-house and lay partially over the aperture through which I had to pass—the space left being barely sufficient to allow the forced passage of my body. This I essayed. Having succeeded, with difficulty, I lay flat in the vicinity of the texas, as the cabins on the upper deck appropriated to the pilots are called.

I had been in this position but a few minutes when, with a splintering crash, the larboard wheelhouse was blown into atoms, as if it had been paper; and at the same time the pantry on deck below was smashed in, its contents making a din which was audible above the storm, and gave the idea that the machinery of the boat had given way.

A vivid flash of lightning showed me a twenty-foot ladder lying a few yards aft, toward which I drew myself; and, pulling off a black silk handkerchief from my neck, I tied my left arm above the elbow to the last rung, in order that, if carried down by the swirl of the boat, the ladder would help to bring me to the surface, even should I lose my hold. Another flash of sheet-lightning, and I saw a man at the other end of the ladder, and he, seeing me, shouted:

"How long before she goes down?"

I shouted back to him:

"The wheels are still in motion; she may reach shore without going over—keep cool! Is the ladder free at your end?"

"Yes," he answered, as I felt him try it.

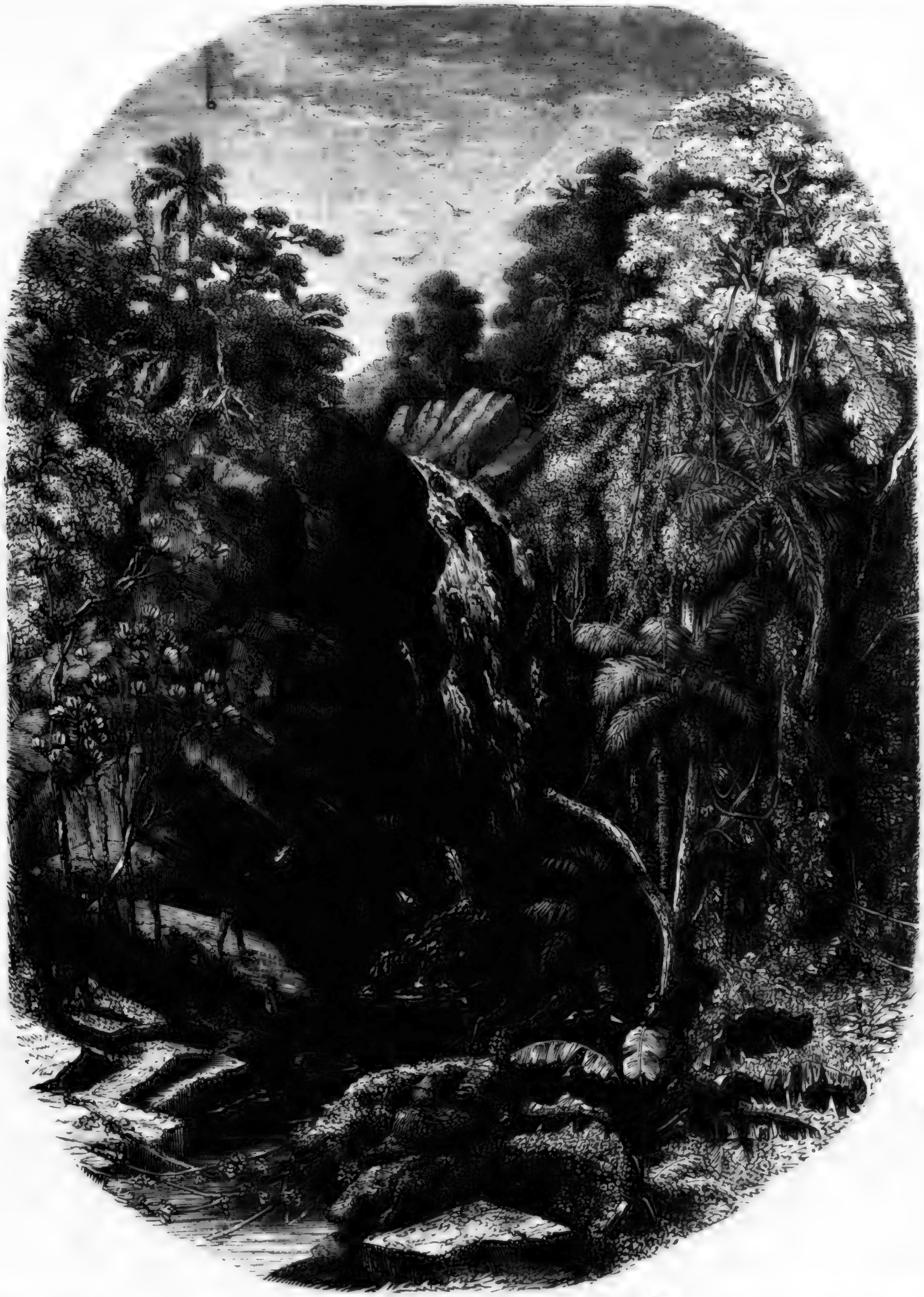
"We'll know our fate in five minutes," I added; and neither of us spoke again.

I had tried in vain to get off my boots and coat, the blinding rain and the force of the storm preventing a successful effort; and as I lay, with quickened breath, expecting the instant climax, there was a dull, heavy thud that made everything shake, a bright flash of light from the lower deck, as furnace-doors were flung open, and above us we saw the steep clay bank, and dark outline of the forest-trees of the Tennessee shore, against which we had been driven.

I instantly began to free my arm from its lashing, but the silk handkerchief having strained, made it difficult to unloose its knot. While so engaged, I saw the man who had hold of the other end of the ladder dash wildly across the deck toward the top of the starboard wheelbox, evidently intent on jumping from it to the steep and crumbling bank which now overhung us. Not being yet free I could not rush to stop him, so shouted with all my might, "Don't jump!" But, not hearing, or unheeding me in his terror, he sprang, and was lost. Getting loosed at last, I made my way quickly to the lower deck, where a terrible scene of tumult and confusion presented itself.

The captain and crew, with many of the passengers, were in a group on the forward deck; the former silent and quite unnerved, but the mate—with no clothing on him save a red-flannel shirt, the sleeves rolled above the elbow, and pantaloons thrust into a pair of long, cowhide boots, his thick hair hanging in drenched masses about his face—rushed forward, with a broadax in his hand, and, in a voice which rang above the din of the elements, shouted to the crew:

"Stand by, every man of you! I'll cut down any one who don't do as I tell him! Get out a plank here! Go



CASCADE IN THE COMORO ISLAND OF MOHELI.—SEE PAGE 727.

ahead with larboard wheel! Up with that plank—*up* with it!" he roared, as a long, stout plank was run up at a sharp angle to the top of the bank. "Bring a rope!" he continued; and, seizing an end of it when brought, he took one of the most active of the crew, passed the rope with a double half-hitch round his body, under the arms, and thrusting him forward to the deck end of the plank, shouted:

"Six of you here stand by this plank, and keep it fair.' Then addressing the man with the rope, he said, "Up with you, and make that rope fast on the bank!"

"I'll never be able to get up that plank, Mr. ——," said the man, hesitating.

"Up with you!" shouted the mate, fiercely, at the same time pushing him on to the plank, up which, thus urged and helped, he scrambled on hands and knees, ever and anon slipping in his effort. "Pay out! Slack the rope, one of you! Bring a pole here!" shouted the mate; and, seizing it when handed to him, he pushed it up after the man. "Put one foot on the pole! Grip hard! Look alive! You'll do it!" he cried, as all eyes were bent on the poor fellow, who was doing his best to obey orders.

Once or twice the man was all but turned off from his perilous position, saving himself only by a clasp of both arms and legs; but at length he won the top, and scrambled on shore amid the cheers that involuntarily burst from all present, except the mate, who grimly shouted:

"Shut up! Pay out the rope; look alive, you up there; make fast!"

And presently there came back from the bank above, the cry: "All fast, sir!"

The rope being now secured on the boat, we lay steady; and the tempest, which had been moderating for some minutes, passed away almost as suddenly as it had come upon us.

The sky was, as it seemed, unvailed, and we could now see our position clearly. We lay on the east shore, opposite the southern point of Flower Island, and presented a pitiable appearance of wreck. The hull was safe, and had been partly prevented from overturning by its heavy cargo of sugar hogsheads; but mainly by the heroic action of our pilot, who stood to his wheel faithfully throughout the fearful ordeal, and succeeded in keeping her head to the tempest, which, had it taken her broadside, would have inevitably capsized her.

I will here describe the pilot and his action. In person he was a thin, delicate-looking man, of about thirty years of age, a native of Nashville, Tenn., of a silent habit, and the cast of his thought tinged by a deep but quaint seriousness. I had spent a good deal of my time on the voyage in the steering-house, and became much interested in him; the more so, as I could not but see that he was suffering from consumption. He felt and spoke as if his life would not be a long one, and was given to speculate on the existence which lies beyond the stars. He was in charge of the wheel when we were struck by the tornado, and I append his account of the circumstances as narrated to me that night. When I sat with him in his cabin, and he had so far recovered from exhaustion as to be able to converse, he said to me:

"I had headed her out to pass close by Flower Island, and cut off the bend, as well as to escape the current which sets into it, when I saw the storm coming; and had only time to pull the wheel hard down, so as to bring her head to it, when it became so black that I couldn't see, and thought I had been stricken blind by the lightning. She didn't come up quick enough to the helm, and the next thing I knew was the breaking of the smoke-stacks—the larboard one falling on the steering-house, close to me, and smashing it right down to the deck, the remainder of the light work of the house being blown away; and I had to turn my back to the wind as much as I could to catch my breath. I next heard the wheelhouse go: and when the pantry was blown in, I *did* believe she had burst up. I began to feel my arms giving way from the strain, but I knew that if I *let that wheel up a point*, she'd go right over; so I got my feet jammed against the wheel-frame, and held on like grim death until she took the bank; and when she did strike, I was so fastened on to that wheel that I couldn't let it go for some time."

I asked him how he felt, and what he thought, at the time.

"Well," he continued, "I *felt* that it was all up with us; but I *thought* just of one thing, and that was to hold the wheel hard down until we struck. Well, when we did strike, and they threw open the furnace doors below, and that I found I was not blind, I felt good, but was so played-out by the excitement that I could scarcely crawl down to my cabin; all energy seeming to have left me when I let go!"

Such was the account of this brave and modest man, who, had he been less heroic, would have endeavored to save his own life by leaving the wheel, although, in so doing, he would almost certainly have lost it, and also those of all on board.

We had not been moored more than half an hour, when a great portion of the bank against which we lay "caved in," and, falling on the guards of the ladies' cabin, carried them sheer down, depositing some fifty tons of earth on our lower deck.

All hands, crew and passengers alike, had to turn to at once and clear this off, so as to right her. It was a work of great labor, and had to be done in a hurry, as we feared another "slide" might take place.

When we succeeded in getting her on an even keel, the mate gave orders to cut the mooring-rope, and let her drift until we reached a safer bank. This was done, and, about a mile down-stream we came to a woodyard, where we tied up to repair damage and count loss. As to the former, we found, in addition to the broken smoke-stacks, that the whole upper works of the boat had been wrenched from position, one wheel-box gone, most of the deck cargo lost, and rudder strained. As to loss of life, some five of the deck hands and three passengers were missing.

By the afternoon of next day we had so far repaired damages as to continue our voyage; but had to organize relays of the passengers, forming gangs, which "stood by," with buckets of water passed up from below, with which the showers of sparks which were continuously poured out by the stumps of the smoke-stacks, were extinguished as they fell thickly over the hurricane deck.

A thick fog fell as the sun went down, and being off duty, I had gone to my stateroom and lay down to rest. Being much exhausted, I fell asleep almost immediately, and had been so for about an hour, when I was suddenly thrown with violence out of my berth, and heard at the same instant a general crash.

As soon as I recovered my senses, I thought that the boilers had burst, and rushed into the saloon, where the tables, chairs, panel-mirrors, etc., were strewed promiscuously on the floor, and the passengers rushing wildly about, asking what was the matter. Picking my way quickly out on the forward guards, I heard a great hubbub on the lower deck, the voice of the mate rising above the din, "Starn all! full speed! man the pumps!" etc.

Going down, I found that we had run full speed, head on, against the bank, the fog being so dense that you could not see anything a rod off. The consequence was, that we had bent our keel, sprung a leak, and were making water very fast. The pumps were vigorously plied; but, after an hour's hard work, the carpenter reported the leak increasing.

Here again the resourceful judgment of the mate came to the rescue. He got the greater portion of the sugar hogsheads taken up from the hold, and placed, one half away aft and the other well forward; and thus, as he said, "straightened out the backbone of the darned thing." The result being that, in two hours, we had pumped her dry, and went upon our way rejoicing, reaching Cairo that night.

HOW PHIL CONSIDINE MET THE BANSHEE.

"DID yer honor ever hear tell," inquired Darby, as we emerged on the direct highway to that portion of Her Majesty's dominions called Cahirciveen, "of how Phil Considine met the banshee?"

"Never!"

I leaped off the car as I answered, glad of the opportunity to stretch my aching limbs. I had penetrated so far into Darby's idiosyncrasy as likewise to know that whenever he volunteered a yarn commencing with, "Did you ever hear tell?" it was an unmistakable signal that the "baste" wanted a rest.

It was just that hour of evening when the imagination feeds on the marvelous and supernatural. And as Darby threw the reins to his tired steed and strode alongside of me, I could scarcely restrain a wandering glance to each lichen-covered crag or yellow-blossomed furze brake, momentarily expecting that his wild legends would become realized by the appearance of some one of the strange beings with which he had peopled the romantic west.

"Well, thin, your honor must know," continued Darby, "that the banshee is a queer sort of sperit, and always appears before a death in the family; it's a woman, yer honor, and generally appears in the gloom of evenin', and keens to herself just like a child singin' a wailful, purty little song; and more times whin she's angry like, you could hear it risin' up in the air, fearsome to hear, fitful and heart-wringin', just like the screech of a dyin' hare.

"Arrah! sure, yer honor, there isn't one of the raale ould stock at all that hasn't a banshee in the family; sometimes appearin' for misfortin, and more times whin the corpse candles are lightin'; but, bedad, if she spakes to you ye may lave your clothes wid the first respectable naybor, and jist lie down in the most convaynient spot, for go ye will, and the less throuble ye give yer relaytions the aisier they'll pray for the repose of yer sowl.

"Phil Considine was a rovin' sort uv blade—a regular sporther, and never could settle down to a day's mowin', rapin' or turf-cuttin' in his life; but if there was a hare to be soho'd, or a main uv cocks to be fought, or a salmon to be coaxed, in sayson or out uv sayson, shure Phil the darlin' was the boy to do it; and he had as many pets, betune dogs, an' badgers, an' saales, an' game cocks, as id set up a thravelin' showman.

"He was a hardy crayture, too, an' would as lieve sleep out on the side uv a mountain as on the best feather-bed in the barony. Ye'd know Phil a mile off by his shamblin' gait—half throt, half walk—his ould caubeen stuck on the back uv his head; an alpeen uv the raale mountain-ash always unaisy in his fist, and the neck uv a black bottle peepin' out uv his coat, in which, he said, he carried holy wather to defend himself agin the good people; but, bedad, it was so often impty that people began to think at last that he used to meet whole regimints uv thim! Anyhow, there ye'd see Phil goin' along, an' divil resave the bush or tuft that the alpeen wouldn't be shoved into, lookin' for hares' forms, and the like; an' to see him settin' a throut or a salmon—och, musha! it was a picthur intirely!

"There he'd stand, away back from the bank uv the river, shadin' his eyes wid his left hand, the alpeen in his right, held in the middle, as if it was the butt of a fly-rod; his back doubled up like a rapin-hook, an' his knees thrimblin' backward and forward wid every move uv the fish; an' often, if ye watched him close from a hidin' place, he'd get so wake in himself that he'd forget, maybe, an' take a pull at the holy wather bottle—all by mistake, uv course!

"Well, wid all, Phil was a mighty dacent poor chap, an' niver a craytur was lyin' sick but Phil id have a nice leverit, or may be a young grouse or a dawshy silver salmon, an' he'd lave it, quiet an' aisy like, at the doore airly uv a mornin', so that nobody id know where it kem from; and sure if he did snare a hare of an odd start, or run a salmon by the light uv a bog dale, divil a one was the worse of it.

"However, sheep begun to go, an' fowl-roosts wor found impty uv a mornin'; an' tho' ther' was a load uv thravelin' tinkers about the counthry, yet the sthrong farmers all about wor down upon poor Phil. Now, Phil was a poor divil that had a conscience, an', let the thruth be towld, he had nayther hand, act nor part in the sheep staylin's or fowl sackin's that was goin' on, for it was an ould thaif uv a horse-docther, who, more betoken, got seven years for the same, divil's cure to him!

"Well, Phil was himself agin, an' wint on wid his ould capers, an' people liked him all the betther, whin times all of a suddent fell hard—raale famine the poor craytures wor sufferin' in these parts, and Phil was put to his wit's ends to keep starvation from the doore an' the life in his poor little, famishin' gorsoons.

"There was a great big gomersal of a farmer lived down there by the river, over where yer honor sees the big white house beyant."

"Ay, Darby, I see it!"

"His name was Pat Flaherty, yer honor, an' he was a cousin german uv that same poor Con Flaherty that I remembered yer honor uv a while ago."

"Anan!"

"He was a cruel, selfish bosthoon; he hadn't an Irish heart about him, at all at all; an' tho' he had bread, butther an' tay, full an' plinty, he'd grudge a crumb the size uv a midge's wing.

"One evenin' Phil was womasin' home, sad an' weary enough, for the childther hadn't tasted a maal's mate for two days, an' a couple of his naybors wor almost in the dead grips for fair want of food. Just as he kem down the boreen by the ind uv Pat Flaherty's house, out jumps an illigant, bewtifully fat hoorisheen uv a pig. Phil's heart lepped into his mouth, an' his teeth began to wather, an' bits uv pork wid a selvage uv cabbage began dancin' before his eyes, an' every grunt the pig id let as he capered on, stickin' his snout first in one sod an' thin another, and thin kickin' up his crubeens, an' gallopin' like mad, med Phil fairly beside himself wid timptation.

"So Phil repated the pather, and an office agin the snares uv the evil one; but, begor, it was all up wid the poor fellow, for the pig kep' gruntin' at him, an' squintin' quite knowin' like wid his little gray, winky eyes, until, at last, Phil whips off his coateen, an' 'hoorishes' to the pig.

"Grunt, grunt—squeak, squeak! says the pig; and, bedad, whilst ye'd squeeze a gooseberry Phil whips the coat round his head, claps him undther his arm, and away wid him down along the river, an' across the bog, runnin' like a thoroughbred at the Curragh, an' dodgin' like a rat in a haggard.

"Oh, faix! it was short work wid poor squeakeen whin onst Phil had him housed; he was kilt, an' divided betune the childther an' the starvin' naybors; an' divil as much as a bristle or a bone, a tail or a tusk ever tould who tasted the pig!

"Och! ye may be shure, yer honor, there was Milia-murther at Pat's whin the pig was missed. The whole barony was searched but sight nor light uv the grunther never was found.

"Phil, as I said before, yer honor, had a conscience, an' it was very sevare on him; divil a sod he could pass that didn't think he saw the pig's snout sticking out uv it, an' every moan on the breeze seemed like a dyin' grunt; for ye see it was the first civilized animal he ever come by in an undtherhand sort uv way. Oh, no, yer honor—Phil was very high in that respect; I won't say the same uv the wild bastes uv the field; for shure, as he used to say, 'God Almighty gave them for everybody's use;' an' as to a pack uv grouse, or a wisp uv snipe, or snarin' a scutty tail, begor, he'd sweep 'em the same as a live coal would a turf clamp.

"Phil daren't go to Father Doolin; for Pat Flaherty was great in the dues, and the fat goose, or the tindher turkey, much less a goolden crock of butter, or a creel of the raale red bog turf was never wantin' whin the coadjuthor gev the wink; so he was afeard to say boo to a bull-rush, for he knew that Paudeen More had his suspecs uv him, an' the fate uv the horse-docther was nothin' to the thransportation that poor Phil id get, if he was found out.

"One evenin' just like this, yer honor, Phil was comin' down by the ould castle uv Rosscarberry, a great ould sthronghould, too, an' a bad spot to be near at nightfall, whin just as he got near the stile by the ould tower, the sight left his eyes a'most; for there, sittin' undther the withered branch of the eldther three, was—divil resave the doubt—the banshee herself! ay, thrue enough; dusky white, and croonin' away, as she rocked backward and forward, wid her arms restin' on her knees.

"Phil's heart was goin' thump, thump—thug, thug—that you might hear it a mile off; his jaw hung loose an' thrimblin' like the dewlap of a cow; every bone in his body shook an' rattled like a bladder full uv pays, an' his knees wor playin' hide an' go seek wid one another.

"'Phil Considine!' says the banshee.

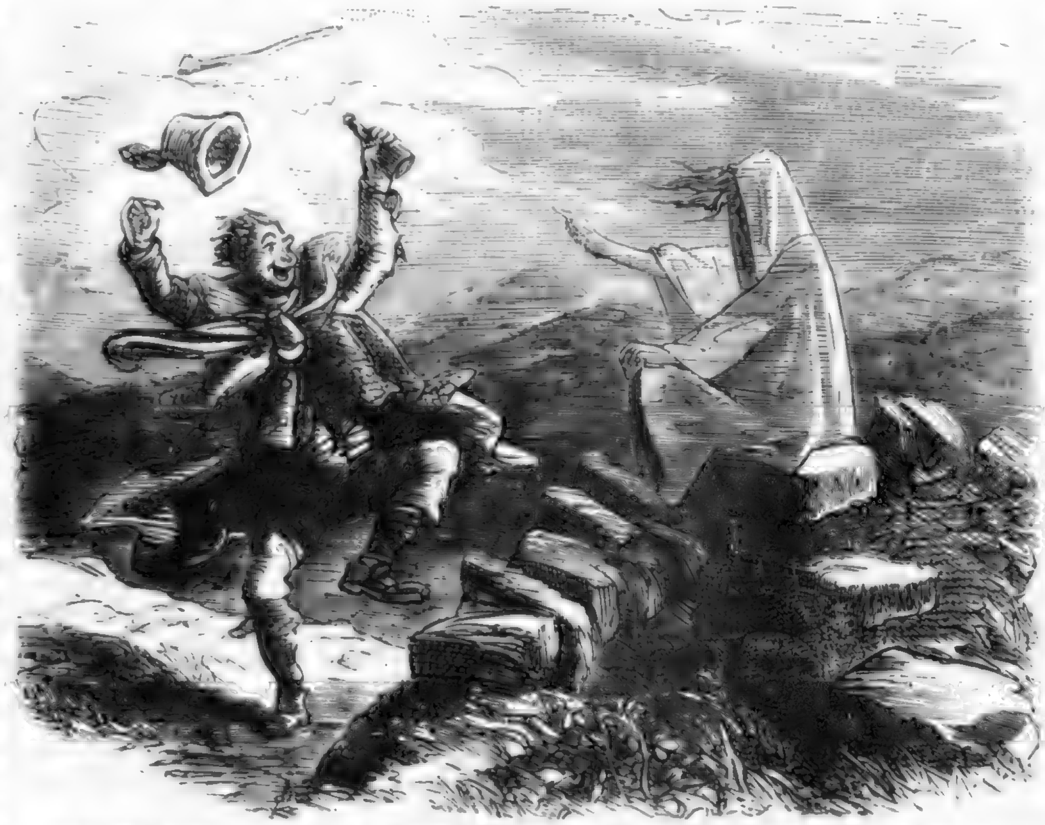
"'Hoo-ho-ooh!' blurted out Phil, fallin' down on his marrow-bones.

"'Phil Considine!' says the banshee.

"'Holy Mary uv Aigypt!' began Phil.

"'Howld yer tongue!' says the sperit, 'an' attind to me!'

"'Y—y—yis, mam!' says Phil, takin' a pull at the holy wather bottle.



HOW PHIL CONSIDINE MET THE BANSHEE.—"'WHOO, BE JABERS! BANSHEE JEWEL, I HAVE IT,' YELLS PHIL, FLINGING AWAY THE ALPEEN AND THE BOTTLE."—SEE PAGE 731.

"'Phil Considine!' says the banshee, 'I've been watchin' yer goin's on!'

"'Seven pathers and eight aves for the repose uv yer poor, sainted sowl!' whimpers Phil.

"'Phil!' says the sperit, 'I've been watchin' ye, an' there's somethin' heavy on yer conscience.'

"'All the way to the Cross uv Coppla, wid pays in my brogues!' groaned Phil.

"'Confess at onst!' says the banshee, wid a screech that made the ould tower rock agin, whilst the leaves on the eldther shook an' rattled like tundther, an' a big white owl flew out wid a whoop that made the hair uv Phil's head stand uv an ind.

"'Whoo-o-o-o!' cries Phil. 'I stole a pig!' says he.

"'Ye stole a pig, ye murtherin' vagabond!' says she.

"'I did, ma'am, av ye plaze, an' be marciful—be marciful, an' give us a long day to repint uv the same!'

"'Oh—hoo—hoo!' says she, wid a wailful croon, 'an' who did ye stale the pig from, ye misfortunate craythure?'

"'Pat Flaherty!' moans Phil.

"'What—ye stole a pig from Pat Flaherty; the good, pious Pat Flaherty, that attinds to his devotions, an' takes care uv his clargy! Go directly an' restore the dacint man his pig!'

"'Begor, I can't!' says Phil, gettin' bould wid another swig uv the holy wather. 'Begor, I can't, mam!' says he, for we ate the pig!'

"'Oh, ye haythen sinner!' says the sperit, 'ye onlooky, thievin' naygur! See here, now, Phil Considine!' says she, an' she lifts up her hood, an' her eyes glowered out at him like two stars in the middle of a winnowin' sheet. 'Mark my words!' says she.

"'Yis, mam,' says Phil.

"'The day uv judgmint 'ill come!" says she.

"'Thrue for you, alanna!' answers Phil.

"'I'll be there!' says she.

"'More glory to you, mam!' says Phil, taking another throw uv the black bottle.

"'An' you'll be there! says she.

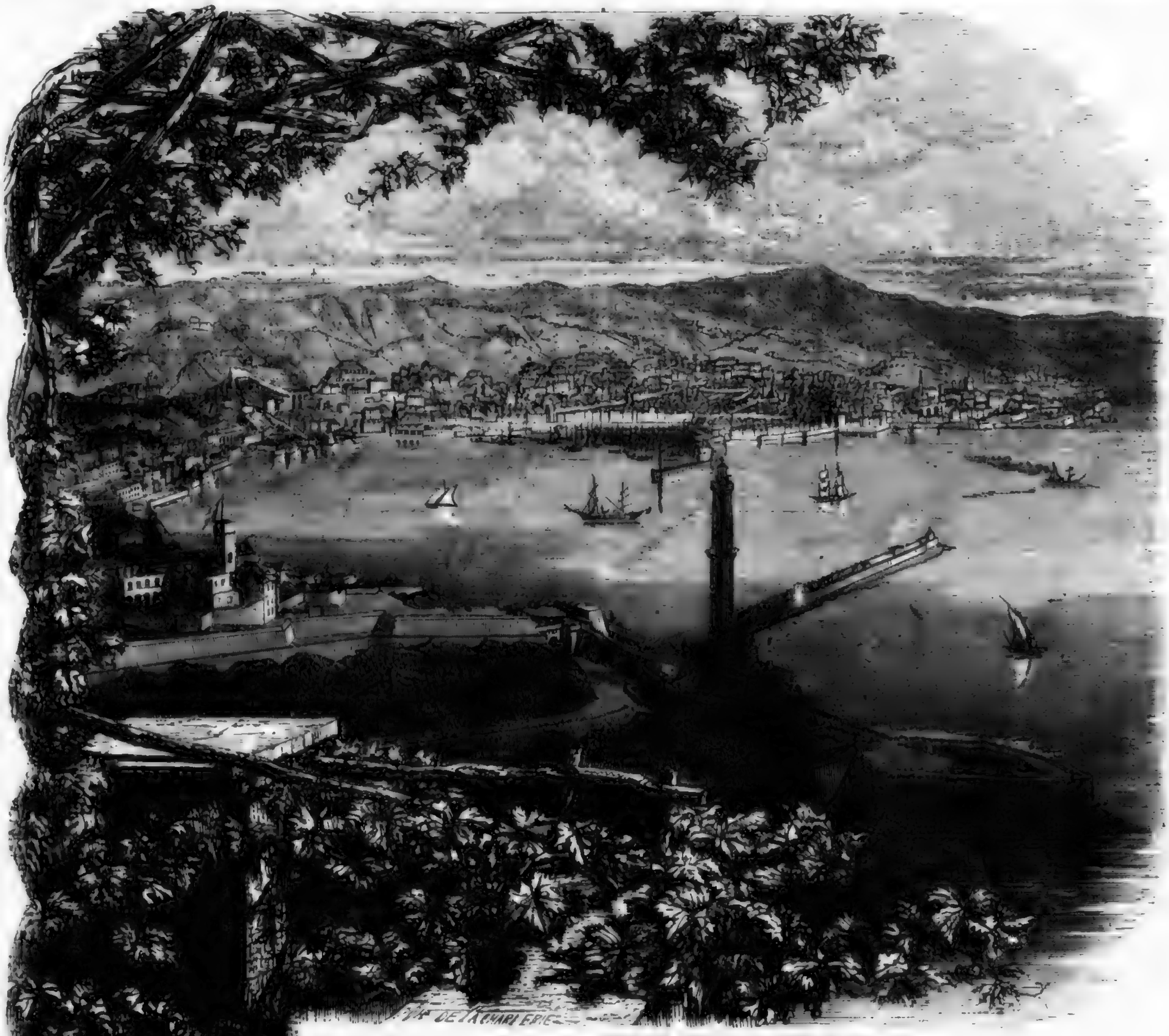
"'It's meself 'ill be proud to meet ye, anyhow—hic—hic—hiccup!' says Phil.

"'An' Pat Flaherty 'ill be there!' says she.

"'Ugh, the dirty b—b—baste!' says Phil.

"'An' the pig 'ill be there!' says she.

"'Whoo—be jabers! Banshee, jewel, I have it!' yells Phil, flingin' away the alpeen an' the bottle. I'll say, 'there, Pat Flaherty, *there's* yer pig!'"



VIEW OF GENOA AND ITS HARBOR.

GENOA THE SUPERB.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

The surname which distinguished Venice's princely rival in the struggle for supremacy in the Middle Ages did not signify so much the "magnificent" as the "proud." *Genova la Superba* stood for independence and lofty self-confidence; it was the synonym of all that was haughty in politics, aristocratic in association, domineering in commerce.

Genoa was more thoroughly Italian than Venice; her position was more central; her policy, so to speak, more *national*. Venice stood in a more exceptional position, and was as much a world's wonder as a working practical power among the family of nations. But both these cities, fallen as they now are from their independent sovereignty, have kept, more than any others, the outward form with which imagination not very inaccurately clothes their busy life of earlier days. Both of them abodes of luxury and homes of elegant and advanced civilization, they have kept almost intact the outer shell of their old courtly life. Rome, torn by the internal broils of robber barons and occasional popular revolutions, had but a rude aspect, and held within her bosom more fortresses than museums.

When the Popes returned from Avignon, and enlightened men, artists and *literati* began to gather round the throne of the Medici, the Roveri, the grand Sixtus V., and others of like renown, Rome took on the garment of a civilization which naturally borrowed much from the old classic times, the peculiar pride of her people. As centuries rolled on, the ecclesiastical nature of the government, blending with the artistic associations of classicism, produced a type unique in Italy, or, indeed, in Europe. Florence, a thoroughly stirring, progressive commonwealth, became, from a sovereign city, the capital of an important principality, and went gracefully and naturally with the current of innovation, till it became a kind of intellectual "sanctuary"—the neutral abode of exiles of all lands; the placid harborer of every new idea, however impracticable; and the nucleus of a large foreign population. Naples, the least historical, because the least independent, of Italian States in the Middle Ages, drifted from one foreign ruler to the other, always a prize for the victor, but never herself a serious party to the transfer. Pleasure-loving and frivolous, like decrepid

Imperial Rome in the days when the unthinking mob cried "*Panem et circenses*", and willingly let even the semblance of autonomy drop from their hands, Naples was as wax in the grasp of her rulers, and never had that vigorous national life which alone can and does give a characteristic aspect to the outward form and buildings of a city. Milan, the Paris of Italy, has followed, especially of late, in the footsteps of her prototype, and gradually swept away all architectural signs of individualism. The city of St. Charles and St. Ambrose is now, save for a few of its churches and religious establishments, little more than a modern town clustered round a fairy-like cathedral. Turin, the most dismal and precise of the principal towns of Italy, was burnt down within the last seventy or eighty years, and rebuilt on the rectangular plan, which, in an old, historical land, is so distressingly monotonous, and so typical of a buried individuality. The Royal Palace is like an overgrown barrack, and the principal streets remind one of the paths of an immense cemetery, lined with gigantic mausoleums. Something of this dreary impression is made on the traveler's mind by the first view of Munich; but then, here the cold exterior is compensated by the quick throbbing of the artist-life which is the very heart's-blood of the German city.

Of all the capitals of old Italy, none have remained so outwardly unchanged as the two rival Republics, the marts of a world-wide commerce. Both kept their shadowy power until absorbed by Napoleon, and, though their supremacy had long been but nominal, still the charm lingered around the stately piles where dwelt the descendants of their merchant-princes and their former lordly patrons of art and letters. Both became only secondary seats of power, after their independence was taken from them. Milan was made the Austrian capital of Lombardo-Venetia, while Venice remained subordinate, and Genoa had to look to Turin as her mistress. Artistically speaking, this was no loss; for if, as a rule, capitals draw to themselves all the talent of a nation, yet their influence is often such as to deteriorate the talent they reward—to vulgarize it by honors indiscriminately, and often carelessly, given, as a mere matter of course, and to lower art in the eyes of its own votaries by making success the only test of its worth. The restless and political life of a capital corrupts the atmosphere and thickens the air, so that the calm needed for the true growth of art is not to be found therein; or else art itself is taken up, made a pet of, tied to the car of political and social triumph as an embellishment, a set-off, a favorite slave sumptuously arrayed, yet carefully debarred from any independent aspirations. Art cannot breathe in this artificial condition; it may consent to be the friend and companion of princes, but never stoops to become their creature and their puppet. The moment its children accept this subordinate attitude they cease to be true worshipers of the beautiful, and become apostates from the traditions of their brotherhood. The expedient takes with them the place of the beautiful, and they are no longer shepherds, but hirelings.

It is, perhaps, a matter of discussion whether the two queen cities of northern Italy were better off as tributary than as capital towns, but it is nevertheless indisputable that their exclusion from the busy political life of disturbed Italy has given them an aspect of peace which they otherwise could not have worn, and which is peculiarly favorable to the illusions of the stranger and the traveler.

We can reconstruct for ourselves the picture of the past of the sovereign Republics, as we pace the narrow streets and look in at the solemn portals of their silent palaces; but how difficult it would be to bring back that past if we had to pierce the disguise of common, bustling, bureaucratic life in the nineteenth century! As it is, there is scarcely anything to shock one's sense of the fitness of things, on entering "Genoa the Superb." The splendid harbor is still full of shipping, the amphitheatre of hills that cradles the city is proudly crowned, partly by ramparts and bastions, partly by the natural defenses of rock and forest. The beauty of a Summer sunrise glorifies the city a hundred fold, as seen from the deck of a vessel at sea. Every hour of the day lends some new and regal beauty to the Queen of the Mediterranean; but night also has its peculiar effect, and sheds a more mysterious charm over the great, silent, densely crowded harbor and the deserted wharves and streets.

It was at night and by sea that we reached Genoa, and the romance of our stay began in the very first hour of our landing. A boat came to take us off the ship, and, the usual Italian bustle being hushed, the descent down the steep sides of the vessel, and the crowding into an open boat with a large awning, was accomplished almost in silence. We were tired with the long journey, and among us was one whose health could stand but little in the way of fatigue; so there was nothing said on the way to the *molo*, or pier—none of the usual tourists' gossip and wondering, and eager, restless planning.

Noiselessly the boat threaded its way among the great black hulls of the numerous merchant-vessels. Here and there gleamed the ray of a colored lantern; now and then a deep voice would shout a warning. Over our heads were the crossed bowsprits of many ships, lying close together, and once or twice we caught sight of a figure-head—a gorgeous mermaid with golden hair, or a flying cupid holding a toy anchor.

We had not seen Venice then, but the thought of that beautiful sea-city came uppermost in our minds, as we glided through that throng of ships, and tried to picture to ourselves where the Bucentaur might be lying, getting ready for the coming bridal with the Adriatic. Long afterward, when Venice became a present reality, the impression it left was far different to that of the busy port of Genoa, even in its temporary hush. Venice has no fleet of merchantmen whitening her lagoons with their sails; still more than Genoa, she is a relic of the past, a museum-city, the Pompeii of the Middle Ages.

When we reached the dock, no noisy porters made their appearance, no officious Custom-house men attacked us; and crossing a lonely *molo*, patrolled by a single military sentry, we walked a few paces further to the hotel. Dark, tall arcades shrouded the sea-view, and re-crossed a street-railway running down the centre of the quay. On the other side was the large, silent palace, now turned into a modern hotel. The change is little apparent—one might dream one's self the guest of the Republic on entering this vast house, full of marble stairs, floors of coarse mosaic, frescoed walls, and carved and gilded ceilings. Save the marbles, the palace is as it was three—four—five hundred years ago. In one room, long, costly Chinese tapestries, embroidered in colored silks, on a thick, creamy, satin ground. Even the furniture here is antique, though it may not have been the heirlooms of the particular family, to whom this palace once belonged. Even sales at auction here would furnish little that was not antique.

When things curious or valuable lose the value put upon them by fashion, they pass from the palace to the cottage, the dingy stall, or, perhaps, the public institutions; thence they may find their way to the pawnbroker's, and then back to the palace, as specimens of "our forefathers' strange taste."

Nowadays, they may be found in museums, or in hotels, or, again in curiosity shops, where half the "curiosities" are modern, though faithfully and skillfully copied from the genuine old relics. What *podestas* gave as marriage gifts to their daughters, what merchants brought to their brides from the sack of Byzantine cities, or the plunder of Infidel ships, may be found in the fragments now offered for sale to the English, Russian and American connoisseurs, as collections of artistic *bric-à-brac.*

The ornaments of the olden time were so solid that they do not disappear like our own flimsier luxuries, or else the artistic spirit is stronger in all classes of this Italian land, and they respect a thing more for its intrinsic, even if faded, beauty, than for its present usefulness.

Right opposite the palace-hotel of the "Four Nations" runs the elevated promenade, which is one of the modern features of Genoa. One is apt to think of the fabled hanging-gardens of Babylon while climbing the endless stone steps leading to this promenade in mid-air. A solid wall of masonry, fifty feet high, divided the street from the wharves, and affording a surface of at least twelve feet broad at the top, is a strange sight. Here and there the wall is pierced by arcades leading to the sea. From the top a magnificent view extends over the harbor and the blue sea beyond.

All along the broad flagged façade, protected by stone copings and ornamental railings, may be seen the many types of the Genoese population; women in the white muslin vail which is the national headdress here, as the *mantilla* is in Spain; men in sailors' costumes; *bersaglieri*, with their glazed round hats, surmounted by an enormous bunch of dark green cocks' feathers; the officials of the Government in unpicturesque uniforms; ladies in Parisian toilets; men in coats of an unmistakably English cut; children selling flowers or begging *soldi*; many little, barefooted urchins; strong, brawny, dark-skinned men from the country; artificers from the narrow, dingy workshops of the town—a motley throng, such as is usually met with in the seaports of the South.

Look over the parapet on one side and you will see the harbor—no longer voiceless like last night, but alive with parrot-like screeching; the sea beyond the fort, so blue and glassy; and, perhaps, the distant column of smoke, that betokens the expected steamship from Marseilles. Look over the opposite side, and there, like a stream of ants, runs the busying crowd in the street by the railway; the low arcades at the end of the street are filled by humble customers jostling each other, and chaffering for cheap finery, gaudy handkerchiefs or tinsel jewelry; and the open hired carriages are taking the *forestieri* quickly through the old city to see the sights that have now so woefully dwindled in number.

Parallel with this street, through which the railway runs (between stout iron railings), is the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi—one roadway under two different names; the *new* part of the street having been new upwards of two hundred years ago. These, the principal arteries of the city, are lined on both sides with palaces. The two Balbi palaces stand opposite each other, and are called, respectively, the "Red" and the "White," from the different marbles of which they are built. Both are full of pictures and objects of *vertu*; every hall a museum; the doors set in carved marble doorways; the floors of Florentine mosaic; the very hangings on the walls gorgeous with Eastern colors and classic figures cunningly embroidered.

Genoa herself was famous during the Middle Ages for her velvets and tapestries; now the looms are gone, and the tyrant Fashion has transferred this branch of Genoa's old commerce to other and newer centres.

We did not visit the city according to the dictates of the guide-book; and, since our journey was rather a search after health than excitement, we did not make it a point to investigate or catalogue the recognized *sights*. Ours was rather a saunter than a tour, and so we really cannot call to mind the endless number of famous and historical pictures stored away in these gloomy, grand old palaces.

The Royal Palace has a famous gallery of paintings, but, as we only had Sunday to spare for it, and it happened to be closed on that day, we never saw it. What was visible and accessible to every one at any time, however, was a lovely view of the garden and courtyard of the palace. These gardens are the distinguishing traits of the Genoese houses, and give the old piles quite a different aspect from those of Rome or Venice.

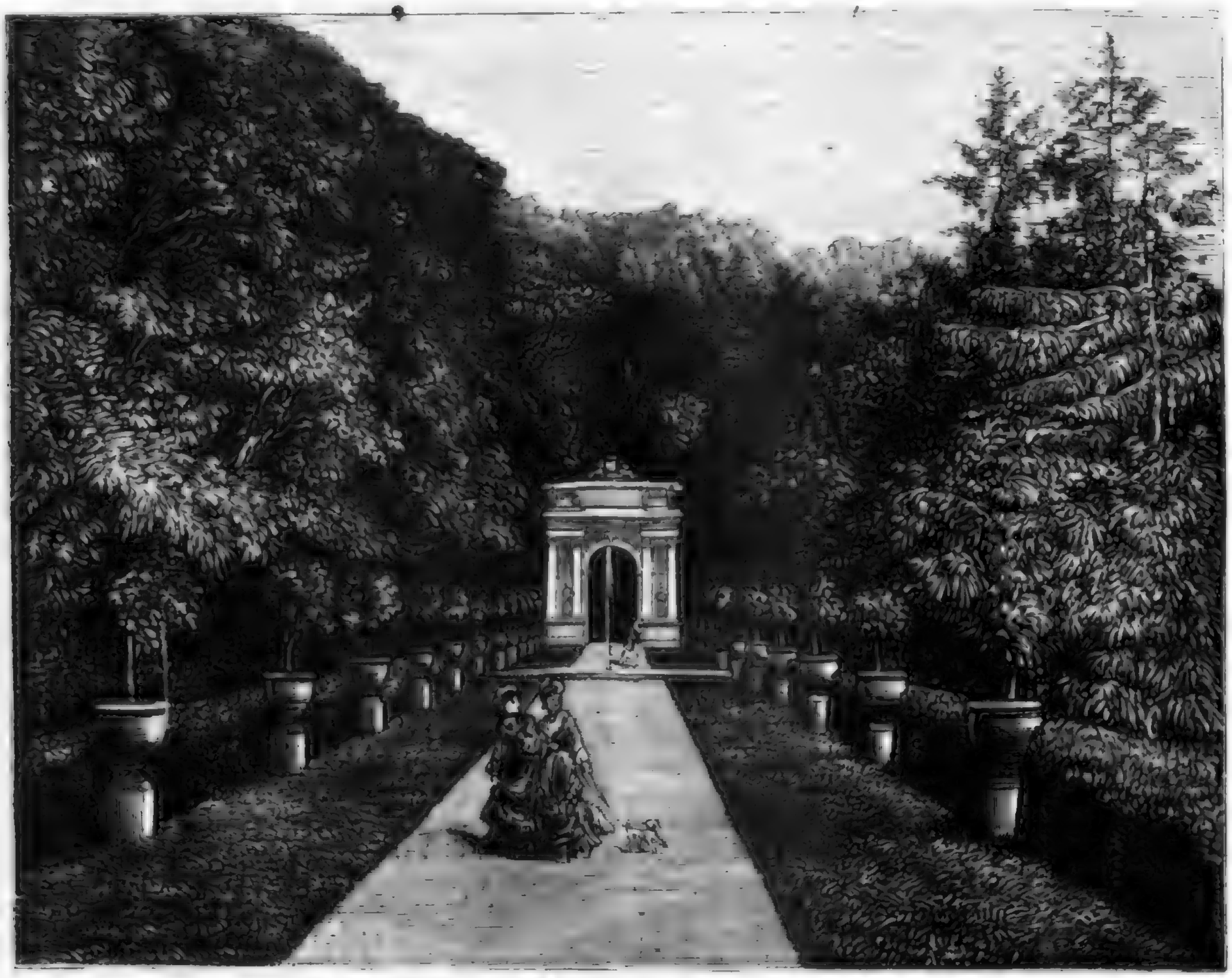
Very often you find yourself arrested by a long flight of broad steps, so that, instead of driving in through a great door into a side quadrangle, as in Rome, you have to alight at the house-door itself. As in Venice, a marble-floored hall, open at the opposite end, runs right back the breadth of the house, and leads into a courtyard of small dimensions, on the other side of which stands an iron railing. Behind that, orange and lemon trees, oleander and myrtle and ilex grow neglectedly round an untrimmed grass-plot with a classic fountain in the centre.

In Rome the gardens, if small, lie out of sight of the casual visitor, and, if large, surround the house very ostensibly, and are separated from the street by a high blank wall. In Venice, they are very often absent altogether, as a canal washes the steps on either side of the house, and so few houses have even a twelve-feet-square inclosure for trees and flowers, that the sight is more an exception than a feature.

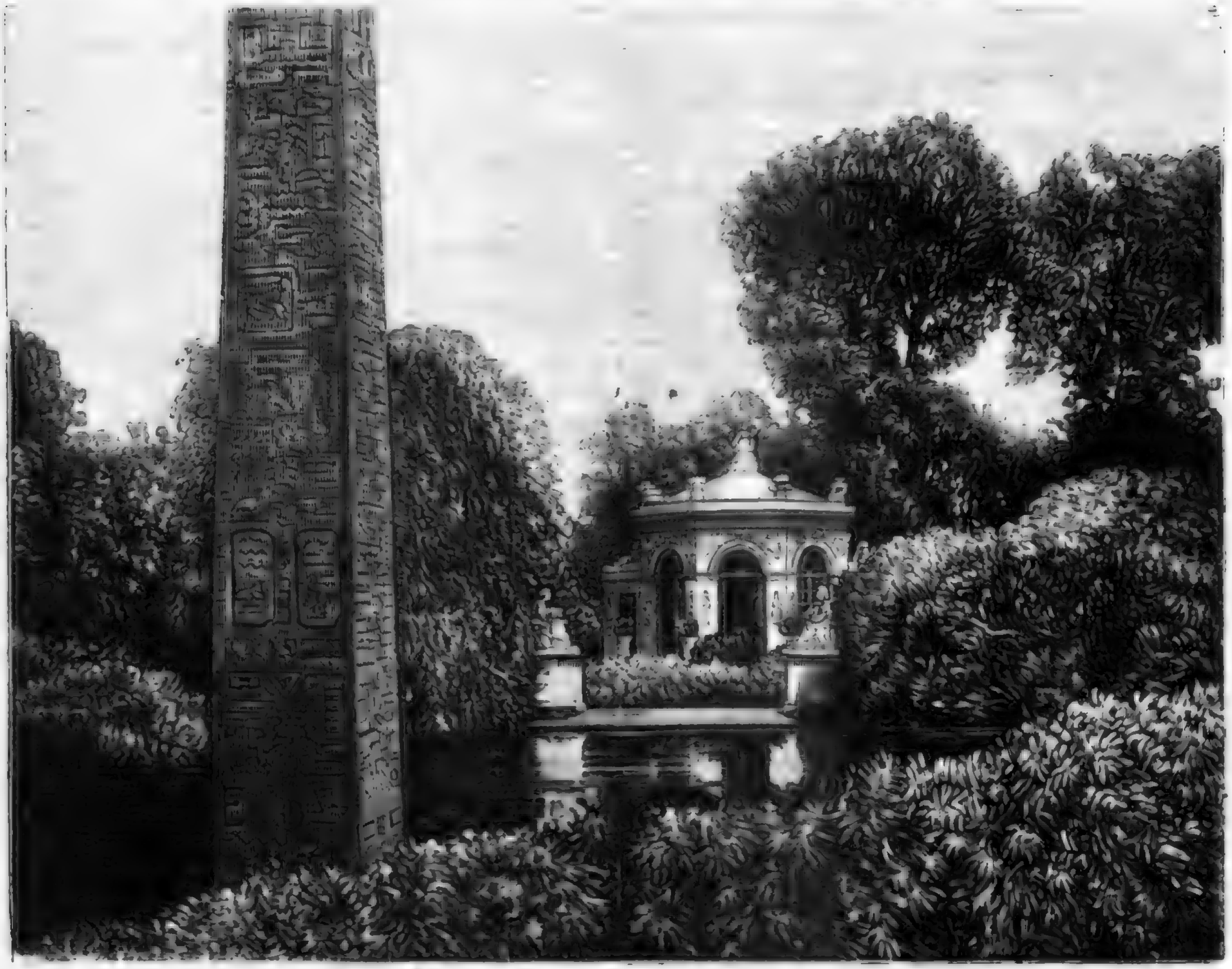
In Genoa, however, no palace is without its garden, so temptingly revealed and so picturesquely situated that the visitor is very likely to forget the pictures which he came to see, and content himself with gazing at the oasis behind the railings. Genoa is a city of constant living pictures, so much has the old medieval *sachet* remained stamped on its daily, common life. There is one peculiarity observable in many of the princely buildings, now deserted or empty, or tenanted only by a fraction of a once powerful family: they are built of alternate rows of blocks of white and black marble. So is the Duomo, or Cathedral, a Romanesque church, heavy and gorgeous in its ornaments as well as its architecture, and a fit emblem of the earnest phase of religion that preceded the gaudy age of the Renaissance. All the streets, except three or four principal ones, are mere narrow lanes, where two wheelbarrows could scarcely pass each other, and across which two persons might shake hands out of their windows. None of these have been altered for hundreds of years; as they are to-day, so they were when rival families sallied out with all their gayly dressed men-at-arms and retainers, ready either to give the people a pageant, or each other a passage-at-arms.

The city being built on a steep slope, there are various breakneck ascents, tortuous streets, now and then helped out by rough and uneven steps, over which the poorer houses seem to hang or totter. These are called *salite*, or ascents, and lead more directly than the fine winding drives, to the *acqua sola* or the new ramparts, or, again, to the new roadway—in Italian, the circumvallation road—which is really a splendid boulevard on the hills behind the town, leading along the slope, past the great hospital (holding 1,300 patients), and across a viaduct to the Piazza Manin, 329 feet above the sea, and ending near the beautiful gardens of the Palazzo, or Villa Gropallo.

Republics in those days were not such as they are now; and, except in their relations to outsiders, they were as feudal as any dukedom or principality. A few families led the State, while the populace was divided into parties under

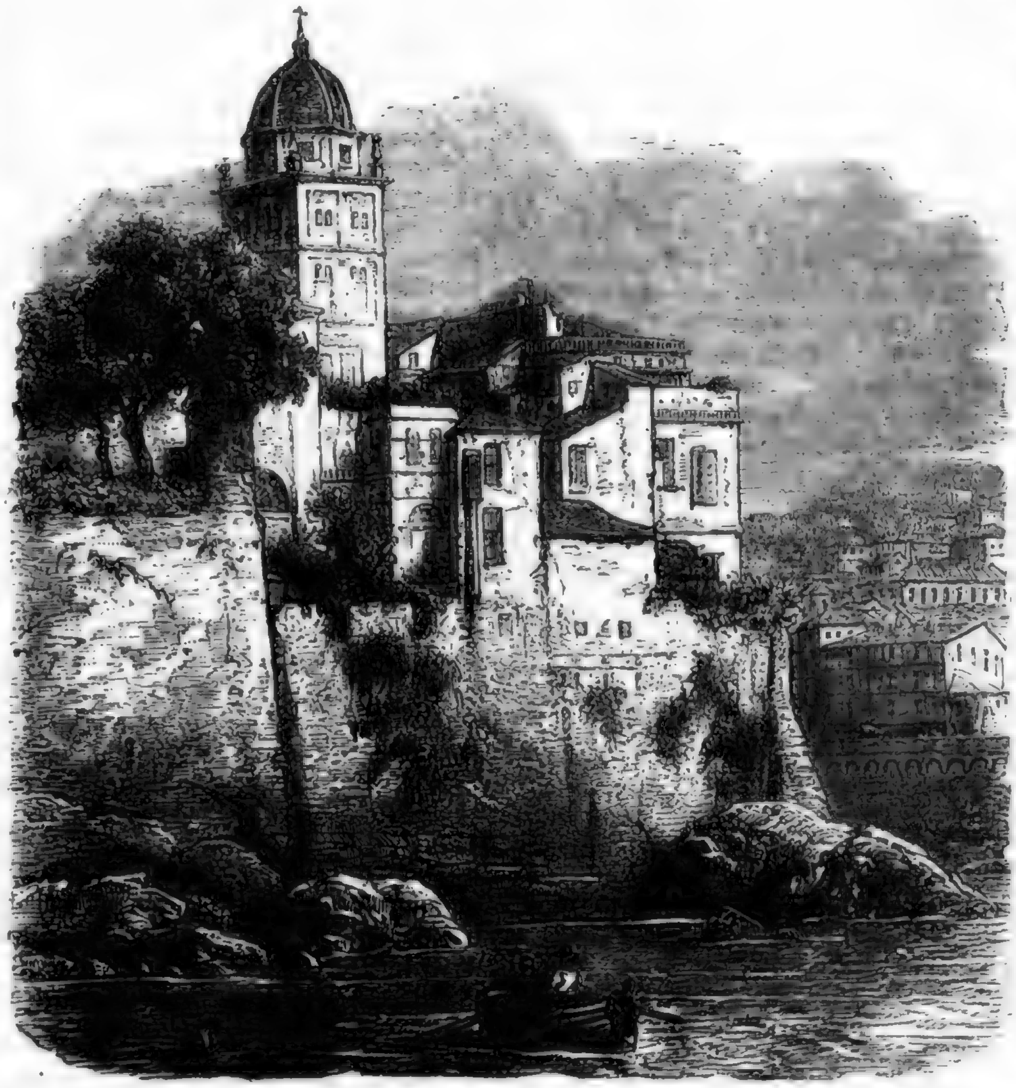


ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE VILLA PALLAVICINI, NEAR GENOA.



THE OBELISK AT THE LAKE, VILLA PALLAVICINI.

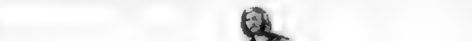
their protection. The armormaker of the Doria hated the draper of the Durazzo just as much as he did the draper's patron; the people had no real sense of their rights, and no idea of protecting them otherwise than by the interference of some great lord, whom they repaid by intense practical devotion to him in his personal quarrels.



THE ARSENAL AT GENOA.

Italy was very different in this respect from Flanders, where, although the name of Republic was unknown until the sixteenth century, the principles of popular government were jealously kept up, in spite of sovereign, count or baron, or even bishop, as in the case of manly but turbulent Liege.

But as we look on these proud houses of Genoa, built for retinues, almost for armies, and now empty, save for some small remnant of their ancient owners, who are content with an apartment of half a dozen rooms on the third floor, we realize the terrible fall of these families, once the equals of kings, and then turn to the strange contrast presented by the descendants of their whilom clients among the people. *They* are still in the same position; they have neither fallen nor risen; they still depend mainly on others, and rely on any one rather than on themselves; the only difference being that the Government, and especially the foreign visitors, are now their props—the former but a worthless one in time of real need, the latter a true Providence, amiably ready to be fleeced at any moment!



MONUMENT IN HONOR OF COLUMBUS AT GENOA.

Among the many narrow streets, there is one which might well be called Fairyland. It is that in which the jewelers' shops are grouped, and is called "*Strada degli Orefici*," or, "Street of the goldworkers." It takes many hours to walk down this dingy lane, for on each side are booths, dirty, and carelessly guarded, but yet full of the loveliest treasures that woman can envy or artist admire. The famed Genoa filigree work in gold and silver is still seen in its perfection in these little shops, in which the master sits in *negligé*, scarcely minding his exposed wares, and working at his beautiful trade with, perhaps, but little appreciation of its beauty. There is no show or display, scarcely even glass cases, except in a few more pretentious stalls; but the beautiful designs denote either that the workers in gold are born artists, or have kept the traditions of their craft well. To judge by their nonchalance and matter-of-fact way of disposing of their treasures, you would scarcely imagine the former to be the case.

The designers of jewelry, in the days when jewelry was a recognized art, were the equals of painters or sculptors; but in these days, though they may be artists still, they never earn a place in the Temple of Fame. In Genoa, many a poor man, crushed by the necessities of life, and perhaps by domestic circumstances, chooses this precarious way of getting his livelihood. He is poorly paid, and not over-well treated by the comfortable jeweler, who, though he has no ambition to make a show at his stall, has yet a very good trade and a prosperous lookout. It is to the poor drudge that we often owe the beautiful thoughts so delicately worked out in these wonderful ornaments which no modern skill has yet been able to imitate in other countries. True, this work is also done at Malta, and we know that in India similar specimens are often found; indeed, the industry came to Genoa from the East, and the delicate Italian imagination perfected the intricate work of oriental fingers and brains.

Here in the *Strada degli Orefici*, one sees every variety of gold and silver crosses; bouquets of flowers, imitated with wonderful accuracy; horns of plenty; pens in the shape of palms or feathers; arrows, swords and pins for the hair; hollow balls of marvelous workmanship, boxes and caskets; bells, card-cases, charms; models of Gothic churches, spires and buttresses complete, looking like spider's webs changed into gold threads; little ships, with every rope and spar distinctly copied; miniature chairs and tables, vases, cups and saucers, fans and hand-screens—everything, useful or ornamental, that can be copied in filigree and look well in a bride's boudoir. Sometimes you will see rosaries, not the least beautiful of these trifles—every hollow bead of a different yet harmonious design, and the cross at the end more elaborate than all. Reliquaries, too, are not infrequent, and bindings for missals and psalters.

Among the objects of special attention, however, may sometimes be found things of doubtful taste, such as gold and silver filigree crowns for favorite statues of the Madonna, or other adornments to be placed flat upon the surface of a miraculous picture. Frames, of course, would be quite in keeping with good taste, as much as missal bindings or any other normal decoration of our religious symbols, but the devotion of the Italians sometimes leads them into deviations from strict artistic rules. The Genoese artificers share this tendency; but then their work, even if in bad taste as to the use to which it is put, is so exquisite in itself that we should be churlish to complain.

At the entrance of the Strada degli Orefici, the eye is caught by a door with a medieval bas-relief representing the adoration of the magi, or wise men. This is said by artists to date from the middle of the fifteenth century, the days when Columbus was already searching for a patron and dreaming of the New World.

The Duomo, dedicated to St. Lawrence, whose martyrdom is sculptured in the archaic style of the thirteenth century, over the gallery, dates from 1100, and represents an older church on the same spot. The general effect is sombre and impressive, though later Renaissance taste has somewhat spoilt and blurred parts of the interior. The old lions guarding the wide flight of steps are in keeping with the huge doors bearing the sculptured story of Christ's infancy and earlier miracles, and the massive substructure of the towers beyond them forms a dark and suggestive vestibule to the nave, with its lighter columns and colored marbles. The carving, everywhere, from the quaint choir-stalls to the marble statues of saints, is ingenious and elaborate. But perhaps the most interesting sight is the treasury, with its marvelous collection of relics and jewels. In Italy these two are synonymous. Gems fit for the crown jewels are to be found even in obscure shrines, fitted into a relic-case, or some object connected with worship, such as bishops' croziers, chasubles, chalices, etc. The boast of Genoa's cathedral is the *vaso catino*, supposed to be a dish fashioned of a single emerald, which, says tradition, was used by Our Lord at the Last Supper, and in which Joseph of Arimathea afterward preserved a few drops of the Saviour's blood. As far as history goes, it is known that the Genoese captured this vessel, a glass of pure, transparent green color, but of uncertain date, at the taking of Cæsarea, during one of the Crusades. It was this dish which gave rise to the beautiful medieval legend of the Holy Grail, which Tennyson has clothed anew for us, and connected with the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Another church I remember among the many in Genoa is a small one, St. Matthew's, queerly enclosed in a narrow little square, and filled within with fine sculptures and funeral inscriptions relating to the Dorias. The great admiral's sword hangs above the high altar, and to the left is a specimen of those beautiful cloisters of which St. Paul's at Rome and St. John Lateran have such renowned remains. The double columns, twisted, or curled, bound together, some like sheaves, some like fasces, some like petrified reeds, surround a silent quadrangle, where gravestones make the pavement and rank grass grows among them. Opposite this church, the family sepulchre of the Dorias, and closing up this dark *piazzetta*, is the old Doria palace, the lower half built in courses of alternate black and yellow marble, and on the façade these words, in Latin: "The public gift of the Consular Senate to Andrew Doria, the liberator of his country."

The old city, however, contains many gorgeous, comparatively modern fanes, where gilding and show are quite in keeping with the original design of the builder. For instance, there is the dazzling Church of the Annunziata, about two hundred and fifty years old, with variegated marble floor; forests of columns, all of different marbles; chapels full of rich golden lamps, hanging from jeweled chains; a roof, or rather ceiling, of great richness, divided into numberless panels by the costliest of carved and gilt-work, each panel being a fresco representing a scene in the life of the Blessed Virgin.

One of the modern—indeed, one might say recent—glories of Genoa, is the beautiful monument to Columbus, at the western extremity of the town, in a piazza by the railroad station and the gardens of the Villa Doria. This has existed upward of ten or fifteen years, and is the work of Genoese artists. The great discoverer is represented standing in the costume of a scholar of his day, leaning with one hand on an anchor, and his other hand on the shoulder of a kneeling Indian, crowned with feathers, and carrying a cross in his hand. At the four corners of the pedestal are several allegorical figures, life-size, and above them a circle of ships' prows and laurel wreaths, set alternately. Four *bassi-relievi* give scenes from his life, and on the lowest base of the monument, two flying genii uphold the simple inscription, "*A Cristoforo Colombo, La Patria*"—"His Country to Christopher Columbus."

One cannot help thinking of what might have been the present position of Genoa, had she, as an independent State, listened to Columbus, and fitted out a fleet for him to explore the New World and conquer it in her name. The Italians of those days stood in the first rank among the nations of the world; by their side the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Germans and the English were but unlettered barbarians. Her statesmen were acknowledged to be the masters of diplomacy; her merchants were wealthier and more enterprising than any, and, at the same time, they were not mere traders, but men of culture and education; generous patrons of art, competent critics of letters. Even the soldiers of Northern Italy were gaining a name that rivaled that of the fierce Spaniards, and her captains at least were known as skillful strategists, learned engineers, and men versed in the art of leading the minds, as well as directing the operations, of their mercenaries.

As yet no open discussion had taken place as to religious matters; the authority of the Church was undisputed, by the governors of republics and princedoms; a magnificent, distant foreign conquest, such as that of Southern America, would have safely united the sympathies of the whole

Genoese people in one healthy burst of excitement and interest; the Church would have sanctioned the undertaking; the nobles and merchants would have had a wider field in which to display a more generous rivalry than that of gaining the executive power for a few years, and ousting each other, within the limits of a very small territory. Genoa would very likely have sprung to the first place among Italian States, and would have carried civilization, commerce and art to the shores of the newly discovered continent, far better than could the Spaniards, ferocious by nature, and scarcely emerging from the state of barbarism which their frequent wars against the Saracens had made almost normal. The passions of the Italians were rather for power than for gold, and things might have been changed indeed, had they, instead of the Spaniards, visited the flourishing empires of Mexico and Peru.

But it was not so decreed; and after having seen the Indies slip from her grasp, and her son, courageous to the last, die the victim of a foreign king, Genoa relapsed into carelessness for nearly four hundred years, and then sought to repair the wrong done to him, and the loss suffered by herself, by putting up a beautiful monument to her hero. Vain honors! The sceptre that has once fallen from the hands of any given race can never be recovered, and posthumous honors are powerless to increase the fame of one whom the world knows as the exile of Genoa. His native city willfully lost all share in his glory, and cannot recall the decision by which she ignorantly stamped him as a visionary. America itself is his true monument, and were Genoa to sink into the Mediterranean to-morrow, the name of her daring but expelled son would still live in more triumphant remembrance than that of her own merchant-princes and naval heroes.

The gardens of the *Acqua Sola*, on the hill behind Genoa, are the public promenade of the city; they are not large, but are well laid out, and command a beautiful sea view. Here, in the late afternoon, come the carriages of the wealthier people of Genoa, and hundreds of loungers on foot; plenty of soldiers beguiling white-vailed maidens with their traditional and ephemeral compliments; beggars looking for a harvest of coppers, and sometimes mountebanks of various kinds, who know that these shady gardens at sunset are the paradise of the idle and the *beau-ideal* of the wearied showman.

From this inclosure one can drive along the ramparts that skirt the crest of the hill, and along whose jutting edges lie piled cannon balls and huge guns, like alligators lying in the sun. The peaceful sea beyond looks as if it had never been covered with hostile fleets, coming to attack or surprise the thriving, populous Genoa of old; and yet what a busy life old Neptune *has* seen at the mouth of that harbor! Not only warlike scenes, but naval pageants hailing the return of the conqueror who had humbled Venice or stricken the Infidel; convoys of richly laden ships from the marts of the East; captive vessels from Turkey and Barbary; corsair allies; French, English, Spanish visitors, whose colors, now flying gayly at the masthead, might denote hidden treachery in the future—many and many a sight and a scene, down to this day's prosaic steamer entering the port from Marseilles, or the humble fishing-smacks coming in to sell their prizes at the city markets. So we wind down again, through steep, abrupt streets, back into the "dim, rich city," with its many gardens and spots of greenery.

Another famous garden—a private one, but always open to the well-behaved, and kept by a not very formidable dragon, in the shape of a gossipping old portress, is that of the Villa Doria, a little outside the town on the western extremity. It faces the sea, and its marble parapets run down to meet the water. The villa, a large building, which would be called a palace if it were in a more central position, stands at the back. The garden is a kind of miniature Versailles, full of statues of nymphs and goddesses, satyrs and philosophers; some old and dug out of classic baths, or brought from Rome; some of the Renaissance school, with flying drapery and affected postures. Carved parapets, marble fountains, old stone seats, etc., complete this museum-garden, where there are more statues than trees, and more marble walls than evergreen hedges.

Further on, and quite out of town, is another garden—that of the Villa Pallavicini, at Pegli, and really a sight worth seeing, and kept in perfect order by the owners. Formal and old-fashioned, it is not neglected, and here and there a modern idea, patched on to the stately expanse, seems rather a surprise than a shock. One part is soberly laid out in straight walks, hedged with grass, and leading to a little temple half hidden in a grove of evergreens. From this you stray into a more loosely arranged "English garden," with creepers and vines, smooth lawns and flower-beds, with the vista of a grotto in the distance. The grotto turns out to be a stalactite cave, full of unexpected sights; wonderful chambers hung with petrified icicles, or coated with glistening matter, shining like diamond dust (all this carefully imitated, or at least artificially produced), to represent the great cave of Adelsburg, near Trieste.

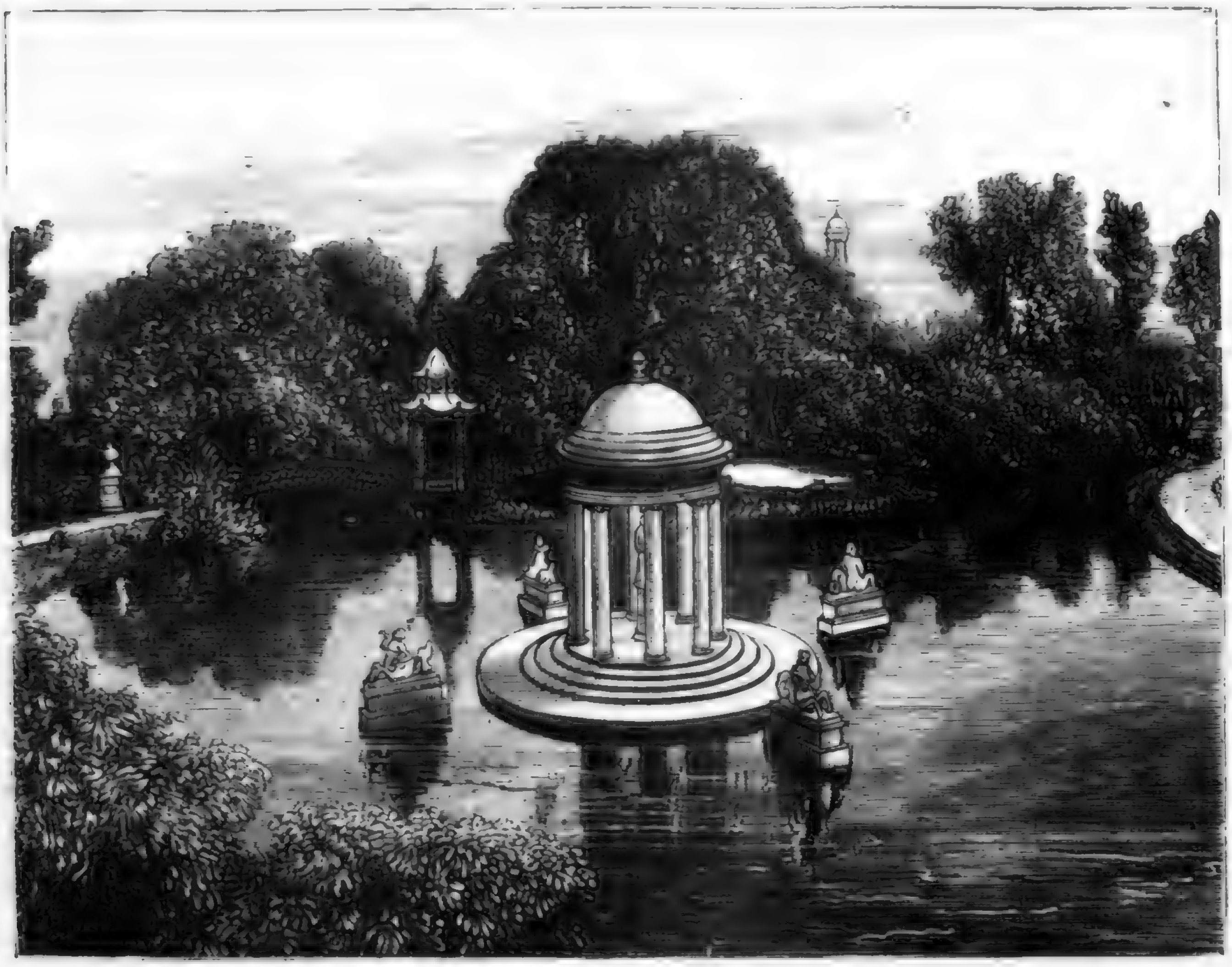
After a walk of a few hundred yards under these archways and through those underground halls, you come to a sheet of water; the torches throw a red glare on the walls, to which, by iron rings and chains, are attached a few small boats. The guide deposits you in one of these skiffs, and intrusting the torches to your care, takes to the oars. A few windings bring you out through a tall, narrow archway, overhung with ivy, into a broad basin, where Fairyland seems to begin.

Swans are sailing up and down; but there are other inhabitants of this fair crystal port. In the centre of this sheet of water rises a snow-white temple, a cupola supported by marble pillars. Diana, with her bow, stands within, while just outside the steps that lead into the water, are four sea-horses, with human heads and shoulders and conchs in their hands, looking to the four quarters of the globe. They seem as though just about to start on a wild, frolicsome race, and to throw the spray in your face with their forked tails as you passed them in the boat. All around the shores of the miniature lake stretches the beautiful turf; but the promontories jut into the water. Yonder grove conceals the base of an arbor built pagoda fashion, and whose glittering colors and hanging bells carry your imagination far into the dreamy regions of Cathay.

There are few such gardens as these in all Italy; they belong to a lost state of things—the flavor of the sixteenth century hangs about them, and the least incongruous denizens would be those merry, witty, but scarcely moral disputants and minstrels who haunted the gardens of the courtly Medici at Fiesole.

A modern croquet-party would be out of place here, however animated the players and elaborate the costumes; the mere common intercouse of present social life would be an insult to the spirit of the place. The gray-clad soberness of this utilitarian age is but a sorry substitute for the artistic, if misdirected, enthusiasm of those times; and if we rejoice that the facile indecorum of by-gone days has disappeared, we cannot but be sorry that with it has gone all the grace, the culture, the social animation of the class that figured so largely in their pageants.

Genoa has many other villas, not quite so conspicuous or well-kept, but still beautiful; for instance, the Villa Rosazza, with its formal *parterre*, and its marble fountain—

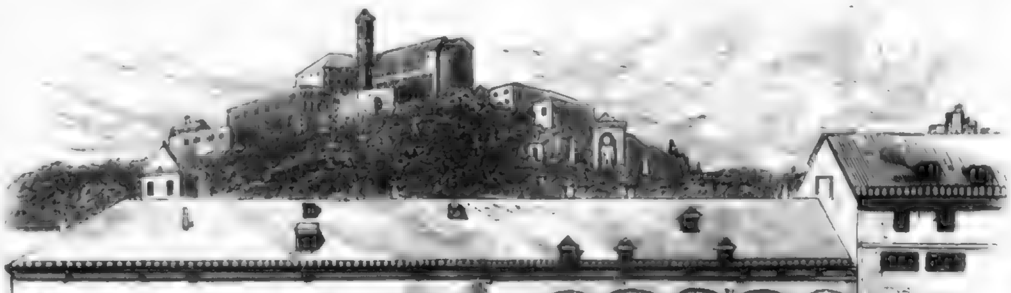


THE LAKE AND STATUE OF DIANA, VILLA PALLAVICINI, GENOA.

the villa where Dickens lived for part of a year; and others often let to foreigners, to the resident consuls, or to rich merchants, whether native or foreign.

Returning to the city after this excursion into a sprightlier atmosphere, we pass by the large, gloomy theatre of Carlo Felice. It is almost as large as the San Carlo of Naples, and La Scala, of Milan; but it is not often that one sees these magnificent houses properly filled, nor the stage properly tenanted. Genoa can no longer afford to lure to herself the great singers of the day, and the opera season is only second-rate after all. Still it is much the fashion, and, as everywhere else in Italy, it affords an excellent opportunity for informal visiting. Except during the well-known arias, no one minds the music; the opera is a social club where friends meet and chatter.

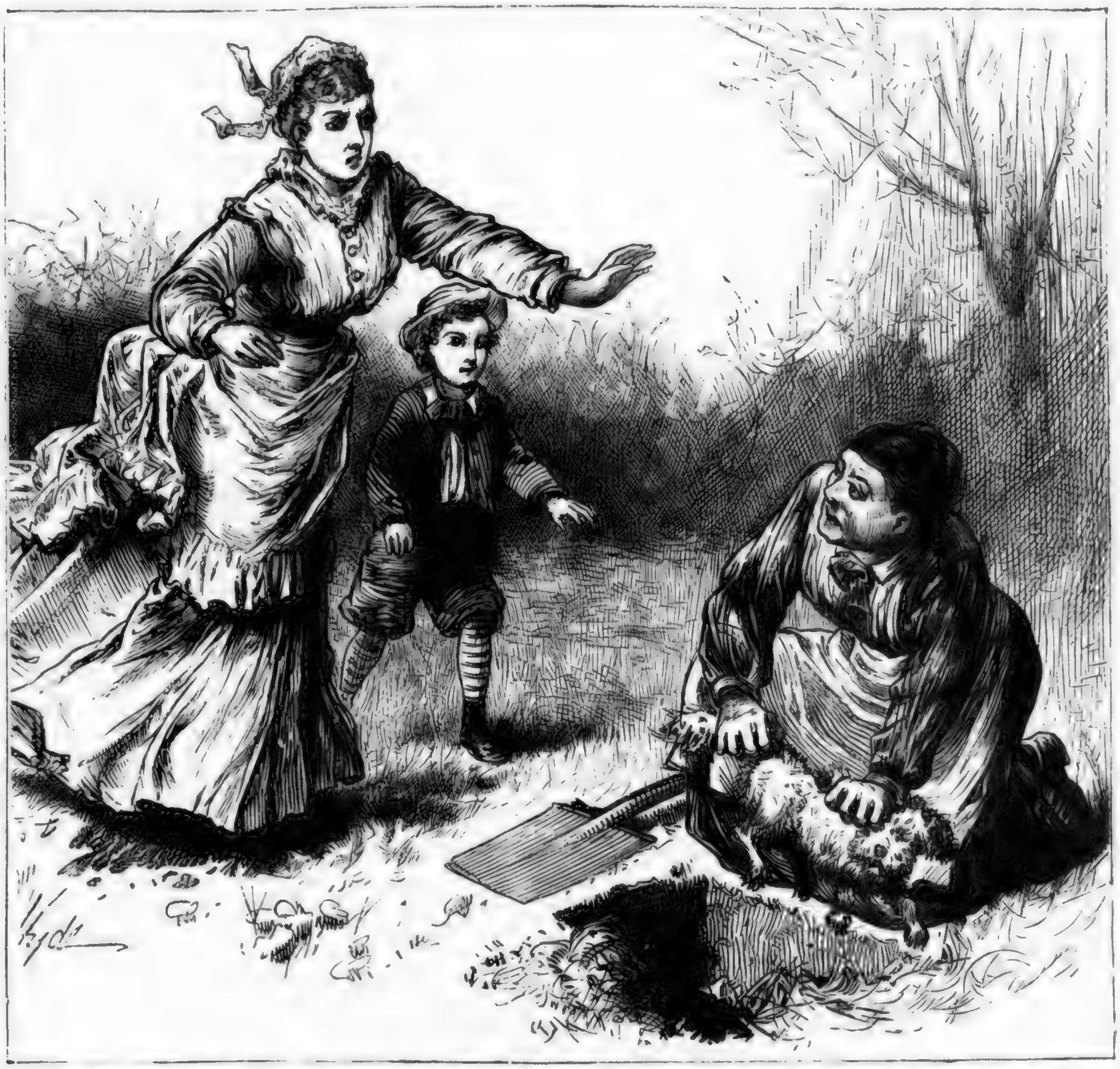
No one, except on State occasions, goes in full dress; every bright *demi-toilette* passes muster; every one chatters; the boxes fill and re-fill, as men pass from one to the other of their fair acquaintances; the stage is the last thing thought of. Presently the prima donna or tenor comes forward with great demonstrations of rage, love or despair, and the whole house is hushed. While the aria lasts, not a word is



THE VILLA DORIA, GENOA.

spoken; but the moment it is over, and the customary applause has subsided, the spell is broken, and the stream of conversation flows on anew.

These theatre receptions are a cheap way of paying off social scores, as they involve no lights, no decorations, and no refreshments, save the occasional ices and wafers that are brought round to the boxes between the acts, and which, if paid for at all, are paid for by the gentlemen who happen to be the guests of the box for the time being.



TOO OBEDIENT BY HALF.—"MRS. PROUTY WAS NOT LONG IN REACHING THE SPOT AND RESCUING HER PET."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

I once heard rather a good story illustrative of this inexpensive system of seeing and entertaining your friends, but it did not refer to Genoa. Still, the system is carried on in most Italian cities, where there are large and beautiful theatres, and a comfortable box is a cheap luxury whereby fuel may be saved in the evening. The incident was this: An English family hired an apartment in an old palace, the widowed owner having left it for the Winter—so said the agent—fully stocked with fuel. This lady belonged to a very good old family, but her fortune was slender. After a few weeks the tenants found the fuel running short, and indignantly taxed the agent with deceiving them. He answered by a question as to how and when they used it.

"Why," was the reply, "we keep a fire in every room all day."

"And all the evening too?" asked the agent.

"Of course."

"No wonder!" he said, with a comical gesture of surprise; "Madame la Marquise only used a small fire in one room on very cold days, and a foot-warmer the rest of the time."

"How did she manage at night, then? and did she never see visitors?"

"She spent her evenings in her box," explained the agent, "and asked her friends there.' If she chanced to be unwell, and not able to go out, she would sit at home, with her fur cloak on, and go to bed early."

But though Genoa, like all other Italian towns, has many decayed noble families, proud and poor, she has also a few rich old families, such as the Durazzo, whose magnificent palace is fitted up with more modern luxuries than it contains antique treasures; and many comfortable, unassuming families of less pedigree, but progressive, educated, enterprising and successful, both in commerce and in learning. There are art societies, and scientific meetings, and boards of education; a great activity in politics and the press, and a public feeling which is wisely and patriotically directed rather toward the national advancement of the country as a whole than toward the glorification of the local part. The Secret Societies were once very strong in Genoa, and even at present those nurseries of Socialism are not inactive; but, on the whole, the city has too much at stake to be able to affect red-republicanism. Northern and central Italy—that is, the living Italy of the Middle Ages—is still the backbone of the new nation.

One more thing a stranger, however cursory his visit, will notice in Genoa, and that is the guttural dialect, harsh as the ruggedest German. The conventional beauty of Italian is practically a scarce thing. The popular talk of most provinces is either mincing, as near Milan, soft and slurring, as at Venice—where, but for the tone, one would think the very hucksters were coaxing babies to sleep—harsh, as at and near Genoa, hammer-like, as at Naples, where the tone is also ear-piercing; and even at Florence, where the purest grammar is common to the highest and lowest alike, the pronunciation and frequent aspirations—replacing the *c* by the *h* sound—render the language affected. The broad Roman accent sounds grand in the mouth of an educated person, and reminds you, somehow, of the roll of the Latin, as probably spoken by the senators and jurists of the Republic; but it turns to something very like "mouthing" when used by the people in general, however, I think, as an accent, it is far preferable to any in Italy. The voice of Italians is also generally a drawback to beauty of diction. Even cultivated persons, and women no less than men, have loud, strident voices; and in the traditional "land of song" you find far more of what we should call a vulgar intonation than you will discover among persons of corresponding station and education in English-speaking communities. On the other hand, you will meet with natural courtesy far greater than that attending the best-bred people of our race; for centuries of polish and traditions of elegance in manner have done their work, and left the Italian beggar less of a barbarian than the Anglo-Saxon *millionnaire*.

There is more business done in Genoa than in any other town in Italy, and a large part of its trade is with the United States. Roughly speaking, the yearly imports and exports average, the former nearly $60,000,000, the latter $40,000,000.

Among the wealthy and public-spirited men who have lately died, was the Duke of Galliera, who left the city $4,000,000 for the improvement of the harbor, on condition that the municipal government should advance the rest of the sum required to carry out the improvements. A large new mole is being built, and the present new mole lengthened, so that it will still continue to be the outer pier. In addition to this, quays by rail with the main line are projected, with a view to enable the largest ships to unload without lighters.

The inclosed *Porto Franco*, with its extensive bonded warehouses, is another of the works which, even at present, show how Genoa, while proud of her artistic relics, is not content to rest on her medieval laurels. If the inner parts of the city are wonderfully unchanged, its sea edge, on the contrary, is changing for the better every day; and, while the former picturesqueness is untouched, the visitor need not grudge the less beautiful but healthy signs of activity about the quays.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF WASPS' NESTS.

A correspondent writing to *Nature* from Caracas, South America, says: "Some time ago the house of General P. M. Arismedi (now Consul of Venezuela, in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad) in this city, had a rather narrow escape from being set on fire by the spontaneous combustion of a large wasps' nest (a species of *polistes*) in a closet under a roof. The day was exceedingly hot; but this circumstance, I think, has a very slight connection, if any at all, with the outbreak of smoke from the nest.

"Roofs in this country are constructed of tiles, supported by a thick layer of compact earth, which rests on the usual lathwork of dry canes (the stems of *gynerium saccharoides*, or arborescent grass), both being substances that conduct heat very badly. The source of heat must therefore have been in the nest itself. In bee-hives the temperature rises sometimes as high as 38° centigrade, about 100° Fahrenheit (*teste* Newport, as cited in Girdwoyn, 'Anat. et Physiol. de l'Abeille,' p. 23). We may be allowed to suppose that something similar happens occasionally in wasps' nests. Such a heat might be caused by an alteration beginning in the wax, hydro-carbons being formed, which, on being absorbed by the paper-like, porous substance of the cell walls, must get still more heated, so that a comparatively small access of oxygen would be sufficient to set the whole nest on fire.

"I have been assured that the spontaneous combustion of wasps' nests is a well-known fact in the interior of Venezuela, and as I do not recollect having found it mentioned in books, it appeared to me worth while to inquire whether something similar has been observed in other parts of the world, and if so, whether my explanation will hold good in all cases."

TOO OBEDIENT BY HALF.

By Mary Grace Halpine.

MRS. PROUTY experienced the troubles that most American housekeepers have with what they are pleased to term their "help," though that this is too often a misnomer they do not need to be informed.

She generally changed this indispensable but troublesome portion of her household once a month, if not oftener, frequently for the worse, but never for the better.

Her husband, into whose *unsympathizing* bosom were daily poured all her domestic trials, was sometimes unfeeling enough to hint that some part of the blame might lie at her own door.

This was an insinuation that Mrs. Prouty indignantly repelled.

"There isn't a woman on the face of the earth easier to get along with than I am, as *you* ought to know by this time!"

Mr. Prouty very prudently made no verbal dissent to this assertion, whatever his private opinion might have been.

However lax Mrs. Prouty might be in regard to her own, she certainly had some very decided ideas as to the duties owed her by those in her employ, and which, as summarily stated in her own words, consisted of "doing as they were told, and asking no questions."

But it was not so easy finding those combining these two essential requisites, as her frequent changes testified.

It was not until the appearance of Cathleen Ryan that there was any prospect of her obtaining the treasure she had been so long in search of; then her hopes began to revive.

Cathleen was a tidy-looking Irish lass, whose rosy, good-natured face and round blue eyes seemed to be in a state of perpetual wonderment.

With a grim, inquisitorial look upon her face, Mrs. Prouty commenced her customary catechism.

"I suppose you understand general housework and plain cooking?"

"Yes, mem."

"Now, Cathleen, I have two rules which I require to be strictly kept by all who work for me."

"Yes, mem."

"One of these is, that you are to do as you are told, without asking any questions. That is to say, when I tell you to do a thing, you are to do it without any whys or wherefores."

"Yes, mem."

"The second rule is, that you are to make yourself generally useful. That is, if you see anything that ought to be done, you are not to wait for me to tell you, but go and do it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mem; I'll be sure to remember, mem."

For some days everything went on smoothly. Mrs. Prouty was delighted with Cathleen; it was "Yes, mem" to all that she was told to do, and that was the end of it, so far as any talking was concerned.

"She is going to prove a real treasure!" was her emphatic assertion to her husband.

"I hope she will, my dear," he replied, a little dubiously. "But it strikes me that you have had 'real treasures' before that have turned out to be anything but such."

"Oh, but Cathleen is different; she does exactly as I tell her, and without replying a word."

"Oh!"

And here the conversation ended.

One day Mr. Prouty sent home some tomatoes, the first of the season.

Mrs. Prouty took them out to Cathleen, telling her "that they were to be stewed for tea," who responded with her invariable "Yes, mem."

A couple of hours later, Cathleen and the tomatoes made their appearance in the parlor, the former wearing a somewhat puzzled face.

"Ye said these were to be for tay, mem. Did ye mane——"

Mr. Prouty was present, and being desirous of impressing him with a high idea of the discipline she maintained, Mrs. Prouty responded, with no little dignity:

"I meant precisely what I said, Cathleen. Go and do as I told you and make no further words about it."

Mrs. Prouty had company for tea.

"Where are the tomatoes I sent home?" said her husband, as he looked around upon the well-spread board.

"Cathleen must have forgotten them," said Mrs. Prouty, giving the call-bell an impatient ring.

She had been eulogizing the obedience and fidelity of her new handmaiden, and was not a little provoked at this omission. Then taking up the teapot, she proceeded to dispense the usual fragrant beverage.

"What is the matter with the tea, I wonder?" said Mr. Prouty, regarding suspiciously the contents of his cup. "It looks and smells very queer."

At this moment Cathleen made her appearance.

"Where are the tomatoes?" quoth her mistress.

"Sure, mem, an' they're in the taypot; ye said they were for tay!"

At this moment Mr. Prouty, who had taken a sip of the unpalatable beverage, made a bolt for the door.

On his return to the table, he found that his wife had vanished, having gone to the kitchen to make fresh tea. When she came back, no mention was made of Cathleen's blunder.

But it was a standing joke with Mr. Prouty.

"She has not her equal on the two continents for making tomato tea," he would say, gravely, whenever his wife alluded to the treasure she possessed in Cathleen.

But Mrs. Prouty did not care for this; indeed, she seemed to be proud of what she considered a proof of her faithfulness in following her instructions.

"I actually believe that she would jump into the river if I told her to," she confidentially informed some of her lady acquaintances.

But she soon had convincing proof that one may have too much, even of a good thing.

"I am going out," she said to Cathleen, one morning, "and while I am gone I want you to make a clean sweep of the parlor and sitting-room. Mind and move all the furniture, so as to get the dirt out of the corners."

Mrs. Prouty had no sooner disappeared than Cathleen went energetically at the task, for which she had an especial aptitude and liking. So active and zealous was she, that when Mrs. Prouty returned, two or three hours later, she could with difficulty get into the hall, on account of the various articles of furniture that blocked up the way.

"What does this mean?" she inquired, aghast, as Cathleen made her appearance, her face beaming with satisfaction, and her arms full of books, albums, vases, etc., which she deposited on the stairs.

"I've moved everything barrin' the stove, mem," she said, with an air of triumph.

Mrs. Prouty looked, in despair, around the room that was so pleasant and cozy when she left it.

Cathleen had obeyed her orders with great exactness, making "a clean sweep" of everything; the carpet was taken up, and even the pictures taken down from the walls and piled up in one corner.

And the worst of it was, that she was debarred the satisfaction of complaining; for had not the innocent cause of all this "done exactly as she was told, and asked no questions"?

Mrs. Prouty had a poodle called Fido, a beautiful little creature, with long, silky hair, for whom she had an especial pride and affection.

Fido was equally as fond of his mistress, following her wherever she went, even to church, if care was not taken to prevent it.

One Sunday morning he followed her to the gate.

Mrs. Prouty took him back to the house, saying to Cathleen:

"Take Fido and shut him up in some safe place, where he can do no mischief."

After dinner, as Mr. and Mrs. Prouty were sitting in the parlor, they heard a stifled sound of barking and scratching, and which seemed to come from below.

Mrs. Prouty rang the bell.

"What noise is that, Cathleen?"

"It's Fido, mem. You told me to put him in some safe place, an' so I put him in the coal-cellar."

"How could you do such a thing? He'll be completely ruined! Go and let him out directly!"

Fido rushed in, black as soot, his fine, long hair completely filled with coal-dust.

Delighted to see his mistress, he sprang into her lap.

Mrs. Prouty had on a new silk dress, trimmed with costly lace. Flinging him down, she flew to the further end of the room.

"Take him away!" she shrieked; "take him out of the room before he ruins everything in it!"

"Where to, mem?"

"Anywhere!—Stay, fill the bath-tub with water, and put him into it."

An hour later, Mrs. Prouty having recovered something of her usual serenity, suddenly bethought herself of her pet.

Summoning Cathleen, she said:

"If Fido is sufficiently clean, bring him in, and let him dry himself by the fire."

Cathleen stared in blank amazement at her mistress.

PLAYING GRANDPA.

"Sure, mem, an' didn't I put him into the bath-tub, an' isn't it drowned he is?"

"Drowned!" screamed Mrs. Prouty. "Do you mean to say that you've drowned him?"

"An' didn't you tell me to do it, mem?"

"You stupid creature! I told you to do no such thing!" cried Mrs. Prouty, bursting into tears of grief and vexation. "My poor, pretty Fido! What have you done with him"

"I flung him out into the garden, mem."

"I won't have him lying there, you unfeeling thing!" sobbed Mrs. Prouty. "Go, finish your work, and bury him!"

Cathleen disappeared, to return almost immediately.

"If ye please, mem, I can't bury him."

"Don't tell me that you can't do it!" interrupted Mrs. Prouty, now fairly beside herself with anger. "Go and bury him directly! Don't let me see you again until it's done!"

Again Cathleen vanished.

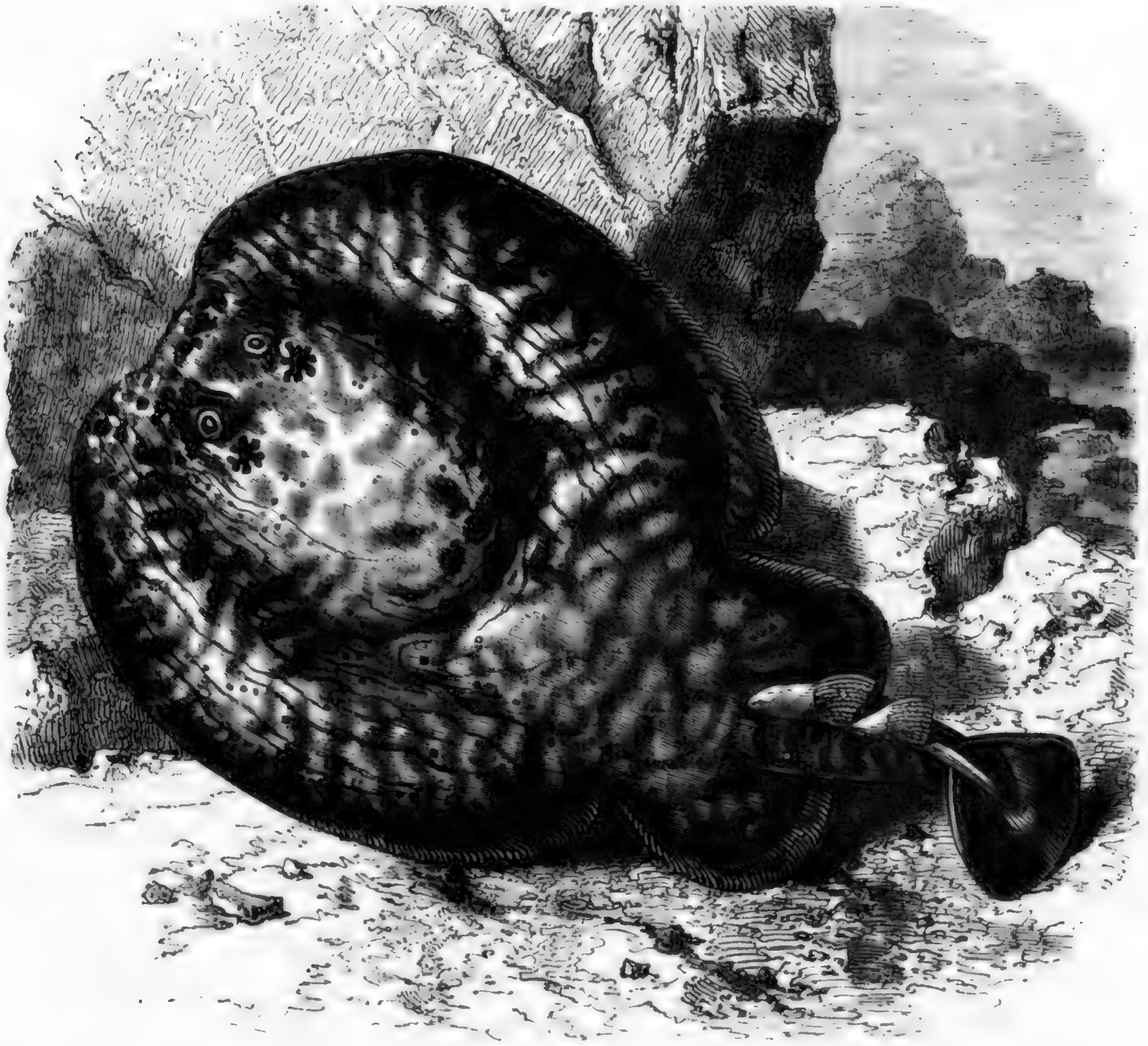
A few minutes after, Mrs. Prouty heard a succession of furious barks, which ended in a prolonged howl.

Then her youngest boy rushed in, crying:

"Oh, mamma, Cathleen is trying to kill Fido! She half-drowned him in the bath-tub, and now she's putting him in a hole!"

Mrs. Prouty was not long in reaching the spot, rescuing her pet from the hands of the astonished girl, whose Celtic spirit began to rise at the indignant and, as she considered, undeserved reproaches that were lavished upon her.

"You said I was to do exactly as I was bid, an' ask no



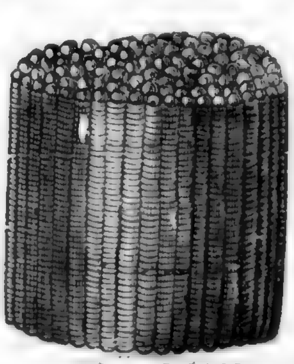
THE TORPEDO.

questions. Sure an' it's hard plasin' ye, onyway. Give me me wages, an' let me go!"

Having thus discharged herself, Cathleen departed, her only fault—as briefly summed up by Mrs. Prouty—"being too obstinate, by half."

Whatever perfections Mrs. Prouty required of her successor, we may be sure that she did not stipulate "that she was to do exactly as she was told, and ask no questions."

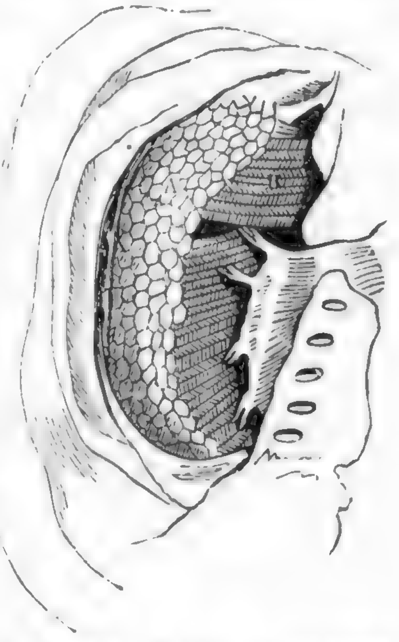
THE TORPEDO.



A perpendicular section of the prisms.

Not the torpedo which little boys fire at the calves of elderly gentlemen, but the fish which, when touched, gives a sensation which would have aroused Sir Charles Coldstream in his most inanimate days. When the creature is lively and healthy, when it is full of force, and fresh from the sea, it gives a powerful shock. As it grows weary and inanimate, the electric effect becomes limited to certain parts of its body. Irritate it in these spots, and a number of thrills succeed in rapid succession. Mattenci, a celebrated philosopher, says that it is capable of producing a shock equal to that of 100 to 150 pairs of jars charged with salt water. When it is touched with a non-conducting body no effect is felt.

The faculty is voluntary with the torpedo, as with the gymnotus, the silurus and other electric fishes. All that seems to be understood, after the deep researches of Davy, Volta, Galvani, Hunter, St. Hilaire, Gay, Lussac and Humboldt, is that the electric phenomenon is emitted from the brain of the fish, and thence transported by nerves to an organ whence it charges numerous small "piles," whose nature is as yet not understood, and which, according to Becquerel, do not resemble the ordinary Voltaic apparatus. We do not know whether their blood has been analyzed to ascertain what proportion of metallic substances



Electric organ of the torpedo. *A*, a cross section of it; *B*, the direction of the prisms, or the seat of electricity.

enters into its composition. The torpedo dies soon after being caught. It is almost impossible to keep them alive for more than six hours in a tub, even in fresh sea water. They are common in the Mediterranean, but it is difficult to transport them; those who wish to study their nature go to the places where they are caught.

Messrs. Breschat and Becquerel made many experiments on them in Venice. The latter gentleman says that Chioggia is the nearest place to Venice where the fish can be easily obtained. It is to be remarked that their lives and their electric power may be prolonged or increased by raising the temperature of the water in which they are kept.

CLARA WALLING.

By Carle Marle.

DICK HALPINE and I were at Long Branch. We usually spent a portion of our Summer vacations there, for we were room-mates at college, and for three years had been in the same class, having entered college the same day, with equal advantages, and kept pace with each other ever since.

In fact, neither felt at liberty to get ahead or behind; if one lagged the other helped, and in this way we kept together, and next year we expected to graduate together.

Then what? We were frequently discussing that, and were talking over it to-day, as we wandered along the beach, smoking, and feeling that all the world was very bright; and so it was to us, because we were healthy and without any especial care.

Our respective and respected fathers furnished the "stamps" very regularly, and, after a term of hard study, we were allowed to take such rest and recreation as we wished, and we invariably chose this seaside resort.

We had reached our favorite resting-place under the spreading branches of a large tree that grew near the water edge, and stretched ourselves on the soft grass in the shade, when a carriage passed us.

That was nothing unusual, of course, for carriages were almost continually passing and re-passing along the broad, gravelly drive that wound around the beach; but this carriage contained a very pretty young lady, and, therefore, attracted our attention, especially as she looked at us with a pair of wonderfully beautiful brown eyes.

She was alone in an open barouche, driving rapidly toward the open country, a liveried servant seated on a high front seat, and she seated on a low back seat.

The large span of black horses trotted swiftly along, stepping proudly under their silver-mounted harness; evidently it was some lady of wealth out taking an airing.

"New arrival, I guess, Hal," said Dick. "Had I seen that face before, I certainly should have remembered it."

"Rather pretty. I thought I saw her stepping from the train yesterday when I went down to send that dispatch, but am not sure, as I did not get a good view of her face."

"By Jove! Hal, I would like to know who she is, any way. She was looking right at us as she passed, and it was a striking countenance."

"Pshaw, Dick, you are easily impressed. That is a Southern lady, I should think, from the color of her skin and eyes, and general make-up, and considering the darkey driver."

"Well, if she *is* a Southern lady, that is no reason why she should not make an impression, is it? Let us watch for that carriage. It will probably be back soon, as it is getting near sundown now."

"No; let's go back to the hotel. You know I have a long letter to write home to-night."

"We'll walk back slowly, and perhaps she will overtake us."

And she did; but did not turn her face toward us, and soon passed out of sight among the trees and houses.

That evening, as we sat on the veranda of our hotel, enjoying our fragrant Havanas, the same lady came out of the parlor, and stood leaning for a few moments on the railing near us, and, plucking a flower from some bushes near by, disappeared up the stairway in the hall.

"She is deuced pretty, Hal. But I had no idea she was stopping here. She must have arrived yesterday, or last night."

"We might go down and look at the register."

But among the late arrivals were so many ladies' names that we could only guess.

"Clara Walling, Brighton Hall, Trehland, Tennessee."

"That is her, Hal, I'll bet a cigar."

"Very likely, Dick; but what of it?"

"Oh, nothing; only I have a curiosity to know who she is. No other person of that name is registered. Wonder if she is alone?"

He was speaking half to himself.

We wandered, arm in arm, out into the moonlight. A quiet, moonlight evening—a sensible, pleasant companion; the perfumed air of June—make existence a delight.

Passing a large cottage, standing back among the trees, we heard music and dancing, and saw crowds of gayly dressed people moving about on the lawn under the trees. We saw over the gate in large letters, "Welcome."

Feeling that it meant us as well, and not having anything better to do, we entered and strolled through the beautiful grounds. The faces we met were all strange to us, and seemed, generally, to be strange to each other.

As we passed close to the veranda that shades one front of the cottage, two gentleman and a lady were seated, and conversing—one of the gentleman quietly smoking a cigar. The moon shone full in their faces, and a glance told us, instantly, who at least two of them were, although we had never met but one before, and that was the lady—the same beautiful face we had seen three times before that same day.

The gentleman next to her was a neatly dressed, tall, fine-looking man, with side whiskers and a gold-headed cane.

The gentleman with the cigar, who sat next to the last-named, and a little apart, was the President of the United States.

We had seen his photograph so often that we could not mistake his features, and I now recollected, also, that this had been pointed out to me as the President's cottage.

There sat the great soldier and statesman, talking, in an ordinary way, to seemingly ordinary people, and smoking a very good-flavored cigar, we thought, as we seated ourselves on a rustic bench near by, but far enough away to be out of hearing of their conversation, and not to be intrusive.

"Married!" whispered Dick, in my ear.

"Who, the President?"

"No, you simpleton—that lady."

"Oh, yes, there she is, sure enough!" pretending I had not seen her.

"Married to that mutton-chops, too," growled Dick. "How could she fancy such a giraffe as that! Wonderfully beautiful though, Hal."

I scarcely heard him; I was looking at the President, and wondering if he in the least comprehended the fact of his own mighty deeds, and their tremendous results, and that the eyes of the world were upon him.

It did not seem so, for he smoked and looked and talked like any ordinary mortal. Grant always was an enigma to everybody.

And who were these people that were talking to the President in that familiar way? My reveries were interrupted by Dick.

"Her name is not Clara Walling, then, or else she is not married; which do you think, Hal?"

"Don't know, but I think she is married to that gentleman. We only guessed at the name, you know."

"Well, if she is married, what's the odds about the name?" said Dick, with a sigh.

"Halloo, old fellow! what is that sigh for? I really believe you would be silly enough to fall in love with her if she were single."

"She is the most beautiful creature I ever met, Hal. Maybe she is not married, after all. Perhaps that wizened face is her brother, or an acquaintance."

"More likely her husband."

"I am certain of one thing. I shall find out all about it before I leave the Branch, or my name is not Dick Halpine!"

The next day we took our favorite walk out to the old tree near the water edge, at about the same time as yesterday, and had the pleasure of seeing the same lady pass again, going to the country, and alone.

"Hal, I'll bet you a new silk hat that lady is single."

"Just for fun, Dick, I'll take that bet. I think she is married."

"Why does her husband not ride out with her, then?"

"Oh, that's nothing, Dick. Wait until you are married, and see if your wife don't ride out alone sometimes."

"There is a new hat on it, anyhow."

"I'll tell you how we will settle it. We will interview the darkey."

"Capital! Just the thing! Let us hurry home; get there before they arrive, and watch our opportunity to see the darkey alone."

But on our way, the lady passed us on her return.

That evening I missed Dick, and saw him no more until the next morning, when he came rushing into my room, his face beaming with excitement and pleasure. I knew something pleasant had happened, and guessed what it was. He grasped my hand, and gave it such a squeeze that I was compelled to cry out with pain.

"Hal, my dear old fellow, I know all about it! The hat is mine!"

"Is she single?" I said, wringing my crushed hand. "What did the darkey say?"

"Well, you see, I hung around the stable, the well, down at the beach, and everywhere last night, but did not get sight of the darkney until this morning, when I caught him at the foot of the stairs. He was just going up with a large bouquet of flowers.

"'Look here, my friend,' said I; 'will you be kind enough to tell me who that lady is you were driving out yesterday?'

"The old fellow drew himself up in a dignified way, and looked at me as if he considered the question impertinent; but said, respectfully:

"'Lady Clara Walling, sah, of Tennessee.'

"I was about to question him further, but he passed on up the stairs, as if he did not care to be questioned by a stranger. But, you see, I found out just what I wanted to. The name on the register is *Miss* Clara Walling. Wonder who that fellow was in her company the other night? but, no matter, she is a miss, and the next thing is, to make her acquaintance."

"What do you want to make her acquaintance for, Dick? You know you are never to get married; but, besides, you should not think of it now, when we have another year of college life before us, and you want to concentrate your energies and mind for the final struggle. No doubt your time would be wasted any way. She is probably the daughter of some Southern major-general, and you are only a college student, and therefore not much of anything yet, if your father is rich. And we are not acquainted with any one here particularly, and therefore an introduction is out of the question at present, and introductions are absolutely necessary here. Don't waste your time trying to cross an impassable gulf, Dick. Come, let's go to breakfast."

"You are always moralizing, Hal. Married; humbug! I am not going to get married, nor fall in love; but what is the use of coming down to Long Branch without having some fun? I will get acquainted with her if I can; if not, I shall not break my heart over it."

We went down to breakfast. It was early, and the guests were few in the great dining-hall; and as breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper were served at all times of day and night, everybody had plenty of time to eat, and nobody was in a hurry, but strolled in at any time, whenever they were ready and hungry.

We took our seats at a small table at one side, where we had a good view of the whole room. We had selected this table on our arrival, and always occupied it alone.

We had ordered breakfast, and were waiting for it to be served, when a lady, gentleman and little girl entered and took seats at a table near us—so near that we could hear any conversation that passed. The lady was our fairy of the carriage; and the gentleman, he of the mutton chops and gold-headed cane. The little girl we had not seen before, but she was quite pretty, elegantly dressed, and looked much like the lady.

Dick's eyes met mine, and a question was written therein; but he said nothing, though continually casting sidelong glances in the direction of the little group.

The little girl sat between the two.

"Papa, will you please pass me that bill of fare?"

She spoke in a musical voice. It was handed to the little girl without a remark.

Dick's eyes met mine, and were quite large. The next effort at conversation by the little girl was a stunner to at least one listener.

"Mamma, wasn't that a lovely bouquet Jim brought us this morning! It must have cost as much as ten dollars, mamma—don't you think it did?"

I looked at Dick. His face was a picture of amazement, and he was blushing to the roots of his hair. I smiled one of my most sarcastic smiles, and his countenance immediately assumed the appearance of a thunder-cloud.

We heard plenty of conversation during that breakfast-hour to fully satisfy us that they were husband, wife and daughter. Dick's bright dreams were ended at one rude blow.

When we reached the veranda I burst out laughing. Dick tried to look serious, but a smile lurked around the corners of his mouth.

"What are you laughing at, you blockhead?"

"Oh, nothing, Dick—nothing at all," I said, as I took up a morning paper and seated myself.

"Humph!" muttered Dick, as he put on his hat, lit a cigar and walked off.

For several days nothing was said about the beautiful lady. Dick did not seem to relish talking about her, seemed somewhat disappointed, and was evidently trying to free his mind from the whole matter. Occasionally I put in a word about falling in love with a married lady, just to exasperate him; but he always indignantly denied it.

We met her very frequently riding out, and always alone, always about the same time of day, and on the same road; which seemed rather strange. We also frequently met her at the hotel—sometimes alone, sometimes with the little girl, and occasionally with the gentleman.

Once Dick remarked, as the lady passed us in her carriage:

"I don't understand it. The lady is registered Miss Clara Walling. Now, what is the *Miss* for, if she is married? Is it a mistake? If a mistake, and means Mistress, where is her husband's name registered? and why is her name alone? I have searched the register, and can find no other Walling. I don't care anything about it, any way"—as if contemptuously flinging away all thoughts of it.

But he evidently did care about it; and there was a mystery about it that aroused our curiosity, to say the least.

As people became better acquainted, there was a continual round of gayety and pleasure. Besides bathing in the surf, there were picnics, balls, select parties and dances, pleasure excursions, etc.; from all of which Dick and I were excluded for a time, not having any opportunity of introduction.

EARWIGS.—SEE PAGE 751.

Letters of introduction having arrived, however, we were soon acquainted with quite a number of people, and made up for lost time. We were soon started on such a round of pleasure that, but for an occasional meeting with our fair lady of the carriage, we might have forgotten her—that is, I might; but I could not speak for Dick, as he kept his thoughts to himself on that subject. I believed he was thinking about it more or less, and secretly trying to solve the mystery.

One day I met a newly made young lady acquaintance on the beach, and was invited by her to a game of croquet at her residence that afternoon; she saying that a young lady friend of hers would be present, and asking if my friend, Mr. Halpine, would not come also. I gave my promise that we would both be there.

Another surprise. When we arrived on the croquet-ground, we were introduced to our beautiful young lady of the carriage, and our married lady of the dining-room—both one and the same person—as Miss Clara Walling. Was I mistaken? Did she say Miss, or Mistress? Dick looked at me strangely when the Miss was repeated to him. Miss Lennox, the young lady by whose invitation we were there, introduced us, and I was sure she said Miss; but of course I was mistaken. But the little girl was not there, nor her husband; and besides, Miss Lennox had said that "a young lady friend" of hers would be there. This, then, was the young lady friend. What did it mean?

I was several times on the point of asking an explanation of somebody, but somehow felt that the subject would be out of place, and perhaps impertinent, and so said nothing; waiting an opportunity.

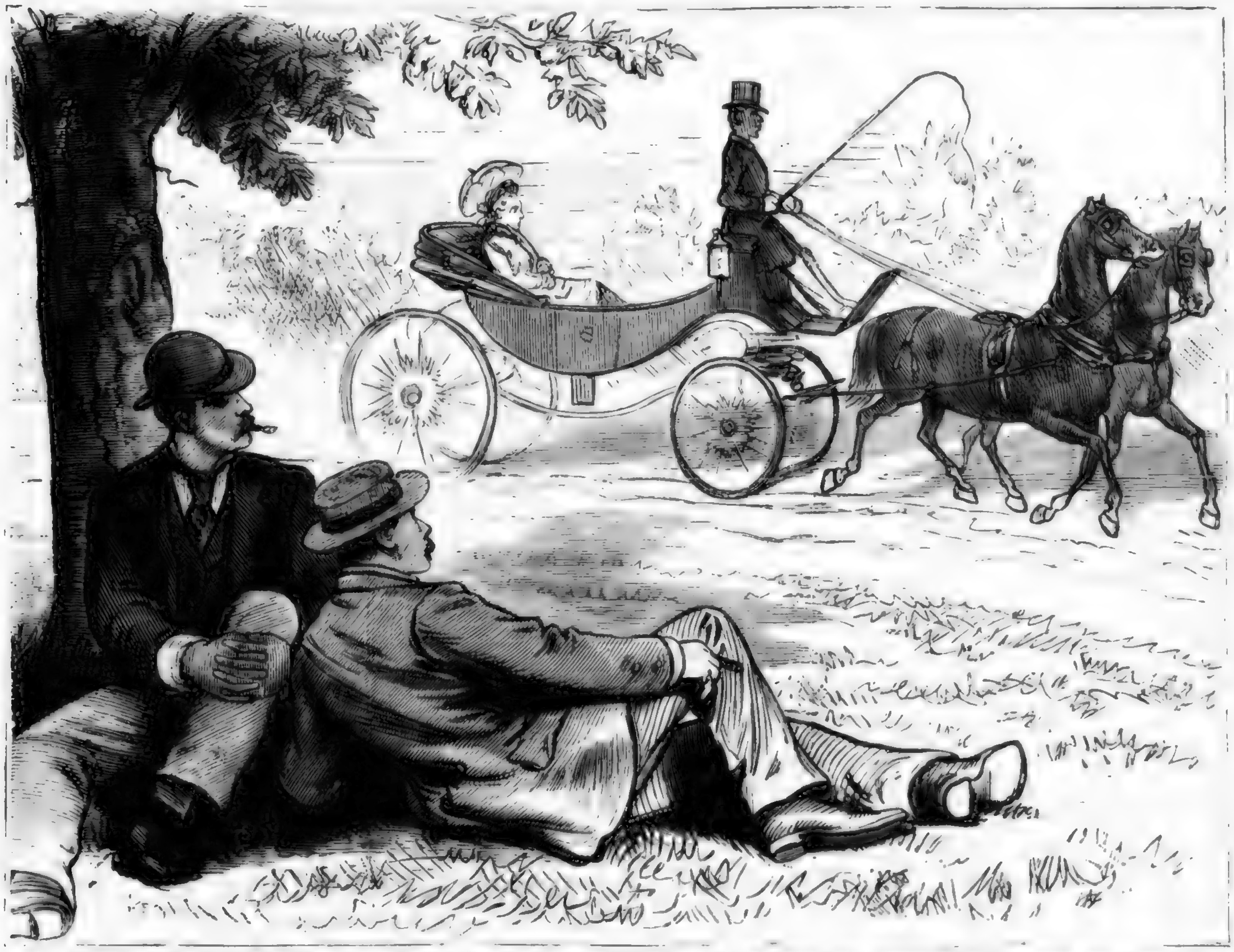
Clara Walling was unusually beautiful that afternoon, as the excitement of croquet began to tell on her cheeks and eyes. There is nothing like croquet to bring out beauty; and one has such an excellent opportunity of watching the fair player. Under the pretense of watching the mallet and ball, there is an opportunity of noting every movement, be it graceful or otherwise. And there is nothing that will so quickly reveal disposition. I would advise any young man in search of a wife to try her at croquet first; and if she can keep her tongue and temper through the excitement of the game, during an entire afternoon in July, she will make a model wife.

Clara Walling seemed perfect in this respect; while she was much excited, she never for a moment lost her presence of mind, sweetness of disposition, or the perfect discipline of a true lady.

It was my determination to draw from Miss Lennox, who was my partner, something of the history of her friend; but somehow, no opportunity occurred for any extended conversation during the excitement of the game.

Dick seemed very happy indeed, for the lady was very bewitching, whether married or not, and the doubt that hung over that important point rendered her more so. Dick played his part of the game in a very awkward, nervous way, under her direction, and seemed to be all the time bewildered and absent-minded—played miserably, and was not at all like himself.

During the second game, while Dick and his partner were at the opposite end of the ground from us, with all the balls, and consequently having things about their own way, I remarked to Miss Lennox:



CLARA WALLING.—"WE HAD REACHED OUR FAVORITE RESTING-PLACE UNDER THE SPREADING BRANCHES OF A LARGE TREE, AND STRETCHED OURSELVES ON THE SOFT GRASS IN THE COOL SHADE, WHEN A CARRIAGE PASSED US."—SEE PAGE 746.

"What a very pleasant lady Mistress Walling is! I think her husband must be the happiest of men."

"Her husband!" she exclaimed, looking at me in blank astonishment. "Why, bless you, she is not married. I thought you knew——"

The sentence was not finished; for just then a pair of horses dashed past, running away, and drawing a carriage, in which were a lady and gentleman.

Their danger seemed imminent, and Dick and I dropped our mallets and hastened after them. Everybody along the route turned out and tried to stop them, but did not succeed; when they suddenly turned a corner, the carriage was overturned, and the occupants thrown violently to the ground and considerably hurt.

We helped to carry them to the nearest house, and after doing what we could for them, went back to our hotel without again seeing the ladies, as it was getting late, and we were covered with dust and dirt, and not in a condition to see any one.

We should see the ladies again that evening, as the proprietor of our hotel was to give a select dancing-party, and we knew they would be present.

As soon as an opportunity occurred, I mentioned to Dick what Miss Lennox had said to me.

He looked at me in open-eyed wonder, and exclaimed:

"What the deuce does it mean, then? Did she explain?"

"No; the runaway team prevented an explanation. They came along just as Miss Lennox was speaking."

"Why do you suppose that little girl continually called her 'mamma' at the table?"

"Don't know, Dick. That is one of the mysteries I propose to try to solve to-night by asking Miss Lennox. I shall have an excuse to talk to her about it, as our conversation was interrupted to-day. Perhaps the little girl did it in fun, or perhaps she is a widow lady, or perhaps she is not what she seems; but we will find out this very night."

"Hal, she is perfectly bewitching; don't you say so? If she is not married, and is free from entanglements of any kind, Hal, I—I—don't know what will become of me."

"There it is again, Dick. You are a goner, I see, if there is any chance. Let us leave Long Branch to-night."

"Not until this mystery is solved."

"And your future destiny too, Dick."

He did not answer, for just then the lady herself came out of the parlor, and passed us on her way to the hall, glancing at but not recognizing us.

"Another mystery," said Dick. "Wonder if she feels above recognizing us in a public hotel after playing croquet with us all the afternoon on private grounds. If so, she can go to thunder!' he muttered, between his teeth.

"Perhaps she is near-sighted," I suggested.

"Better wear glasses, then."

There was a brilliant assemblage that evening in the hotel parlors and dancing-hall. Beauty, wit, wealth and wine in plenty.

Dick and I wandered arm-in-arm through the crowd, stopping occasionally to converse with some acquaintance.

As we were passing through the hall we met Miss Walling again, this time leaning on the arm of a gentleman who was a stranger to us.

But she bowed and smiled sweetly as she passed, saying:

"You are two truants. I will call you to an account pretty soon."

"She is not as near-sighted as she was, Dick."

"I suppose she means that we left rather unceremoniously this afternoon."

Shortly afterward we met her again, this time leaning on the arm of the gentleman we had supposed her husband, and leading the little girl that called her mamma.

They passed very near us, saw us, but she did not recognize us in any way.

"Acts rather strange," said Dick. "Some mystery there!"

I thought so, too.

The next time we saw her, she was dancing with a gentleman we did not know.

We watched until the cotillion ended, and then Dick said:

"I will ask her to dance with me, and see what she says; perhaps I shall be able to find out something more about her."

And he left me, and stepped over across the hall where she was seated. She welcomed him with a smile, and in a few moments they were whirling in the dance.

I watched them for a time, and then wandered out on the veranda to enjoy a cigar, the moonlight and cool air.

As I passed through the parlor, I was certain I saw Miss, or Mistress, Walling passing through the opposite parlor. But, of course, I was mistaken, for I had just left her dancing with Dick. When I followed, whoever it was had disappeared in the crowd.

"It was she or her ghost," I thought.

I saw no more of Dick for some time. After smoking and thinking it all over, I went to find Miss Lennox, but in doing so stumbled on another young lady acquaintance, and, in the pleasant conversation that followed, forgot all about Miss Lennox.

I questioned her about Clara Walling, but she was not acquainted with her.

As we were promenading through the parlors, we found Clara Walling seated in an easy-chair, and alone, with the exception of the little girl, who was busy gathering up some broken flowers and arranging a bouquet.

I supposed that Dick and she were still dancing, but he must have left her here, and, perhaps, was hunting for me.

Miss Walling looked at, but did not recognize me, or, at least, gave me no sign of recognition, and we passed her to look at a fine painting that hung against the wall near her chair.

At this time Dick hastily entered from the dancing-hall, and walking up to Miss Walling, putting on one of his brightest smiles, and extending his hand, said:

"I have been searching for you to fulfill your promise to waltz with me this time."

She looked at him in surprise, and blushed deeply. Dick's face lengthened perceptibly. I was an astonished spectator.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, rising with dignity. "I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

She seemed much embarrassed, and Dick's hand fell with his countenance, and he looked as if ready to sink through the floor.

Just then a gentleman entered the room—he of the mutton chops and gold-headed cane—and offering his arm, the lady accepted it, and, bowing to Dick rather coldly, left the room, taking the little girl with her.

We stood looking at each other for a moment in utter amazement, Dick the picture of distress; then, without a word, he turned on his heel and walked out on the veranda.

After a little while, excusing myself to my lady friend, I followed. I found him seated, with his heels upon the railing, smoking.

"Well, Dick, I am as much surprised as you can possibly be. That lady must certainly be deranged."

"Either deranged or else a fool!" muttered Dick. "She hadn't the 'honor of my acquaintance.' I presume not, after playing croquet all the afternoon, and dancing with her this evening. When we were through that cotillion a gentleman came up and claimed her for the next, and I only had time to get her promise for that waltz when she left me. What she means is beyond my comprehension. I shall find that partner of hers—that mutton-chops—and demand an explanation."

As Dick ceased speaking, the same gentleman came hastily from the parlor, and, approaching us, said, in an angry tone, to Dick:

"I would thank you, sir, to obtain an introduction both to myself and wife before making yourself so familiar as to ask her to waltz with you. Here is my card, sir."

Throwing a small card into Dick's lap, he turned and disappeared before either of us could speak. In fact, we were so astonished that we could not comprehend his meaning until he was gone.

Before we had recovered our power of speech along came Clara Walling herself, promenading with a gentleman whom neither of us knew. She approached us, and introduced the gentleman—Mr. Wheeler—and then said:

"Mr. Halpine, this gentleman asked me to waltz with him, and I refused, as I informed him I had promised you; but, when he saw I was not waltzing, he accused me of bad faith, and I came to you to set matters right."

Here was another mystery, and poor Dick was so overwhelmed with astonishment that he could not say a word, but stood looking at her as if in a dream. Finally he recovered his senses, and said, rather coldly:

"I am willing to do anything to remove any misunderstanding, madam: but it seems to me that some explanation is due me from you. I do not understand why you refused to waltz with me after giving me your promise to do so."

Dick paused, as if scarcely knowing what else to say.

"I refused?" said Clara Walling, looking at him with wonder in her eyes.

"Was it you, or your ghost, I met in the parlor just now?"

Then the expression on her face began to soften, and she burst into a ringing laugh.

"An escaped lunatic," flashed through my mind.

"Oh, you have made a mistake, Mr. Halpine. You, no doubt, met my twin-sister. We look so much alike that no one can tell us apart unless they see us together."

Fortunately, or unfortunately, for us, we never had seen them together. She ran into the parlor, and soon returned with her sister, and he of the mutton-chops and gold-headed cane—her sister's husband.

The scales fell from our eyes. We could see it all now. Mutual explanations and apologies followed. The sisters were perfect pictures of each other, but when standing together, we could see that the married one was very little the stoutest.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Dick's progress, on account of his bashfulness, was slow but sure, though he was continually in misery for fear he should sometimes make love to the married sister by mistake. We settled the hat bet by buying each a new one, as we could not decide who won.

Clara Walling had a young friend in the country who was sick, and each day she rode out alone to see her, but now she sometimes took Dick along. Dick graduated with me, and then went to live in a Garden of Eden in Tennessee, and I spend a portion of my bachelor days at his pleasant home.

MORAL—Never make love to a lady without first seeing her sisters.

EARWIGS.

THIS order is distinguished by several simple characteristics, among which may be mentioned the soft and leathery elytra or fore-wings, the wide and membranous hind-wings, and the forceps with which the tail is armed. The insects belonging to this order are known in England by the name of Earwigs, and are represented in this country by several species of different dimensions.

Before proceeding to the description of individual species, it is necessary to remark that the word "Earwig" is slightly incorrect, and owing to a popular notion that the insects crawl into the human ear, thence into the brain, and complete their work by causing madness in the minds of those who are afflicted by their presence.

The fact is, as all must know who have the least smattering of anatomy, that the insect could never gain admission to the brain by means of the ear. In the first place the cerumen which is secreted in the ear and serves to preserve the natural moisture of the tissues, is so inexpressibly bitter, and so entirely opposed to the habits of the earwig, that if one of these insects should by chance happen to crawl into the ear, its first impulse would be to retreat. In the second place, the drum of the ear would present an impassable obstacle, and in the third place, supposing the drum to have been ruptured, and the earwig to have passed the spot where it existed, the complicated bony passages through which the auditory nerve passes would be too small to admit of its passage, even if the nerves which fill the channels were removed.

In point of fact, the correct name of this insect is the "earwig," so called because its spread wings have an outline somewhat resembling that of the human ear.

The membranous wings of the earwig are truly beautiful. They are thin and delicate to a degree, very large and rounded, and during the day-time are packed in the most admirable manner under the little square elytra. The process of packing is very beautiful, being greatly assisted by the forceps on the tail, which are directed by the creature with wonderful precision, and used as deftly as if they were fingers and directed by eyes.

The earwigs seldom fly except by night, and it is not very easy to see them pack up their wings. Some of the smaller species, however, are day-fliers, and in spite of their tiny dimensions, may be watched without much difficulty.

Earwigs feed on vegetable matter, especially preferring the corollas of flowers. Pinks, carnations, and dahlias are often damaged greatly by these insects, which sometimes occur in vast quantities, and ruin the appearance of a well-tended flower-bed. Fortunately for the florist, the habits of these insects are constant, and they can be destroyed in great numbers by those who desire to kill them. Being intolerant of light, they avoid the sunshine by every means in their power, and creep into every crevice that may hide them from the unwelcome light.

In consequence they are fond of crawling among the thick and shadowy petals of the dahlia, and are frequently found in the slender spur of the nasturtium, so that any one who is about to eat one of those flowers will do well to examine the spur before he makes the attempt. Knowing these habits, horticulturists catch them by hundreds by the simple plan of placing lobsters' claws, bits of hollow reed, and similar objects, on the tops of sticks, knowing that the Earwigs will crawl into them at the dawn of day, and may be shaken out and killed when the gardener goes his rounds.

The earwig is remarkable for a parental affection quite exceptional in the insect race, the mother watching over her eggs until they are hatched, and after the young have entered the world, taking as much care of them as a hen takes care of her chickens.

There are about seven or eight species, some of them being of very small size.

A RARE TOWN.

THE town of St. Croix Falls, at the head of navigation on the St. Croix River, in Polk County, Wis., is over thirty-five years old. It has never had a resident minister or a church building. It has no practicing attorney, and for years it has had no resident physician. It has mechanical shops, four stores doing a large and handsome business, two flourishing mills, two hotels, but has no saloon or place where liquor has been sold in upward of ten years. Its village district averages about eleven months' schooling per year, and the town contains six well-built school-houses. It is the locality of the United States Land Office, and surrounded by the finest of farming country.

A NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE CRUSADERS AND THE SARACENS.

ALTHOUGH the Crusades were the great school in which Western Europe learned lessons in navigation and naval warfare, there were few engagements on the water. The Moslem had not developed any great power on the water, and the galleys of the Christians controlled the Mediterranean. The fleets bearing the armies of the Cross were not met by well-equipped squadrons, which might have prevented a landing in Syria. The great strength of the Saracens was on land, and the real work of these remarkable campaigns began after they landed on the old historic soil.

Occasionally, at this period, we hear of an engagement. Thus, when Richard Cœur de Lion conquered Cyprus and reared above it the English flag—which now, after seven centuries, is again floating there—he sailed for St. John d'Acre. On his way he met a squadron of Saracen ships. The enemy did not avoid an encounter. The vessels of the Crusaders closed with the enemy. Knights and men-at-arms fought from deck to deck, after a distant discharge of arrows and javelins. On the narrow decks the strength and endurance of the Western warriors bore down the slighter soldiers of the East. Victory crowned the valor of England on the water, and Richard, with the captured vessels, appeared in triumph before the fortress, which the Crusaders were already besieging.

When the Crusades ended, and the Mohammedans were no longer compelled to act on the defensive, their naval strength increased, and their cruisers were the terror of the Mediterranean. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, first stationed at Rhodes, then at Malta, almost alone contended with the Moslem world on the water. The battles fought on the sea between the knights and the Turkish vessels were innumerable, and many of them were of a most determined and sanguinary character.

As the power of the knights declined, Venice and Genoa

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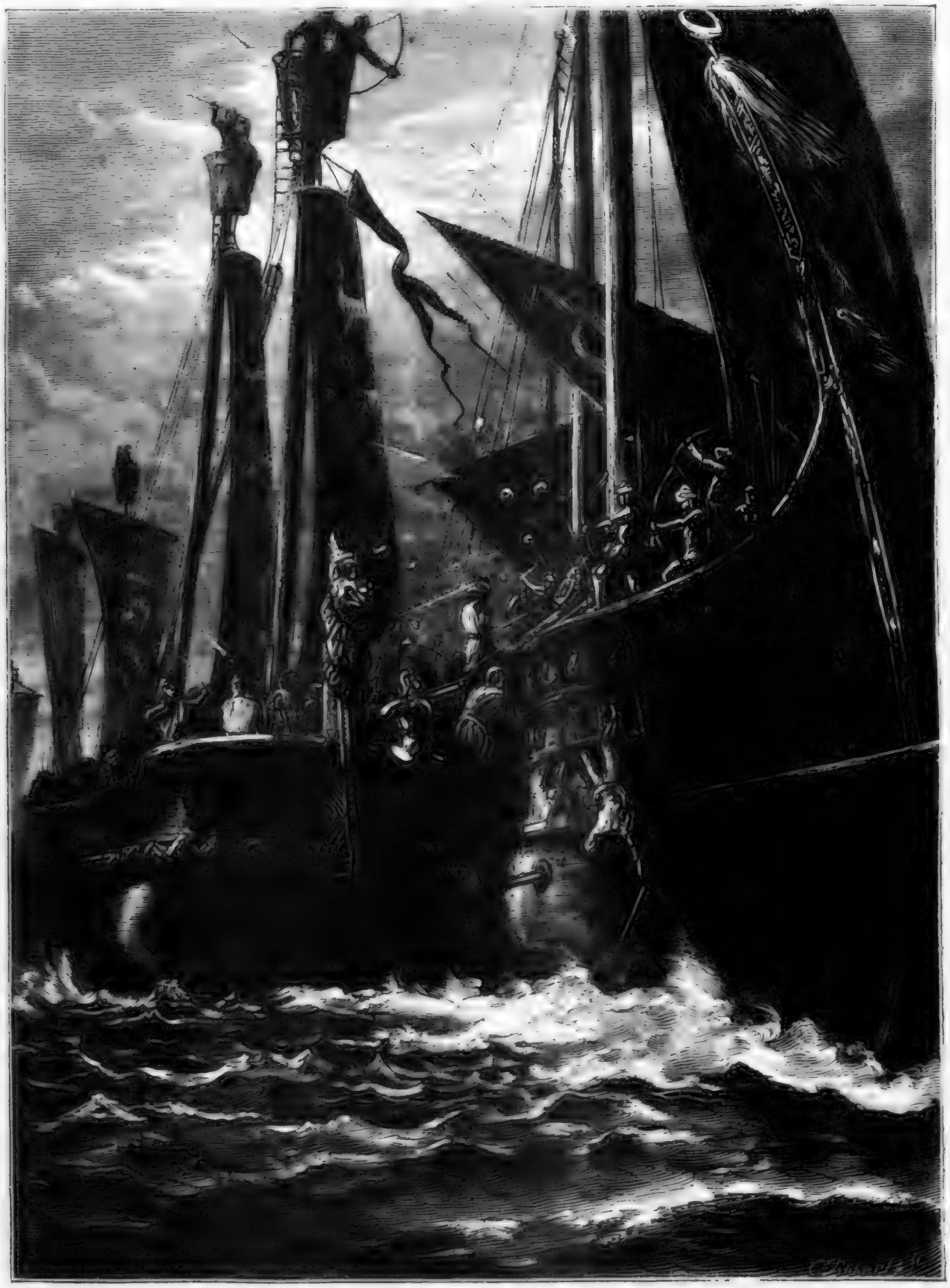
stood the brunt of the battle. Many nations paid tribute to the Turks in order to save their ships from pillage—indeed, this became a general custom, till the United States, in all the pride of her new-born strength, refused to bend her knee, and gave a summary chastisement to the Barbary States.

The spell of Moslem power once broken, Europe soon checked the piracy that had thriven for centuries, and when France took Algiers, the whole system was broken up.

It may seem strange that, even in this country, before the Revolution, money was collected and given to Trinity Church to be sent out to ransom American captives in Algiers and Tripoli, yet such was constantly the case.



A NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE CRUSADERS AND THE SARACENS.—SEE PAGE 751.

Poverty is Necessarily feeble, but it does not follow that riches afford strength. We may, if we please, make wings of them which will carry us to heaven; but we may also as certainly make them oppressive burdens which would sink the most hopeful soul into the deepest perdition.

THE WITCH, THE CAT AND THE LADY.

Our illustration gives a very striking scene in Ainsworth's famous romance, "The Lancashire Witches." Even in our own New England States a belief in witchcraft was common among the lower orders a hundred and fifty years ago, so that we need not be surprised to learn that four hundred years ago it was part of the recognized faith in England. Even so great an intellect as Shakespeare's did not disdain to pander to the vulgar creed in his "Macbeth," and it is well known that James I. was an ardent believer in demonology.

As an instance of our ancestors' ignorance and superstition, we give a scene from Ainsworth's famous work:

"Neither of them was aware of the presence of a little girl, who had approached the place where they were sitting with footsteps so light that the grass scarcely seemed to bend beneath them, and who, ensconcing herself behind the tree, drank in their discourse with eager ears. She was attended by a large black cat, who, climbing the tree, placed himself on a bough above her.

"During the latter part of the conversation, and when it turned upon the arrest of Jennet and her mother, the expression of the child's countenance, malicious enough to begin with, became desperately malignant, and she was only restrained by certain signs from the cat, which appeared to be intelligible to her, from some act of mischief. At last even this failed, and, before the animal could descend and check her, she crept round the bole of the tree, so as to bring herself close to Richard, and, muttering a spell, made one or two passes behind his back, touched him with the point of her finger, but so lightly that he was unconscious of the pressure, and then hastily retreated with the cat, who glared furiously at her from his flaming orbs. It was at the moment she touched him that Richard felt as if an arrow were quivering in his heart. Poor Dorothy's alarm was so great that she could not even scream for assistance, and she feared if she quitted her brother he would expire before her return; but the agony, though great, was speedily over, and as the spasm ceased he looked up, and, with a faint smile, strove to reassure her.

"'Do not be alarmed,' he said; 'it is nothing. A momentary faintness—that is all.'

"But the damp upon his brow and deathly hue of his cheek contradicted the assertion, and showed how much he had endured.

"'It was more than momentary faintness, dear Richard,' replied Dorothy. 'It was a frightful seizure—so frightful that I almost feared —— But no matter—you know I am easily alarmed. Thank God! here is some color coming into your cheeks. You are better now, I see. Lean on me, and let us return to the house.'

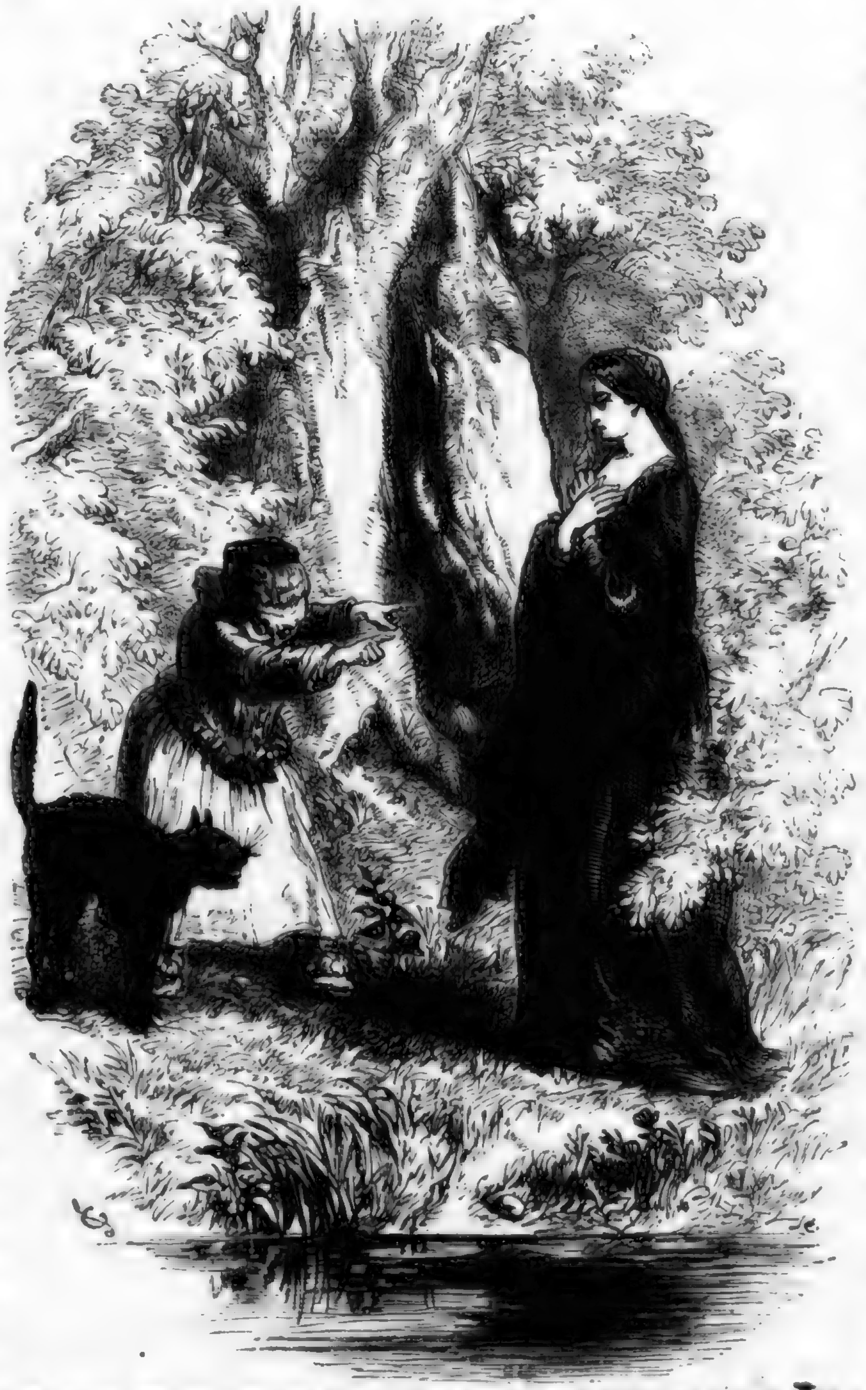
"'I can walk unassisted,' said Richard, rising with an effort.

"'Do not despise my feeble aid,' replied Dorothy, taking his arm under her own. 'You will be quite well soon.'

"'I am quite well now,' said Richard, halting, after he had advanced a few paces. 'The attack is altogether passed. Do you not see Alizon coming toward us? Not a word of this sudden seizure to her. Do you mind, Dorothy?'

"Alizon was soon close behind them, and though, in obedience to Richard's injunctions, no allusion was made to his recent illness, she at once perceived he was suffering greatly, and, with much solicitude, inquired into the cause. Richard avoided giving a direct answer, and, immediately entering upon Nicholas's visit, tried to divert her attention from himself.

"So great a change had been wrought in Alizon's appearance and manner during the last few weeks that she could scarcely be recognized. Still beautiful as ever, her beauty had lost its earthly character, and had become in the highest degree spiritualized and refined. Humility of deportment and resignation of look, blended with an expression of religious fervor, gave her the appearance of one of the



THE WITCH, THE CAT, AND THE LADY.—"TIB ERECTED HIS BACK, AND GLARED LIKE A TIGER, BUT HE SEEMED UNWILLING OR UNABLE TO OBEY THE ORDER."

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early martyrs. Unremitting ardor in the pursuance of her devotional exercises by day, and long vigils at night, had worn down her frame, and robbed it of some of its grace and fullness of outline; but this attenuation had a charm of its own, and gave a touching interest to her figure which was wanting before. If her cheek was thinner and paler, her eyes looked larger and brighter, and more akin to the stars in splendor; and if she appeared less childlike, less joyous, less free from care, the want of these qualities was more than counterbalanced by increased gentleness, resignation and serenity.

"Deeply interested in all Richard told her of her mother, she was greatly concerned to hear of the intended arrest of Elizabeth and Jennet Device, especially the latter. For this unhappy and misguided child she had once entertained the affection of a sister, and it could not but be a source of grief to her to reflect upon her probable fate.

"Little more passed between them; for Richard, feeling his strength again fail him, was anxious to reach the house, and Dorothy was quite unequal to conversation. They parted at the door, and as Alizon, after taking leave of her friends, turned to continue her walk in the garden, Richard staggered into the entrance-hall and sank upon a chair.

"Alizon desired to be alone, for she did not wish to have a witness to the grief that overpowered her, and which, when she had gained a retired part of the garden, where she supposed herself free from all observation, found relief in a flood of tears.

"For some minutes she was a prey to violent and irrepressible emotion, and had scarcely gained a show of composure when she heard herself addressed, as she thought, in the voice of the very child whose unlucky fate she was deploring. Looking round in surprise, and seeing no one, she began to think fancy must have cheated her, when a low, malicious laugh, arising from a shrubbery near her, convinced her that Jennet was hidden there. And the next moment the little girl stepped from out the trees.

"Alizon's first impulse was to catch the child in her arms, and press her to her bosom; but there was something in Jennet's look that deterred her, and so embarrassed her that she was unable to bestow upon her the ordinary greeting of affection, or even approach her. Jennet seemed to enjoy her confusion, and laughed spitefully.

"'Yo' dunna seem ower glad to see me, sister Alizon,' said Jennet, at length.

"'*Sister* Alizon!' There was something in the term that now jarred upon the young girl's ears, but she strove to conquer the feeling as unworthy of her.

"'She was once my sister,' she thought, 'and shall be so still. I will save her, if it be possible. Jennet,' she added, aloud, 'I know not what chance brings you here, and, though I may not give you the welcome you expect, I am rejoiced to see you, because I may be the means of serving you. Do not be alarmed at what I am going to tell you; the danger, I hope, is passed, or at all events may be avoided. Your liberty is threatened, and at the very moment I saw you here I was lamenting your supposed condition as a prisoner.'

"Jennet laughed louder and more spitefully than before, and looked so like a little fury that Alizon's blood ran cold at the sight of it.

"'Ey knoa it aw, sister Alizon,' she cried, 'an' that is why ey ha' cum'd here. Brother Jem is a pris'ner i' Whalley Abbey. Mother is a pris'ner theere, too. An' ey should ha' kept 'em company, if Tib hadna brought me off. Now, listen to me, Alizon, fo' this is my bus'ness wi' yo'. Yo' mun get mother and Jem out to-neet—eigh, to-neet. Yo' con do it, if yo' win; an' unless yo' do—but ey winna threaten till ey get yer answer.'

"'How am I to set them free?' asked Alizon, greatly alarmed.

"'Yo' need only say the word to young Ruchot Assheton, an' the job's done,' replied Jennet.

"'I refuse—positively refuse to do so!' rejoined Alizon, indignantly.

"'Varry weel,' cried Jennet, with a look of concentrated malice and fury; 'then tak' the consequences. They win be ta'en to Lonkester Castle, an' lose their lives theere. But ye shan go too—ay, an' be burnt as a witch—a witch—d'ye mark, wench—eh?'

"'I defy your malice!' cried Alizon.

"'Defy me!' screamed Jennet. 'What, ho, Tib!'

"And at the call the huge black cat sprang from out the shrubbery.

"'Tear her flesh from her bones!' cried the little girl, pointing to Alizon, and stamping furiously on the ground.

"Tib erected his back, and glared like a tiger; but he seemed unwilling or unable to obey the order.

"Alizon, who had completely recovered her courage, regarded him fixedly, and apparently without terror.

"'Whoy dusna tear her i' pieces?'

"'He dares not; he has no power over me,' said Alizon. 'Oh, Jennet, cast him off! Your wicked agent appears to befriend you now, but he will lead you to certain destruction. Come with me, and I will save you.'

"'Off!' cried Jennet, repelling her with furious gestures. 'Off! ey winna go wi' ye. Ey winna be saved, as yo' term it. Ey hate yo' more than ever, an' wad strike yo' dead at my feet, if ey could. But as ey conna do it, ey win find some other means o' injurin' ye. So look to yersel, proud ledy—look to yersel. Ey ha' already smitten you in a place where ye win feel it sore, an' ey win repeat the blow. Ey now leave yo', but we shan meet again. Come along, Tib!'

"So saying, she sprang into the shrubbery, followed by the cat, leaving Alizon appalled by her frightful malignity."

A FRIGHTFUL TEST.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

Chapter I.

FAT MR. ALTUNA.

A VERY pretty evening in the Central Park—the sun setting, the skies full of strange hues of azure, purple and gold, and the long shadows on the grass stealing further and further and further, until presently the landscape will grow quite dim and they will be altogether indistinguishable.

The drives this evening are crowded with elegant turn-outs of all descriptions, from the somewhat clumsy family-carriage to the neat English dog-cart; and here also are all sorts of people.

You will observe that very handsome vehicle, of curious and foreign make, drawn by a pair of grays, and guided by a singularly odd-looking gentleman, who sits in front and glances neither to the right nor to the left.

He has iron-gray hair—in some places quite white—and great, dark eyes, fierce, and even a little ominous. He is very tall, as you may easily judge, and holds himself as erect as an officer of cavalry.

Behind him, leaning back, lazily fanning herself, languidly viewing the prospect, sits a beautiful lady—a Spanish lady, as one may perceive from her dark, melting eyes, and clear olive complexion. These two people are man and wife, and for some time have created no little attention in New York.

The tall, odd-looking gentleman is Mr. Ashley Cranborne, who has recently returned from Spain, they say, with enormous wealth. It is reported that he acquired his money by engaging in railway enterprises.

Nothing is known of him absolutely, although he moves to some extent in society, and has the acquaintance of some very excellent people. He is very cold and reserved, and, having lived so long in Spain, has acquired curious foreign ideas and habits; and, as his wife is remarkably beautiful, there are those who add, upon what they consider good authority, that he is very jealous of her.

It is at least certain, from his own statement, that when he married in Madrid he was a widower, and that the courtship was, as is proper to that clime, a little romantic. He had one child—a daughter—by his first wife, who is still living, although she does not, as we see, accompany him on his drive this evening.

Cranborne, looking only at his horses, and neither to the right nor left, might be supposed to see no more; but this is not the case, for presently he discerns two gentlemen approaching in an old-fashioned buggy.

They are stout and florid persons, and as quickly perceive him, and both carriages halt at the same moment and at some distance apart.

"Inez, can you hold the reins for one moment? Those gentlemen are my lawyers, and I have something to say to them."

The lady acquiesces with a slight nod, and he gives her the reins and steps lightly from his vehicle. He marches quickly across the road to his friends, and presently all three have their heads together in deep and earnest converse.

Beautiful Inez Cranborne sits there in dreamy indolence, the reins lying loosely in her lap. People passing stare at her with ill-bred curiosity, which she quite ignores

But there is one—a short, fat, brown man, who has been reading a paper while lounging on a rustic settee—who, now rising and taking a second look at this handsome lady, instantly folds his paper and secretes it somewhere about his shabby person, and waddles up to her. The cigarette he had been smoking he likewise parts with, and, as he approaches, his great, round, brown face relaxes into a broad smile.

This man is Manuel Altuna, also a Spaniard. He is seen about Liberty Street a good deal, and is said to be a dealer in lottery tickets, cigars, and other things, and is supposed to be wealthy. But he is scarcely presentable in dress for a place like this. His clothes have a queer cut and are much too large for his capacious figure, and he wears a monstrous and ancient hat.

But he continues to advance with his brown and greasy smile, and, reaching the carriage, doffs his preposterous hat with a low bow.

"My dear old friend," he says, in excellent English, and in a deep chest voice, "I am so glad to meet you. I have waited for several days. I should have called, but did not know whether you would let me in. I have passed your husband in the street, but his manner did not invite the interchange of elaborate salutations, and I hold myself also in reserve."

All the while he talks to Inez, her eyes wander uneasily toward her husband, who has his back to her, and has not seen the strange, fat man's approach.

"I have a litle request to make," he proceeds. "Lately I have engaged in a new enterprise—Summer gardens, which we have baptized 'La Scala,' as a taking name, and we give open-air concerts and theatricals and fireworks. You have seen the advertisement?"

"No. I never read the papers," she replies, coldly. "I take no interest in such things."

"Well, to be successful I must have fashionable patronage. Can you not come once or twice? You see it is perfectly exclusive there; nothing vulgar, the very best music and refined entertainment. You sit in the open air, and have your refreshment, and there are splendid lights, and finely dressed people come and go. I pledge my word it is first-class. I invested a good deal in it—nearly everything. If you will only come once, I will be satisfied. Promise me that."

"It is idle to ask me," she replies, with a certain contempt.

"So?" He grows vexed all in one second, and his fierce, small, black eyes shoot restlessly from one place to another. "Now it seems to me you forget something. You forget that I knew you were once Inez Henriques. Mother of Sorrows! I am not to be trifled with! Here is a very interesting history which I will relate——"

"Hush!" she pleads, with sudden energy, and greatly frightened.

"The history," he continues, with lurid ferocity, his voice brazen and harsh, "of a very beautiful girl, who marries a rich American and deceives him, and plays another lover false——"

"Are you mad? There, I will come. Say no more."

"Forgive me," he returns, the scowl on his face breaking away like the close of an Alpine thunderstorm. "I am so impetuous. You will come—good! And now, when? To-night?"

"No. To-night I attend the ball of the Spanish Residents."

"True!" he says, and smacks his moist lips with unctuous satisfaction. "How admirably things come about! I have a letter for you."

"A letter?"

"A letter from—*him!*" he replies, with a dark and ominous smirk. "It is very important, too, and I have been a whole week trying to find an opportunity to deliver it. I shall attend the ball to-night and will bring you this letter."

"Do not dare. Remember my husband."

"Oh, there is no danger. I will merely hand you something, and inside of it there will be the letter."

She might have objected to this arrangement; but now Cranborne turned from his friends with a short farewell, and proceeded toward his carriage. He had taken but a step when he became aware of the presence of Manuel Altuna, who was bowing and smiling with an excess of propitiative politeness.

Cranborne gave him a curt "good-evening," stepped into his vehicle, and abruptly drove away, leaving the Spaniard forlornly in the road. Mr. Altuna frowned as he watched the carriage disappear, and then placidly lit another cigarette.

"Why were you talking with that man?" said Cranborne, sternly, to his wife. "He is a low fellow. I don't wish you to recognize any of those sort of people."

"He came up and spoke. What could I do? I scarcely answered him. He seems a dull, good-natured person."

"I don't care. He is disreputable, I am told—a smuggler, or something—and certainly does not look very respectable. Is not the air something cooler?" he said, his manner suddenly becoming more tender. "I am afraid you will take cold, darling."

With this all memory of fat Mr. Altuna passed out of his mind.

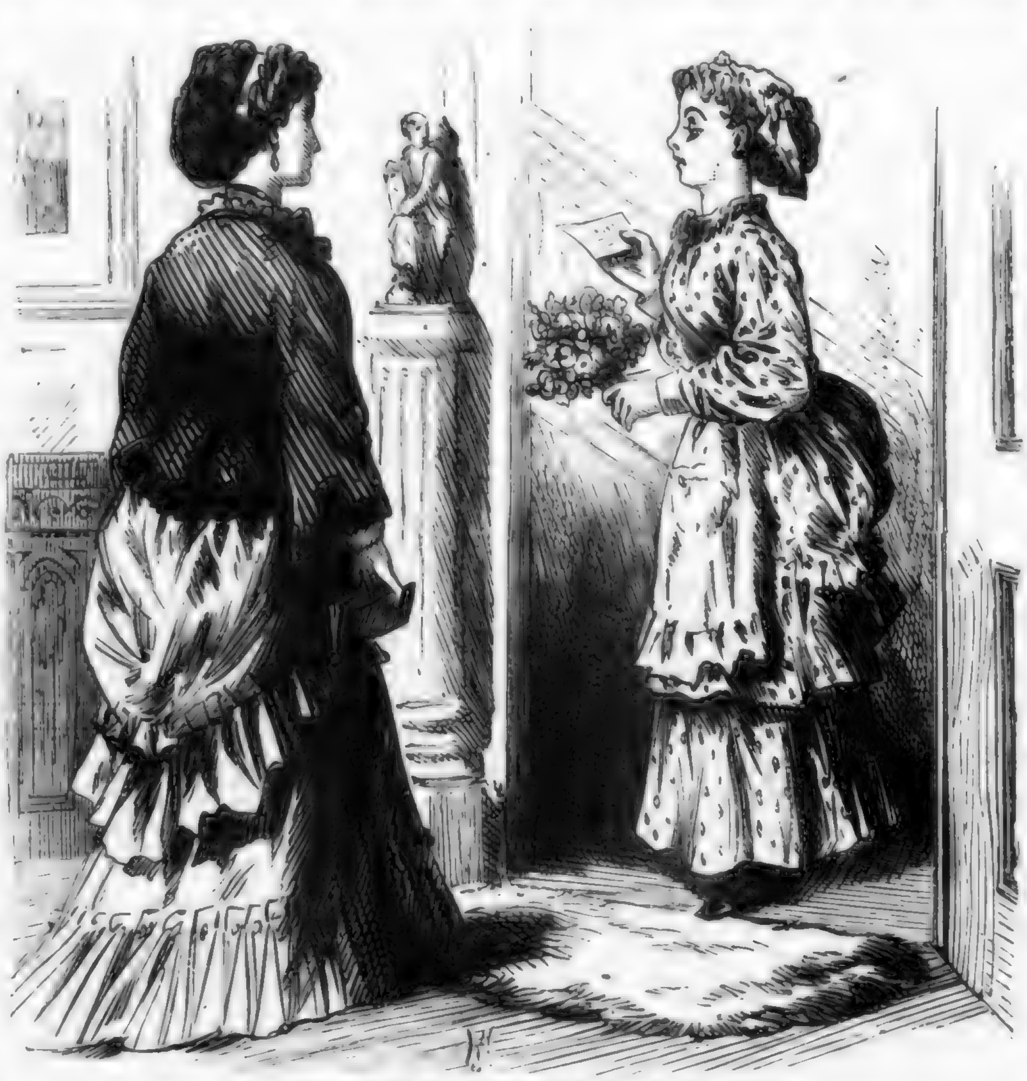
XUM

CHAPTER II.

THE BOUQUET.

The Spanish ball, designed to be exclusive, was held at the splendid mansion of Señor R——. Toward midnight those gay parlors presented a brilliant spectacle Among the throng of beautiful women and handsome men, one peculiar figure was in evidence—fat old Mr. Altuna, browner than ever, but much better dressed than when we last saw him. It was a wonder to some who were present how a gentleman of such questionable pursuits could have procured admission there, and, perhaps, in certain quarters he did not receive that cordiality which might be due the extreme politeness of his own advances; but this did not appear to trouble him the least, and as the music rose and fell and the brilliant throng passed hither and thither, he mingled among them with a beaming smile, chatting and joking with anybody who would listen to him, and all the while furtively watching for a certain opportunity which he coveted.

In his hand he carried an immense bouquet of flowers of all sorts—a bouquet that must have cost something handsome. Now and then he held it to his huge nose and inhaled its delicious fragrance. Still waddling about from one point to another, with his shrewd scrutiny of everything, he at length became aware of the presence of the person he sought.



A PROBABLE MISINTERPRETATION.

Miss Landon—"*Where are you going, Maria? Why don't you bring me my bouquet at once?*" Maria (indignantly)—"*Bouquet, miss! Beggin' your pardon, it's my bouquet, which you can read it on the card*—To the Fairest of her Sex."

Ashley Cranborne, in that melancholy evening costume which fashion requires, sat at a little table in a corner deep in some Spanish game at cards—silent and self-contained. On an ottoman not far away, chatting in her native language with a thin and dark old lady, appeared his beautiful wife. You would have taken her for a sultana. Perhaps underneath the vivacity which now marked her conversation, which was upon religious subjects—for the dark old friend was extremely devout—there was just a shade of preoccupation.

Mr. Altuna stood in the shadow for a few minutes, quietly studying this situation with possibly some secret amusement. His figure there looked curious and grotesque, and in his sly meditation there was something a little sinister

Presently he emerged, and the handsome Spanish woman saw him—with a start and a gasp. He came toward her with his insufferable smirk, and, with a low bow, said, presenting his huge and fragrant bouquet.

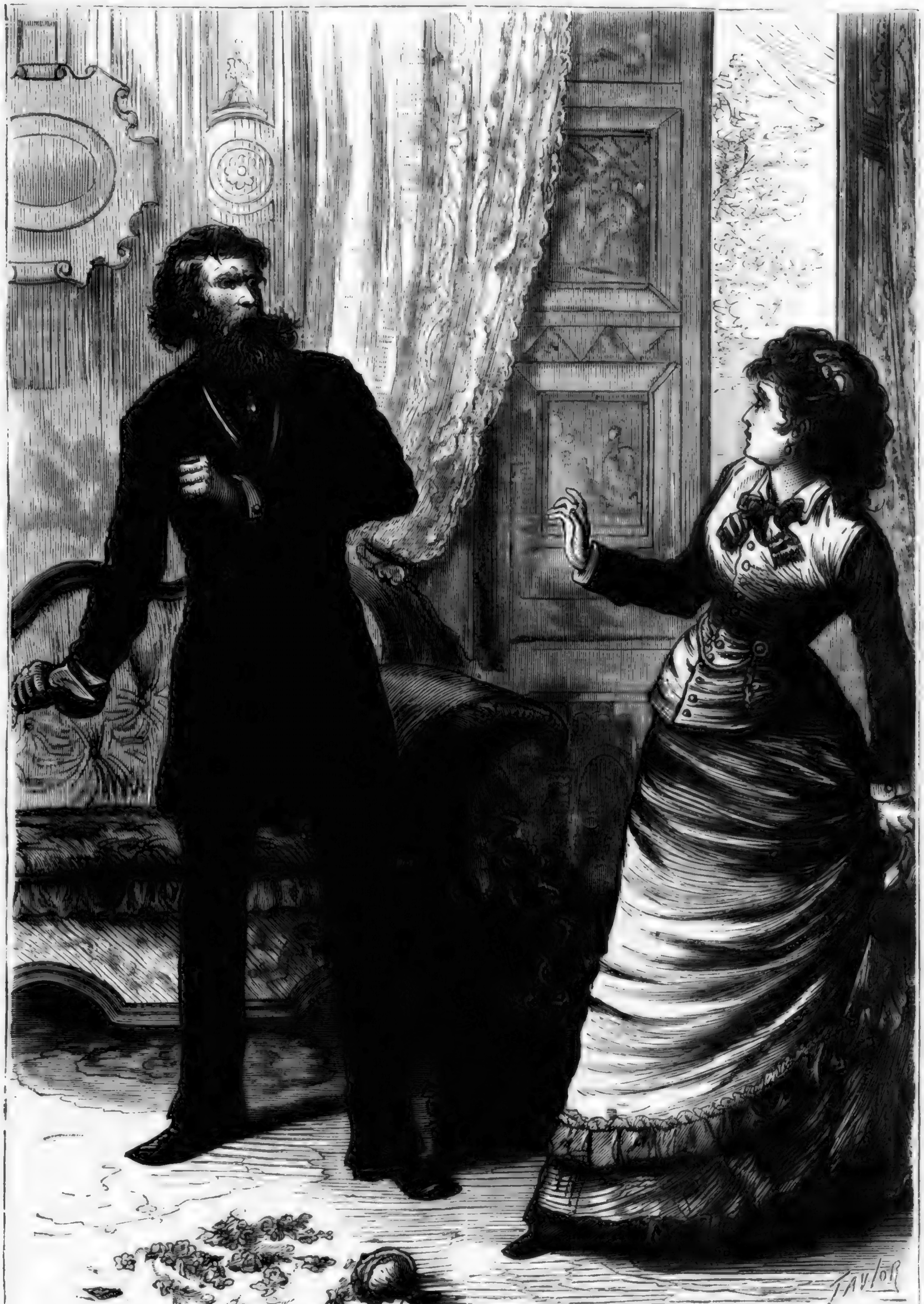
"I offer my homage to my old friend."

Inez hesitated, and then took it. Her gaze passed from his face over his shoulder to where her husband was sitting. Cranborne, with a fierce stare, was observing everything.

"I thank you," said the frightened lady, visibly trembling. "These flowers are really exquisite. I must put them in water at once or they will perish. I shall return in a few moments."

And with this she rose and hastened from the parlor. She ran up-stairs to the dressing-room. Happily there was no one there. She closed the door, and searching the bouquet, instantly found the note, which she now, with eager eyes and brilliant cheeks, read under the gas. The note was in tolerable English, to this effect:

"My Darling Inez—my Wife! I am once more in the same city with you. I have visited Mexico, England, France and Italy, and your image has pursued me everywhere. I have been so unhappy, and I feel that I shall soon die. You must see me. I return to Spain within a few weeks. I will give you the certificate of our marriage at the price of one last kiss, and then will trouble you no more. I think I have kept my word, have I not? I said in the hospital, when you came to see me, and told me that the American had offered to marry you, that our secret marriage had been madness, and I felt myself a villain to have betrayed you, so far in station above me, the poor, strolling acrobat—to have betrayed you into a private marriage. Infatuated with each other, we had both lost our senses. Well, when the wealthy American came and lived at your house, and learned to love you, we both returned to our senses again, and became satisfied that it was best for you to marry him, concealing the previous marriage. I left Madrid as soon as my injuries from the fall grew better, and promised never to annoy you. I have kept my word. But you must know that I am far from well, and shall soon be at peace; and, if you can see me once more, pray send me word where we may safely meet, and when. Ever, ever yours, Ignacio Altuna."



A FRIGHTFUL TEST.—"A LOW CRY ESCAPED FROM HIM—WRUNG BY THE UNSPEAKABLE AGONY OF HIS HEART. HE CLINCHED THE NOTE IN HIS FIST, AND, WITH THE LIGHT OF HELL UPON HIS FACE, SAID, HOARSELY, 'FIEND!' "—SEE PAGE 751.

Inez read this letter twice. Suddenly the door opened, and a slight, pretty girl entered—her step-daughter, Kate Cranborne. This young lady, flushed and heated with excitement, had something abrupt and almost rude in her manner. Her self-possession was so strongly marked that, by strangers, it might have been taken for defiance. Her speech was so brusque that it was barely redeemed by the peculiar sweetness of her voice. And yet, under all this—I might almost say—coarseness, there was a very tender disposition and a kind heart, and also much courage.

"Oh, I am so hot!" she said, fanning herself violently. "I do declare I never enjoyed myself so much. How strange you look, Inez! What on earth is the matter?"

"Nothing. I am glad you are happy. I—I have had rather a dull evening, so far."

"No wonder. Papa won't allow you to speak to any one. You sit in the corner and talk to those dreadful old women, with their horrible mumbling and croaking. There is old Madame Gola—such a bore! I wonder how you can endure her. But I must say I never saw people so happy as they seem to be here this evening."

"Ah, my child, they are not all happy!" sighed Inez. She quietly studied the young girl's face, apparently debating something within herself. "Would you believe that there is one woman here who is the most miserable creature on earth. You smile—but it is true. While you were dancing she confided to me her secret. I am very sorry now that she was so frank, for she expects me to do her a kindness which is out of my power."

"I am really interested," said Kate, sitting by the table. "She is married, I know, and there is some romantic intrigue? Pray go on."

"I am afraid it might not be prudent," smiled Inez; "and it is a very dark and dangerous secret."

"So much the better! You know me by this time—would I get any one into trouble?"

"Well, if I tell you, it shall be on the condition that you do this service for the lady instead of myself. It is only to write a simple note. She wishes this note to be returned after it is read; but if it were in her own handwriting, the—the person who will get it would not return it, and some day it might be found."

"Certainly," said the young lady, bluntly. "I'll write it with all the pleasure in the world. And now for the secret."

She composed herself to listen. Inez, after a moment of reflection, proceeded:

"I will reward you additionally, if you write the note. You see that handsome bouquet on the mantelpiece? You may have it. First of all, let me ask if you have forgotten the hospital at Madrid that we used to visit so often together, and the young acrobat named Altuna, who was ill there?"

"Forgotten! How can you ask! He was the handsomest fellow I ever saw in all my life. Oh, wasn't he beautiful!" exclaimed the young lady, rapturously. "He had two deep, dark, tender eyes, like stars, and such lovely blue-black hair! And the chest of a giant, and hands and feet like a woman. And—and his complexion was so clear and dark and pallid! Don't you recollect that we carried him jelly and things, and you sometimes forgot yourself, and called him Ignacio?—and, by-the-way, the fact is, Inez, I always suspected that grand fellow was a good deal more than half in love with you."

"Nonsense! You must not talk so," said Inez, coloring. "No, he was not in love with me, but with the lady I speak of—the unhappy woman who is here to-night."

"Unhappy! She ought to be happy enough to have such a handsome man's love, whether she is married or not. I only wish I were in her place. But tell me about her."

"It is a dreadful story. There was a young girl in Madrid, very poor, but of high birth, who saw this Ignacio Altuna in public, and fell in love with him. She was so foolish that she could not rest until she succeeded in making his acquaintance. The consequence was, he fell in love with her, and they were secretly married. She could not tell her friends, because he was so far beneath her in social position—a strolling acrobat—but she met him frequently when the opportunity offered. At length, by degrees, she began to perceive her folly. A rich man of another country came to her house, and was pleased with her, and offered her marriage. She had a great deal of pride and ambition, and now the time arrived to choose between the wretched, wandering existence that she must have with Altuna, to say nothing of the odium which would ever afterward attach to her upon the exposure of her secret, and the brilliant future she might enjoy as the adored wife of the stranger. She well knew Altuna—he was magnanimous, and loved her too well to be an obstacle in the path of her happiness, and, indeed, had never insisted upon the secret marriage, knowing too truly how such things always end. She went to him and spoke frankly, and he acted just as she had anticipated—he agreed never to reveal their terrible secret. Imagine what this step cost him! He adored her, and she, alas! felt now a renewal of all her old affection for him. But ambition is a stronger passion than love, and the shameful bargain was completed. It was only a little while before the wedding that Altuna met with the accident that placed him in the hospital where you and I saw him, and at the very time we visited him there his wretched wife also came to see him. Well, the lady married the stranger and left Spain, and Ignacio, upon his convalescence, also went away, resuming his profession. He is now in New York. Among the throng here to-night is his wife. She has received a message from him asking her to see him. He is in poor health, and expects soon to die, and he is going back to his own country. He wishes to meet the woman of his love once more. She has shown me his note, and desires me to answer it; but you know how peculiar your papa is, and I dare not do such a thing. You, however, have more courage than I, and——"

"Haven't I promised?" interrupted Kate. "What a very romantic story! But I wish you would tell me who the lady is."

"I have vowed silence upon that point; but you are shrewd, and a judge of faces, and perhaps when you go back to the parlors you can pick out from the crowd the very woman of whom I speak."

"Who brought her the note?"

"An old gentleman who is here. Ignacio's uncle."

"I will write the reply now. Can we find pen and ink?"

Writing materials were speedily discovered at hand, and Miss Cranborne placed herself at the table, to follow her stepmother's dictation. Time was precious, and Inez spoke rapidly:

"IGNACIO: I have received your note, and shall endeavor to see you, but at this moment I cannot name a time or place. I am constantly watched. To be found in communication with you would be absolute destruction. I trembled with fear when your uncle, Mr. Altuna, handed me your letter. I reply in great haste and agitation, and have not opportunity to say more than that I have loved you always, and still love you, Ignacio, and that I shall address you more definitely at the earliest *safe* chance."

"What name shall I sign?"

"Do not sign any. He will know."

So this very curious missive was duly completed. Miss Cranborne glanced at her tiny watch.

"I really must go down-stairs. How time flies! Are you not coming?"

"Presently; and then you will tell me if you have recognized the lady?"

"Yes."

She disappeared. Inez watched her figure as it retreated, and then said, with a sigh of relief:

"She suspects nothing. And now to find some means to convey this note to Ignacio's uncle."

Suddenly there was a sharp tattoo at the door. Her face turned white as death, for she knew that knock. It was her husband's. What to do with the note! The bouquet caught her eye. In a tremor, she hid the missive deep in that nest of lovely flowers. Then, with forced calmness, she said:

"Pray come in."

Cranborne, tall and fierce, entered.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHALLENGE.

He glanced round him with a peevish, suspicious look.

"I came up to see why on earth you mope here, Inez," he said. "People think very strangely of it. Are you not enjoying yourself?"

"Yes, very much," she smiled. "But I have a little headache. The parlors were rather close, didn't you think? The rooms are too small for so large a crowd. The R——'s should not invite so many. Did you hear what old Mrs. Frumply said when Madame R—— did not get up off the sofa and receive her? Madame R—— excused herself on account of the fatigue resulting from having received such a number. 'Madame,' said Mrs. Frumply, 'you should receive oftener, or not invite so many at once!' Was not that cool?"

This beautiful woman was near fainting, but she smiled and rattled on with the glee of a girl.

Cranborne laughed and approached his wife, and was about to kiss her. Just at that instant he caught sight of the bouquet. His face darkened with an awful frown.

"Old Altuna gave you that thing!" he said, sternly. "I saw him! Did I not command you to take no further notice of him?"

"I—I—he forced it on me before I was aware. He is so persistent—so dull, and I was so afraid you would insult him before them all, and create a scene. Do not be angry with me."

She was watching the movement of his arm with dilated eyes. Suddenly his fingers pounced upon the luckless flowers. Even her lips had grown white, and her throat felt parched. She clutched at the mantelpiece to keep herself from falling.

"The old fool!" said Cranborne, contemptuously surveying Mr. Altuna's expensive tribute. "I shall throw it out of the window."

Throw it out of the window! Somebody would find it, and of course find the note also. Inez seized his arm.

"No, don't do that! He is so stupid he will send me another, and perhaps another after that. He will rain bouquets upon me." She was still trying to smile, but it was the smile of the damned. "There is only one way to cure old Mr. Altuna's pig-headed gallantry." A thought had occurred to her. She saw through a crevice the light of heaven. "I shall send his ridiculous bouquet back to him, and tell him I do not wish any more such compliments. But if it is an insult, Ashley, you will be responsible!" she continued, gayly, shaking her finger at him. "Old Mr. Altuna is a very fiery person, I suspect, and no doubt has fought his duels."

"Well, I'll give him a shot if he wants it," returned Cranborne. He pulled the bell-rope. A servant appeared.

"Take this bouquet to Mr. Altuna, and tell him Mrs. Cranborne cannot receive it."

The servant looked a shade surprised in spite of himself.

"Mr. Altuna has just gone home, sir."

"Oh, has he? Well, that's all."

The discreet servant took leave. Cranborne instantly wrenched the bouquet in half—and out fell the note!

With a frightful glance at his wife, he plucked the fatal missive from the floor. His eyes had devoured its meaning in an instant. The terrible sentences of that note rang through his head like thunder.

For the minute he was stunned. A low cry escaped from him—wrung by the unspeakable agony at his heart.

He clinched the note in his fist and raised his arm, and, with the light of hell upon his face, said, hoarsely:

"You fiend!"

I do not know, but I think in his madness and torture he was about to strike her, and the blow would certainly have killed her, for he had a giant's strength. But, be that as it might, the door door now opened and Kate ran in.

"Good Heaven! what is the matter? Look at my bouquet! I came back to get it, and here it is, torn to pieces! Who has done this?"

"*Your* bouquet?" said the father, still in that frenzied voice.

"My bouquet—certainly!" She saw by this time there was trouble of some sort.

She read those two faces—one so full of rage, and the other of terror; but could not interpret the cause.

Her father suddenly examined the note again. He seemed perplexed.

"This looks like your handwriting. Who wrote this note?"

The girl was, if you please, coarse, but not dull, and she had a certain courage and feeling. Inez had been very kind to her, and she loved her for that kindness, and remembered it now in this crisis.

In a flash she understood the whole situation. Inez was the heroine of her own story, told a little while ago—*she* was the unhappy wife of two husbands—the wretched criminal who had betrayed both!

"I wrote that note," said the girl, boldly. "You certainly must have recognized my scrawling."

"*You* wrote it, child? Why, it is addressed to a strolling circus-actor, and is a love letter."

"My dear papa, I know all that. It is addressed to the man I love—Ignacio Altuna. Do you forget how much I talked about him at Madrid, and how often I visited him at the hospital? Well, since you have found me out, I don't mind acknowledging the truth—I fell in love with him. He has come to New York, and this evening sent me a letter, and in your hand you have my reply."

"So then," said Cranborne, with an icy laugh, "my daughter loves and corresponds with an acrobat! She is the affianced of a highly distinguished rope-dancer! Bravo alliance! Do you know, my dear child, you can prove this to me only in one way—by avowing your love in public. He sent you the bouquet, you say? Very well, I shall find out at what theatre he is performing, and we will go there to-morrow night. We will take a box, that all may see you. You will give him a pyramid of flowers in return for his single bouquet. Do that, my daughter, and I will believe you. Refuse"—he looked at his wife with a frightful glance—"and I shall know the truth!"

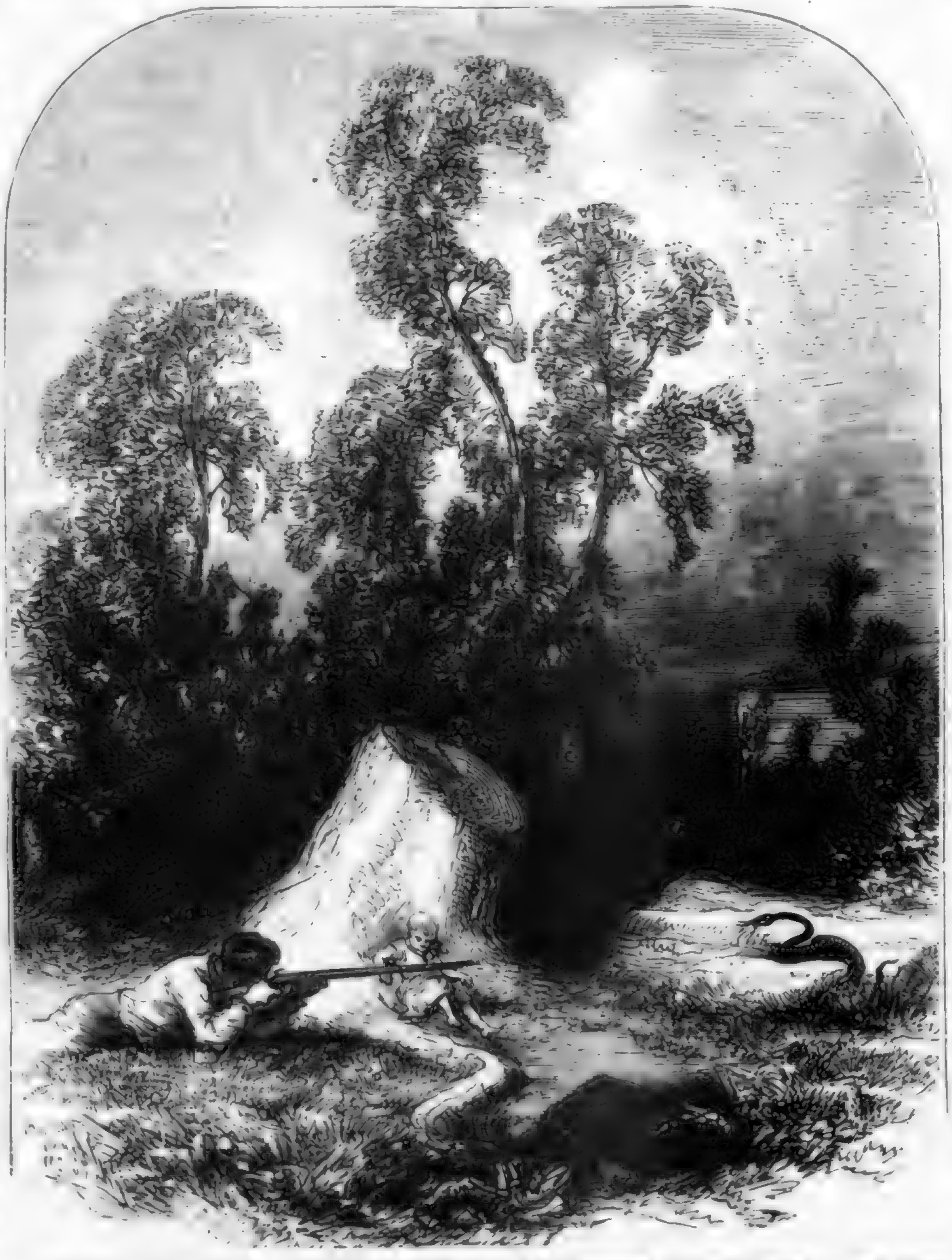
"I accept the challenge!" returned his daughter.

XUM

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEST.

JUDGING by the greatness of the crowd, old Mr. Altuna's open-air theatre, "La Scala," as he absurdly called it, was a paying investment. It was open at the sides, and somewhat on the order of a garden. Brilliant chandeliers shed their radiance upon the scene, there were high spouting fountains to cool the atmosphere, and flowers everywhere. Waiters in white darted hither and thither with wine and beer and such refreshment, and the audience, which was composed chiefly of foreigners, sat around little tables.



A BACKWOODSMAN'S STORY.—"'THERE, YOU DEVIL!' I SAID, THROUGH MY SHUT TEETH. 'NOW RAISE YOUR HEAD AGAIN!' AND WITH MY FOOT I SNAPPED A STICK. UP WENT THE CURSED HEAD, AND THE NEXT INSTANT I PULLED THE TRIGGER."—SEE PAGE 762.

At the extreme end of this garden was the stage, and while the performance proceeded, a very fine band played selections from Offenbach and other composers of the same stamp.

Mr. Cranborne had thoughtfully reserved a proscenium box. He sat there, with his beautiful wife and daughter, still wearing that scoffing, impenetrable smile which had rested upon his cruel countenance all day. Inez seemed frozen. The people in the audience thought her ready to faint with illness. Even Miss Cranborne was quiet. A sinister presentiment seemed to brood upon everything.

The performance proceeded. There were selections from the comic operas and other humorous acts, in which actors of both sexes took part, and also exhibitions of skillful legerdemain. These followed each other in rapid succession, and in the intervals the orchestra played.

At length a strange hush settled upon the audience. The programme announced that the next act would be "The Leap for Life," by the greatest acrobat in the world, Ignacio Altuna, of Spain.

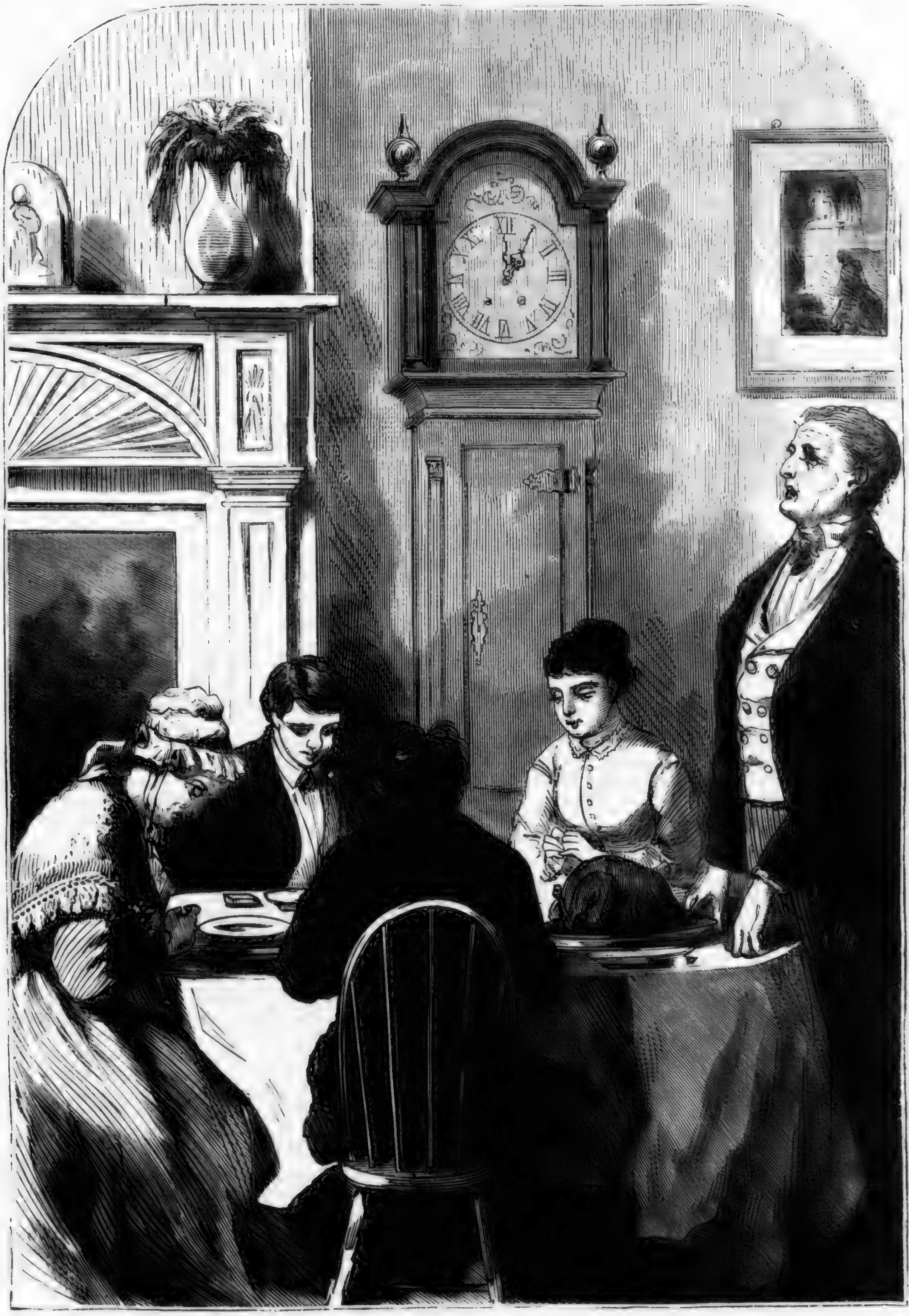
Many present had already seen this daring exhibition, and were describing it to their neighbors who had not been so fortunate. They said that Altuna would, with the aid of a short rope to give him momentum and a swing, fly through the air from the gallery to the stage; and the bill announced that he would have the assistance of the Señora Delgrado.

People were measuring with their eyes the distance over which the daring acrobat must pass—something like eighty feet, it was conjectured. Forth came the attendants and erected the apparatus—a platform running through the auditorium, a swing depending from the centre of the ceiling, a ladder ascending to the gallery, and a rope hanging also from the ceiling at that point. Altuna would be obliged to rely upon this rope for sufficient momentum to carry him to the swing, probably forty feet, and the swing must give him, in a single instant, further momentum to bear him the remainder of the distance. Everything would depend upon the swing, or, in other words, upon the woman who controlled it. She must so oscillate it that it should meet Altuna in the same second that he met it, and work in a direct mathematical line. The slightest variation in the course of either must produce inevitable and horrible death.

Altuna appeared, the woman Delgrado at his side. The theatre resounded with plaudits. Cranborne turned his eyes, with a stern and dreadful smile, first upon the acrobat and then upon Inez. She trembled visibly. The performers advanced quickly to the centre of the auditorium.

Altuna looked thin and pale; but there was something almost unearthly in his dark, fiery beauty.

The woman, Delgrado, was not without a certain coarse



THANKSGIVING DAY AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

comeliness; but she had a brazen, defiant bearing, and large, dissipated eyes.

Throughout every movement that followed, Cranborne's strange, awful, smiling gaze traveled alternately from the two performers to the faces of his wife and daughter.

The music commenced; Altuna darted quickly up the ladder to the gallery. The woman began to steady the swing. The house had settled into a sepulchral silence.

Cranborne began to speak in a low, icy whisper.

"Do you see that woman, Delgrado, who assists him? Well, I learned to-day she is the only friend he trusts on earth. He thinks she loves him; but I believe he does not love her. Nevertheless, he lavishes money and jewels on her, and freely confides his safety to her every night. Perhaps he treats her so well because he knows it is constantly in her power to let him be hurled, instead of to the stage, into eternity!"

Both ladies shuddered, for in his voice there was something as unfathomable and terrible as that which existed in his mystical and wicked smile.

Altuna now had the rope in his hand. He was looking gravely at his assistant. She had succeeded in steadying the swing. In a moment she would begin to gently oscillate it toward him.

Cranborne proceeded.

"The infatuated man trusts that creature with his life. With her little finger she could cause him to be flung eighty feet into space and crushed to atoms. But he trusts her. Well, my daughter, I suppose you will give him the flowers if all goes well with him, eh?"

Altuna was ready. He announced this in Spanish.

"What if I were to tell you," proceeded Cranborne, "that to-day I had bribed that woman with five thousand dollars to secretly cut through the rope of that swing? You do not believe it. Look! You can even see as much from here. It holds but by a few threads. When he catches it his weight will snap those threads as a giant would break a string of cotton! In a few minutes the famous acrobat, Altuna, will be lying before you a shapeless mass of mangled bones!"

Inez was perfectly still. She did not seem to breathe. One might have supposed she had died suddenly where she sat, with her eyes wide open, and that awful stare in them. Cranborne's merciless gaze continued to transfix her, always with that deadly smile.

All was ready now. Altuna was beginning to swing himself. The woman had succeeded in getting the swing to oscillate.

Kate Cranborne was about to rise; but her father seized her arm.

"Sit still, my child, and hear one word more. You *say* that you love that man, Altuna. Rise and cry out, and alarm him of his danger, if you choose—it is your duty. I give you free leave. But," he added, taking a package from his pocket and opening it before the bewildered girl, "sit still and say nothing, and I present you with these diamonds. Look at them—earrings, bracelets, breastpin, tiara and ring. They are the finest in New York—in the United States. They are worth fifty thousand dollars. No woman, be she whom she may, can rival you when you wear these. Remain motionless for three minutes longer, and I swear to Almighty God those diamonds are yours!"

She stared at him with a gasp and a fallen jaw. The diamonds glittered like the pale eyes of serpents, and fascinated her. For one minute her better nature struggled with the temptation, and then the cupidity, the remorseless selfishness of human nature conquered her. She sank back in her seat, overcome.

Inez, white, fainting, rose like a spectre from the pit of torment. She opened the bosom of her dress, and searched there, and drew forth a revolver. She aimed the weapon at the traitress Delgrado, and fired.

With a shriek, the woman reeled and fell headlong from he platform, and down among the audience.

Altuna, just in the act of taking his leap, caught himself, and shrank back in horror.

"I had intended that bullet for myself this night," said Inez, with a look of hatred and triumph upon her face, as she towered over her crouching husband; "but it has served a better mission!"

And, with a hysterical laugh, she fainted.

* * * * * * * *

I have no doubt that Cranborne had bribed old Mr. Altuna as well as the woman Delgrado, else he would never have taken such deliberate and deadly measures to force circumstances, and, in fact, fate itself, to prove his wife's guilt in public and beyond all possibility of doubt. He knew his daughter's character thoroughly, and was well aware how to apply the touchstone.

After that terrible evening he left Inez, and, with his daughter, disappeared. It was said they had gone to Europe; but no one knew anything definitely, beyond the fact that neither could be found when the official inquiry took place.

Inez told her story frankly, and Altuna corroborated every word. Happily, Delgrado's injuries were very trifling.

We have evidence every day of how unpleasant thing may be skillfully stifled and hushed up. Such was the case here. The sensation was tremendous for a few days; but something else occurred in another direction—a disastrous railway collision, if I remember rightly—and the affair at La Scala was no longer talked of.

Inez rejoined her real husband, Ignacio Altuna, and they went home to Spain. He had accumulated considerable money by his profession, and they bought a house in the country and settled there.

Now that Inez was entirely his own, and his heart at rest, his health began to mend. The physicians attributed the improvement to the absence of that strain upon his nervous system which his performances had required; but, for my part, I doubt if that had anything to do with it. The truth is, he was happy in the possession of the only woman he had ever loved, and he grew better because he wished to live for her sake.

THE BACKWOODSMAN'S STORY.

"Sell him? my dog?"

The man stepped down from the prostrate tree-trunk, leaving his ax where his last vigorous stroke had buried it to the eye in the clean, solid timber, and, removing his hat, slowly wiped the perspiration from his brow and face; then, running his fingers through his short, thick hair, and regarding the two young sportsmen with a good-natured, quizzical expression, he continued:

"Well, no—not much, I think. I couldn't do it, gentlemen, even to oblige a friend. You see he belongs to the family, and it might cause hard feelings."

The quizzical manner suddenly changed to one of eager interest, as his eyes wandered to their splendid Remington breech-loaders, and he civilly asked permission to look at them, at the same time inviting the young men to take seats upon the fallen tree and rest themselves, and chat a while; the dog—a pure Newfoundland, by-the-way, a splendid fellow, as large as a yearling calf, with a broad, well-rounded forehead, and full, brown eyes of almost human intelligence—standing by and looking on with the mien and gravity of a judge.

The backwoodsman examined the elegantly finished fowling-pieces, one after the other, giving vent to his admiration by short ejaculatory remarks the while.

"Pretty pieces—darnation pretty pieces—that's so!" he said, as he returned the last one to its owner; "and I judge they do good execution, too, by the looks of your game-bags. Ah, there ain't much game about here now. Ten years ago it was different, though then the large game was about all gone. Oh, yes, I shoot—I use a rifle, though" —this last was spoken hesitatingly, as though deprecating the implied assumption of superior skill. "I never owned a shotgun. I've got a good rifle; she ain't showy—she wouldn't look like much beside those pieces of yours—but she's true as steel.

"See here! you asked me if I would sell my dog. Now, just let me tell you a little experience of mine, that'll convince you that money can't tempt me to part with him or my rifle.

"It was a little over four years ago that it happened. We'd lived here two years, my wife and I, and had got quite a sizable clearing made, and I was cutting my first wheat crop—about two acres, and pretty grain, too. The field was some forty rods from the house, most of the way through a grove of maples I had left standing for a sugar-bush. I'd finished cutting my wheat in the forenoon, and as I was about going out after dinner to rake and bind and put it up, my wife asked me if I couldn't take the child with me for a while, he pestered her so about a piece of work she was in a hurry to get done. He was our first boy, a keen little fellow, three years old, and nothing pleased him better than to go out with me; but I didn't take him often, for fear of rattlesnakes. I hadn't seen any that Summer, and we began to think less about them. I said I'd take the boy, and Monarch—that's the dog here—could watch him. Having the child to carry, I suppose, was the reason I forgot my gun; for I almost always took it with me.

"Well, I'd been at work an hour, probably, the boy keeping close around me for a while—bothering me like the mischief, too—when he got to amusing himself by picking up straws and flowers, and one thing or another, and playing with the dog, who kept close with him, and I forgot all about him for a few minutes.

"Suddenly remembering, I looked around, and saw him sitting, or half lying rather, leaning back against a clean, smooth stump, fast asleep, his feet spread apart, and his lap full of wheat-heads and flowers, and things that he had been playing with. Monarch was lying a little way off, winking sleepily, but watching him faithfully between winks. I thought to myself I'd stop in a few minutes, and carry him to the house; so I said to Monarch, 'Take care of him, old fellow!' and turned to my work again.

"It couldn't have been five minutes, and I'd glanced that way several times, though I was working further away from them all the time, when the first I knew the dog was a-hold of my sleeve, whining and trembling, and his bristles raised, as though in the greatest terror.

"I dropped the bundle I was binding, and started toward the child, but stopped when I'd got within about two rods or so of him, almost paralyzed with horror: for there—my God! I hope I may never see such a sight again; it makes my blood curdle just to think of it now—right between his legs, almost touching his white, tender flesh, was an enormous rattlesnake, coiled and ready for his deadly spring.

"Without doubt, it was the starting up of the dog that arrested it and put it on the defensive—though why he did not discover it sooner is what I can't account for. He was young then, and hadn't had much experience, and he might have dropped asleep for a minute, and, the snake being to leeward of him, he didn't get the scent of it until it was close to the child.

"If it had been a common black snake, or any kind but a venomous one, he would have made no bones of shaking the life out of it; but all animals, as far as I know, have an instinctive fear of a rattlesnake, and probably of all poisonous reptiles.

"As for me—well, I've been in situations that were trying to a man's courage, and I flatter myself that no one who knows me would call me a coward; but there's something about a snake that chills my blood—fills me with such dread and horror as nothing else can. It is a feeling that has nothing to do with cowardice or fear. It is a magnetism—a devilish magnetism—a magnetism of horror, or something past explaining.

"My mind was a chaos. I could realize but one thing, clearly, and that was the peril of my child, and my inability to rescue him without hastening the catastrophe which I would have risked my life to avert. I wrung my hands in despair, my eyes fixed, as though fascinated, upon the terrible spectacle!

"All at once, at some noise which either I or the dog made in moving, the reptile raised its head, evidently to listen. 'Oh, my gun! my gun!' I thought, and I suppose I said the words. It was the first time I had thought of it, and I fairly gnashed my teeth in rage at having left it at home. I cursed myself, and tore my hair. 'Oh!' I thought, 'with only my faithful rifle in my hands, how quickly I would make an end of the devilish thing.'

"I dared not go to the house for it, for the child might move a hand or foot at any moment; and that moment, I knew, would seal its death-warrant if I were not there to snatch him and run to the house with all my might for antidotes for the poison. Suddenly it occurred to me to send Monarch for my gun—we had taught him to carry things to and from the field—a basket, or my coat, or such like—and I turned, expecting to find him at my side. He was gone, nowhere to be seen.

"Again I fell into a frenzy of rage and despair, and cursed him as an ungrateful, cowardly brute, thus to desert me in the time of sorest need, and I vowed in my heart that I would shoot him the moment I could again lay hands upon my gun.

"Talk about moments being hours! They were years, centuries—those that followed, while I walked back and forth there, moving cautiously, from mere instinct more than design.

"I stopped at last, and said to myself: 'I *will* think! I *will* do something! There *must* be some way that I can destroy it without hurting my boy!' and then, a panting, sobbing breath, close beside me, made me turn to look, just as Monarch, the grand old fellow, sunk breathless at my feet, my rifle dropping from his jaws as he fell.

"Yes, he'd been to the house to get it, the noble fellow. My wife said he was nearly frantic till she gave it to him. He barked, and whined, and dragged her from her chair, and across the room, to where the gun hung, tearing her sleeves, and wounding her arm with his teeth in doing it. She wound a large cotton handkerchief about the lock of the gun to guard it, and to give him a better hold, and gave it to him, and then followed as fast as she could, knowing that something unusual was the matter.

"You may easily believe that I was not long in picking up that gun and tearing the handkerchief from around it. I had put in the charge that morning, but I took off the cap and put on another, to make all sure. I was

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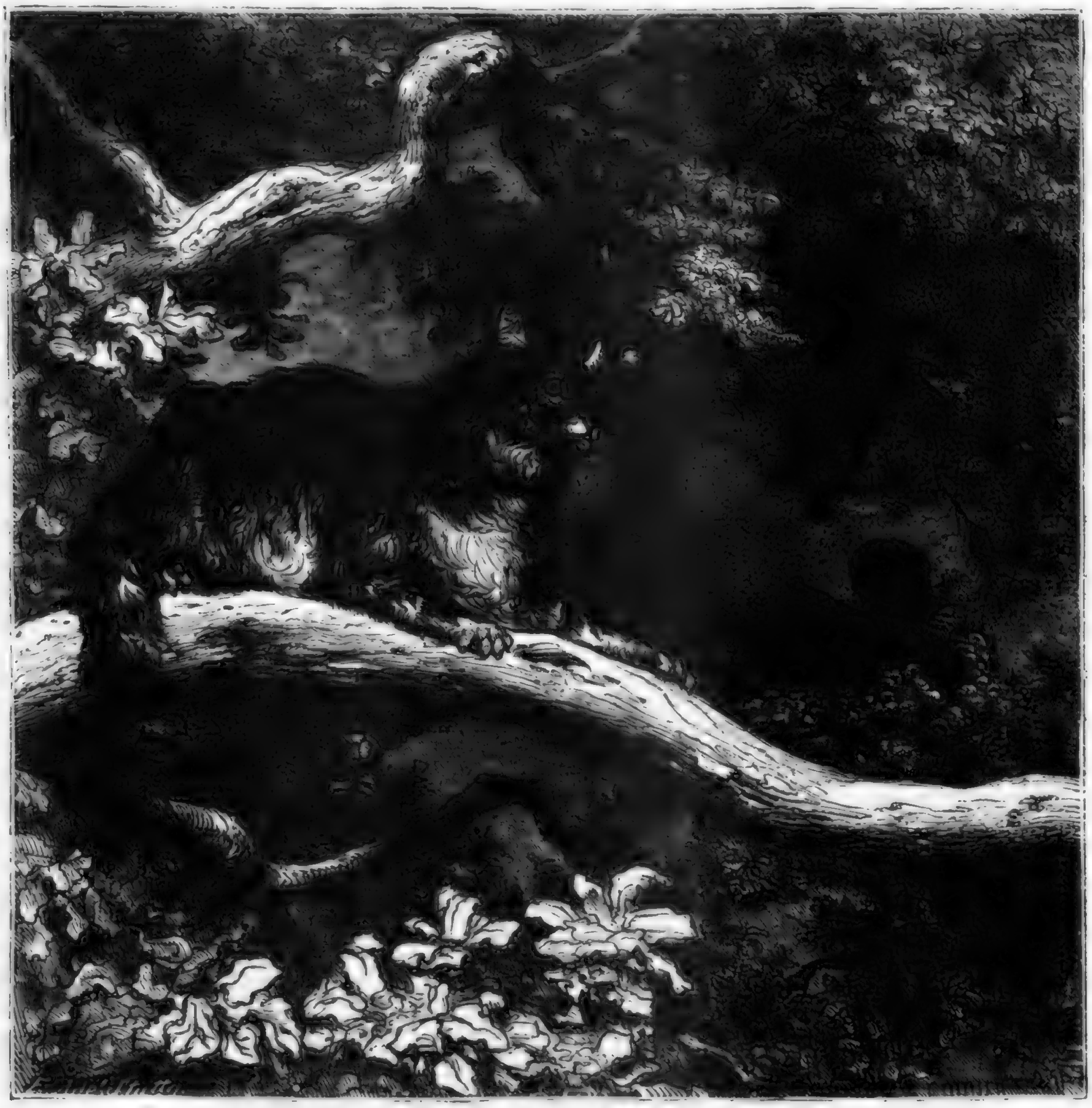
nearly wild with haste, but I did not make one false motion, and my nerves were steady as a clock. I hadn't the slightest misgiving as to the result of my shot, after I had made sure all was right about the gun. I took a position where I could shoot across the boy's legs, of course, and then laid myself at my length upon the ground, and drew the breech to my shoulder.

"Oh! the sensation of perfect rapture that I felt when my cheek pressed the cool, polished wood of the stock! Never was touch so sweet as that! I'm ashamed to tell it, and I could have pounded myself at the time for being so womanish, but the tears sprang to my eyes and blinded me, so that I was obliged to wait and dry them by my shirt-sleeves before I could distinguish the sights of the rifle. Oh, how I grudged the time thus wasted, for every moment was priceless. If the child should stir now, when a moment would save him! Again I drew the gun into position.

"'There, you devil!' I said, through my shut teeth, 'now raise your head again!' and with my foot I snapped a stick which I had in readiness for the purpose. Up went the cursed head, and the next instant I pulled trigger. Simultaneously with the report, it seemed to me, I sprang to my feet, and with three bounds I snatched my boy away from the touch of the writhing monster before he was fairly awake. I remember that much, and then I grew deathly sick, and I vow I *did* faint that time. And the next I realized I was lying on the ground, my wife bending over me, Monarch licking my hands and whining, and my boy standing by his mother, holding to her dress, looking on with big, wondering eyes. There were one or two spots of blood on his dress and limbs, spattered by the writhing serpent, but he was safe and sound, thank God!



THE WILD-CAT.

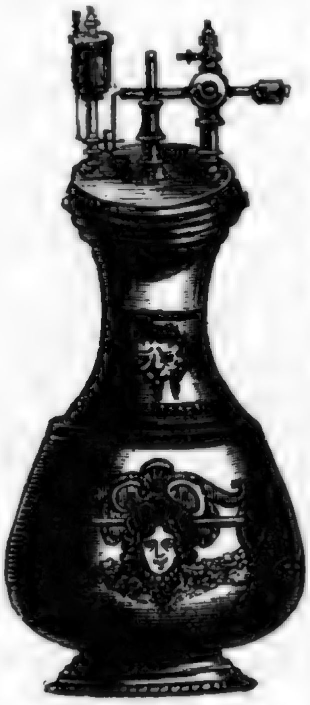
THE WILD-CAT.

This miniature copy of the veritable tiger is sometimes called the bay lynx. It is distinct from the domestic cat, and closely allied to the panther. The largest American species is the Canada lynx. It is about three feet long, the color gray, with darker clouds. The wild cat, or bay lynx, lives in the deepest woods, and is very ferocious. It lives upon rats, poultry and anything that falls in its way. It has a wonderful gift of sight, being able to see in the darkest nights. The ancients called very sagacious men "lynx-eyed."

HEATING AND LIGHTING AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

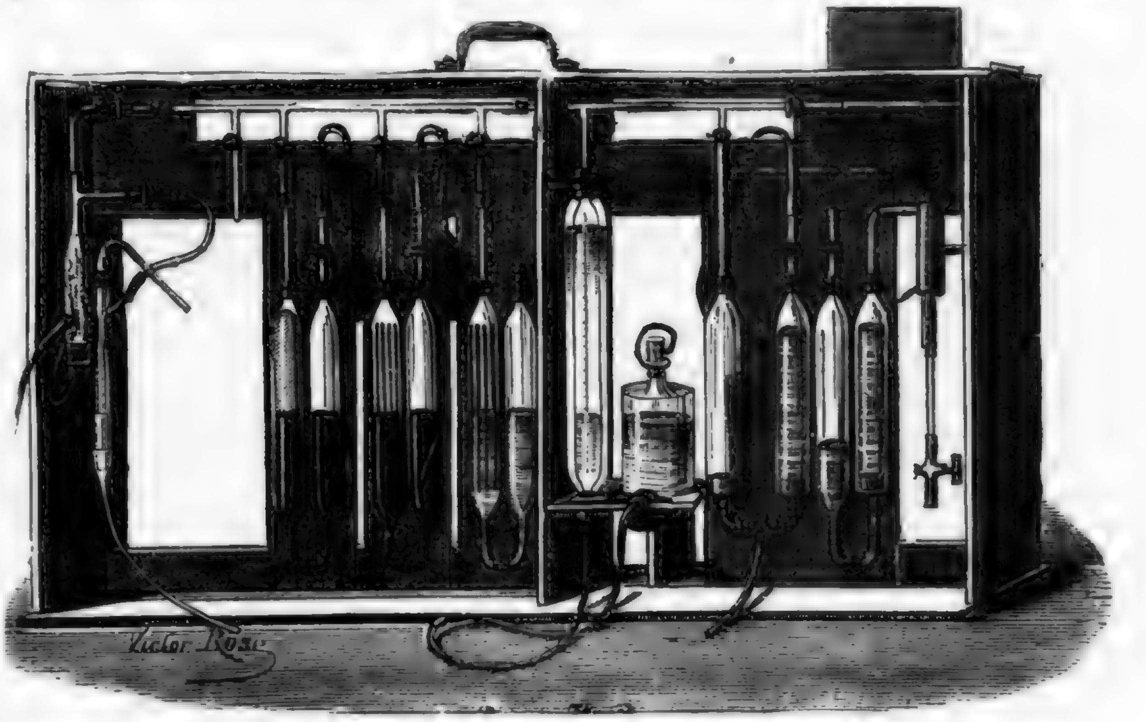
By Prof. Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

There is a separate building of considerable size in the grounds of the Exhibition, which is devoted to a display of the latest inventions for heating, cooking and lighting. A great variety of stoves, furnaces, heaters, fireplaces, ovens, candelabra, gas-fixtures, blowpipes, cooking apparatus, substitutes for matches, kindlers, lamps, etc., are here exhibited collectively, and in a comparatively compact form. In the matter of stoves and ranges, the French are so far behind the Americans, that it is not worth while to lose time in looking at them. They are generally so thoroughly unpractical that it strikes a foreigner with great surprise that so little progress has been made in them, notwithstanding the valuable models they have had before them at previous exhibitions. Still, it must be said in justification of the people, that they make the most of a bad job, and contrive to cook in a way that defies all competition. The culinary art in France is the triumph of man over his accidents, and is so much the more praiseworthy, considering the obstacles to be overcome.


THE PYROPHOROUS OR HYDROGEN LAMP.

The first inquiry on entering the building, is naturally directed to gas stoves, for heating as well as cooking, and a considerable number will be found on exhibition. A careful inspection shows that no great improvement has been effected in these inventions. The principle of the Bunsen burner is applied to nearly all of them, but in some instances the gas is made to pass around a coil within the flame, so as to be heated before it is ignited. This modification would appear to effect a saving of caloric and to give a much higher temperature than is afforded in the ordinary way. Some of the cast-iron supports are nickel-plated, but all of them are too ugly in form to be placed upon the table for making tea or coffee, or for keeping plates warm.

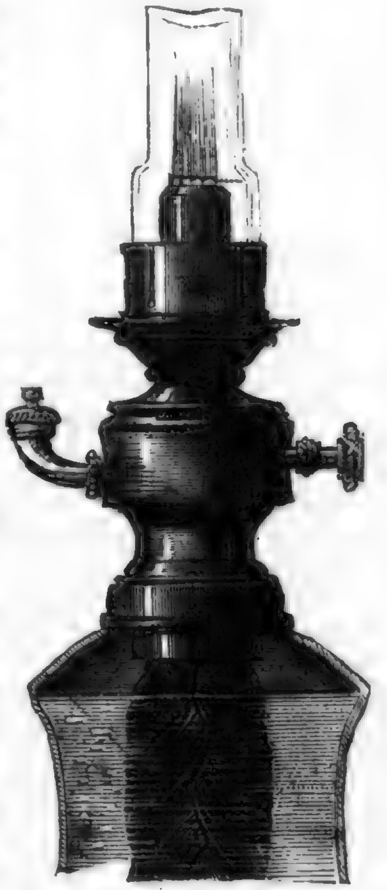
There are stoves and ranges of all sizes, in which gas is used as a fuel, and it is evident that the cleanliness, cheapness and easy handling of this source of heat is coming to be greatly appreciated. Open grates, with perforated iron logs and asbestos plugs, were shown, as usual, and there were handsome reflectors, to give the idea of cheerfulness and warmth.



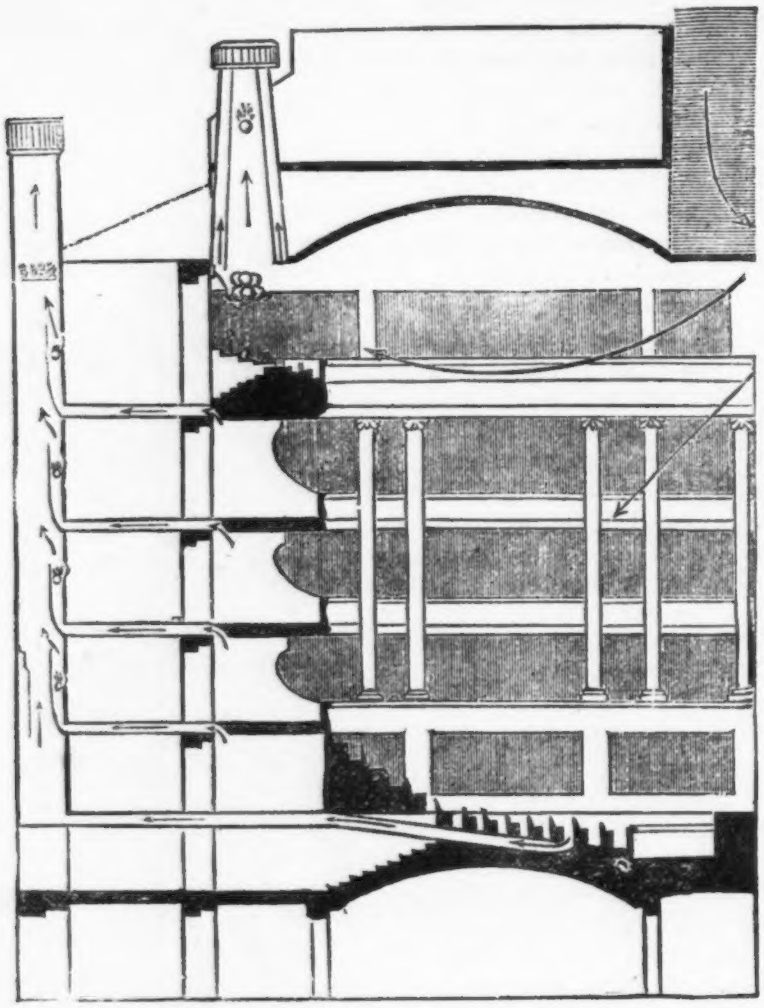
APPARATUS FOR THE COMPLETE ANALYSIS OF GAS, EXHIBITED IN PARIS

The use of gas for the purpose of ventilation, much on the principle of Mr. Gouge, of New York, was strongly urged in a circular which was gratuitously distributed. A strong draught is produced in the flues distributed in the walls, and the foul air is thus drawn out of the building.

In order to make the system effective, it would be necessary to anticipate the introduction of ventilators when the building was being constructed. There is no doubt about the efficiency of this method if architects and builders would agree to introduce it. As none of the gas stoves for heating were in operation, it was impossible to say how far they contaminated the air of a sitting-room. If the products of combustion are removed, there can be no question about the feasibility of this plan, and this has hitherto presented the chief difficulty to be overcome. The French gas stoves offer nothing particularly new in this direction.


PETROLEUM LAMP EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

In order to show the merits of a gas oven, one of the exhibitors was cooking a leg of mutton, which was kept revolving by clockwork. Just below the gas-burners was a narrow horizontal opening to admit air into the oven, and at the top was a flue to carry off the products of combustion.



PLAN FOR THE VENTILATION OF THEATRES BY MEANS OF GAS JETS PLACED IN THE FLUES.

The draft of air thus admitted can be regulated so as to be sufficient for ventilation without occasioning loss of heat by carrying the warm air up the flue. It is claimed that the meat cooked in these ovens loses from twelve to twenty per cent. less than that cooked by coal fires. The juices are retained in the meat, and it is said the flavor is far preferable. Thus the saving in meat, as well as in fuel, is very large.

There were also exhibited gas blow-pipes of peculiar construction. The gas is first driven through benzole to be carbureted, and after the operation is fairly under way, atmospheric air can be gradually substituted for the gas, and the flame is found to remain constant. A small amount of benzole will serve for a considerable length of time. There is a bellows attached to the blowpipe, which furnishes all the air required. Both hands are left free for manipulation.

A large carbureter for the manufacture of home-made gas was also on exhibition. Gas-burners of various forms were shown, but none of them presented any novelty. A very instructive set of apparatus was mounted to show how gases are analyzed, and how the illuminating power is ascertained. There were also gas metres to explain how the measurement of cubic feet was registered.

In the matter of petroleum the display was very unimportant. There were no students' lamps, such as are commonly used in America, and only an inferior pattern of petroleum cooking-stove was exhibited. It is evident that the cost of this material and the fear of explosions have prevented a more general use for lighting and cooking. The comparative cheapness of rape-seed oil and the absolute freedom from danger, have enabled that ancient illuminating material to retain its supremacy, and all the lamps are constructed to burn it. The pattern of a lamp is sc much a matter of fashion that even petroleum is burnt in the same shaped holders that have so long been used for the rape-seed. The consequence is that there are no good petroleum lamps on exhibition.

For the purpose of lighting fires there were matches of all kinds—also kindling made of corn-cobs and shavings. There were also electric lighters; and Doebereimer's philosopher's lamp was shown as usual. The electric light was not exhibited in this building, as it has a separate show of its own in another part of the grounds, and I must refer to it more at length on another occasion.

There were some very compact inventions for boiling water and doing a small amount of cooking, by aid of alcohol, which were novel and curious on account of the extremely small space they were made to occupy. As a part of a traveling equipment they would be found to be very useful.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

EXPLOSIVE FORCE AND TEMPERATURE OF COMBUSTION OF NITRO-GLYCERINE.—The temperature developed by the combustion of nitro-glycerine has never been determined with certainty; but, as the combustion is more perfect than that of powder, the elevation of temperature is probably much greater, being considered by some double that of powder. One volume of gunpowder produces, at the ordinary temperature, 190 volumes of gas, in consequence of the heat disengaged, this gas occupies four times its volume, producing 760 volumes immediately after explosion. One volume of nitro-glycerine produces 1,300 volumes of gas at the ordinary temperature, and, admitting as sufficiently exact, that there is two and a half times as much heat disengaged, the gas occupies ten times its original volume—that is, 1 ,000 volumes. The explosive force of nitro-glycerine is, therefore, 13 times as great as that of gunpowder, and this advantage is still further augmented by the rapidity of the combustion. One explosion of nitro-glycerine has been known to accomplish as much effect as five charges of gunpowder.

A CHEAP TELEPHONE.—Prof. Bassett, in a recent lecture on the telephone, gave a receipt for making a cheap one. Take a wooden tooth-powder box, and make a hole about the size of a half-dollar in the lid and the bottom. Take a disk of tinned iron, such as can be had from a preserved meat tin, and place it on the outside of the bottom of the box, and fix the cover on the other side of it. Then take a small bar-magnet, place on one end a small cotton or silk reel, and round the reel wind some iron wire leaving the ends loose. Fix one end of the magnet near—as near as possible without touching—to the disk, and then one part of the telephone is completed. A similar arrangement is needed for the other end. The two are connected by the wire, and with this Prof Bassett says he has been able to converse at a distance of about one hundred yards.

ANOTHER POMPEII.—Another buried city has been accidentally discovered in the neighborhood of Mount Gargano, near Manfredonia. There were found an ancient temple of Diana, a magnificent portico about sixty feet long, with an underground necropolis of great extent. A large number of important inscriptions has already been forwarded to the National Museum of Naples. The discovered city is the ancient Sipuntum, near Arpinum, mentioned by Strabo and Titus Livius. The houses are nearly twenty feet beneath the cultivated soil. The town was engulfed in consequence of a terrible earthquake. The Italian Government has ordered researches to be made on a large scale

HONORS TO M. GRAMME.—M. Gramme, the inventor of the magneto-electric machine which bears his name, has recently been decorated by President MacMahon with the rank of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. M. Gramme, like the late M. Ruhmkorff, is of very humble origin, but by force of work, courage and perseverance, he has succeeded in making one of the most important inventions of the nineteenth century. His machine appears to be the best adapted to the electric light, to the deposition of metals, and for constant currents, of any hitherto invented. He has fully earned the honors that have been conferred upon him.

MORE AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.—The African traveler, Herr Gerhard Rohlfs, who lectured in the United States some time since, is now organizing an expedition for the investigation of the eastern part of the Great Sahara. He will be accompanied by a number of scientific men, among others, by Prof. Zittel, of Munich. Tripoli will be the headquarters of the expedition, and its first efforts will be the exploration of the mysterious oases, Wajanga and Kufara, in the south of Anjila, which have never been visited by any European travelers.

The Aroma of Butter.—Choice butter has a peculiar aroma, much liked by consumers, due to certain vegetables which grow near the sea or among the mountains. Most of the butter is deprived of this aroma, because the fodder given to the cattle does not contain the herbs, and cannot, therefore, yield the coveted perfume. Many attempts have been made to obviate this inconvenience, and with some degree of success, by adding to the butter minute quantities of hazelnut. A farmer in Silesia has introduced the following method. The precious aroma appears to be given to the butter by certain plants which the cows eat, such as the sweet trefoil, asprula, etc. As these are wanting in the pasture, the dried plants are put into a cotton bag and suspended in the empty churn. When the time comes for making butter, small bags containing the dry plants are attached to the dashers of the churn; these dashers, in beating the cream, give to it, and consequently to the butter, an aroma quite as good as the cows can obtain from the most favored pasture. This is an experiment that can be easily tried by those who can procure the dried plants.

Culture of the Cinchona Tree in Jamaica.—The artificial culture of the quinine tree promises to become an important industry on the Island of Jamaica. The first plantations were begun in 1860, and, according to the London *Times*, they already cover 350 acres, comprising about 80,000 trees. About 50 acres contain 20,000 trees of an inferior quality. The remaining 300 acres are planted with a superior variety. The 60,000 good trees are in every stage of growth, from 30 feet high to young plants. The largest trees are estimated to be worth $5 a foot, and in a few years they will double in value, as the size of the bark increases. The experiment shows that the quinine tree is perfectly naturalized on the island, and that, in this way, the threatened extermination of the tree can be averted.

Experiments with the Telephone Across the British Channel.—One of the wires of the submarine cable was put in communication, and the question asked, "Are you ready?" Conversation was then carried on for two hours, sometimes in French and sometimes in English. A lady asked, "Do you know who I am?" The reply came, "No; but I recognize the voice of a woman." One of the gentlemen, after having made a facetious remark, on putting the instrument to his ear, distinctly heard the laughter of the company on the other side of the Channel. While the experiments were going on, dispatches were being sent through the remaining wires of the cable from London to Paris, according to the Morse system. These were easily heard and understood by the experts.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A Good Two-foot Rule.—Keep your feet dry.

Corss-eyed men need not necessarily be angry.

A Dentist's Sign.—*Drawing*, music and dancing.

To Guard against Fits.—Buy ready-made clothes.

The most notorious girl of the period is now known as Em. Bezzle.

People who are particular, and want something that will answer, should try an echo.

A peculiarity of the carpenter is that he may be both a plain-dealer and a deal plainer.

Any young man is made better by a sister's love. The love of another fellow's sister may do.

The hard times do not affect the circus performer. He is so accustomed to standing on his head that he does not mind reverses.

Put Con.-wise.—What tells one not to hit a man when he is down?—Honor. And what warns one not to hit him when he isn't down?—Discretion.

Must be the Home of Savages!—A person lately advertised for a servant, and concluded with this announcement: "No boots, no knives, no windows."

An Albany lawyer who wanted a postponement, appealed to the judge to "let the broadax of Justice be swung by the hand of Mercy." It was swung.

"Ah, Augustus, how soothing is nature! See how beautiful those birds look upon the wing!" "Yes—just so, Angelina. But, excuse me, I—I think the wings are on the birds!"

Comprehensive.—A company of settlers, in naming their new town, called it Dictionary, because, as they said, "that's the only place where peace, prosperity and happiness are always found."

A member of a Congressional investigating committee recently said: "It's no use trying to get at the truth with regard to a political quarrel, for the witnesses on both sides would rather lie at sixty days than tell the truth for cash."

This should be Inquired Into.—The proprietor of a noted restaurant in Boston has added a dish to his bill of fare which is, judging from his advertisement, decidedly suggestive of cannibalism. After calling attention to his choice wines, cigars and oysters, the advertisement announces, "Families and parties supplied, either in shell, per gallon, or cooked to order."

Literary Characters.—Written recommendations.

What is usually the most striking thing in a room where that striking thing is? A clock.

The whale-oil business is now a great industry, but Jonah is the first man that ever went into it.

"Here is your writ of attachment," said a town clerk, as he handed a lover a marriage license.

"Why don't yer say yer grace, Charlie?" *Charlie:* "Why, 'cos I don't like the looks o' them there taters."

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes," added Smidkins; "I have been straightened by circumstances."

"I'm ashamed of the age in which we live!" said a maiden of about thirty-eight. "You may be ashamed of yours, but I'm not of mine," replied a nineteen-year-old companion. And it wasn't much of a nose that went up, either.

"Ma," said a little urchin, peeping beneath the bedclothes, "I am cold; I want more clothes on the bed." "Lie still, my dear," said the mother, "till your sister comes home from church; she's got the counterpane for an adjustment!"

When you see a woman balancing herself on one foot, kicking the other wildly out behind her, and skillfully swooping up in her hand a fantail train, don't be alarmed; she isn't going to have a fit—she is about to cross a twelve-inch gutter.

Said a young husband, whose business speculations were unsuccessful, "My wife's silver tea-set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which, trying to meet, made me the bankrupt that I am."

As the dew falls noiselessly upon the just and unjust; as the present passes silently into the past; and as the perfume of a kindly act rises heavenward unseen; so the servant girl slips out the back way of nights, with a little tea and sugar for her nearest of kin!

"Really," said Brown, as he woke in the morning after a serene night, "I don't think there's anything to equal a feather-bed!" "Ain't there?" replied the still, small voice of Jones, who was already up, and thinking about breakfast; "how about a bed of oysters?"

The Voice of a "God."—An indifferent actor was playing in "Othello" at the Dunedin Theatre. When he came to the passage, "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" a stentorian voice roared from the gallery, "All right, old man, drink away; you're safe!"

The cobbler's last words: "I feel that I *wax* weaker each succeeding day, and that I am fast approaching my *end;* a few more *stitches*, and all will be over; and I shall go where there is rest for the weary *sole*, and every sorrow will be *healed*." Having said *awl* he wished, he calmly breathed his *last*.

Many years since, a negro having purchased a hat, was observed to take it from his head on the fall of a slight shower of rain, and to manifest considerable alarm to prevent it from getting wet. On being remonstrated with for his supposed stupidity in thus having his head exposed, he wittingly observed, "Hat belong to me, head belong to massa."

About an Exact Man.—A short time back there was on the direction of one of the life assurance offices an exact man, who required a voucher for everything. On one occasion a penny had been paid for cat's meat, for which he required a voucher of the manager. The latter at once complied by bringing him the skewer upon which the meat came, to the annoyance of the exact man, but to the great amusement of the other directors.

Many mothers are either compelled to stay away from church and theatre, or take their babies with them. A poor woman took her little one in her arms to hear a famous preacher. The loud voice from the platform awoke the child and made it cry, and its mother got up and was leaving the hall, when the minister stopped her by saying, "My good woman, don't go away; the bady doesn't disturb me." "It isn't for that, sir, I leave," she replied; "it's because you disturb the baby!"

Uniqueness of expression is a great art. To say a great deal in a few words is something not easily learned. Here is an example, however, of putting an obituary notice in the shortest possible space:

"'Twas a cough
That carried him off;
'Twas a coffin
They carried him off in."

Before competitive examinations were known, men with more interest than brains got good appointments, for the duties of which they were wholly incompetent. Of such was the Honorable ——. He was telling Lord Guillamore of the summary way in which he disposed of matters in his court. "I say to the fellows that are bothering with foolish arguments, that there's no use in wasting my time and their breath, for that all their talk only just goes in at one ear and out at the other." "No great wonder at that," said O'Grady, "seeing that there's so little between to stop it!"

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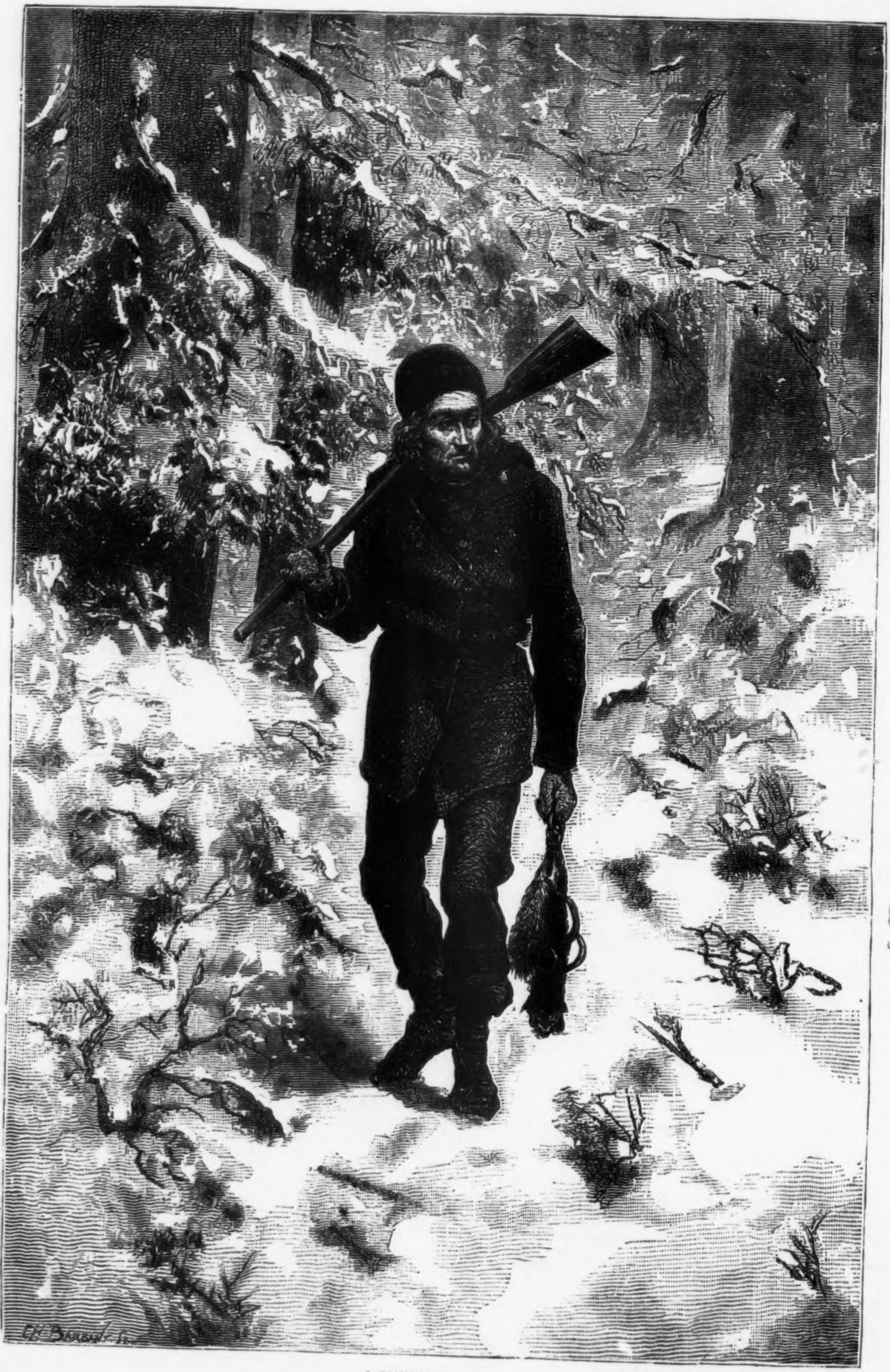

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